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NEW

S.H. 1827.

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

ENTERTAINMENTS,

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL ORIENTAL MS.

BY

JOS. VON HAMMER;

AND NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

THE REV. GEORGE LAMB.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

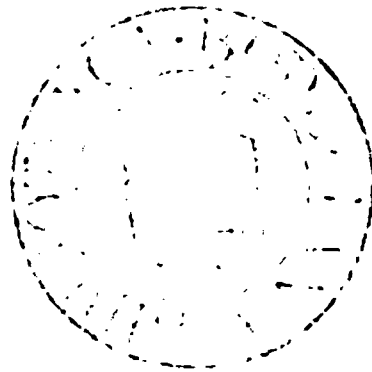
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PREFACE.

THE universal approbation with which the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights were received, on their first appearance in the translation of M. Galland, has continued undiminished during the century which has since elapsed, and every year produces new editions, translations, or imitations of them, in all the different languages of Europe.

This approbation* is less owing to the art

* The success of the first translator, M. Galland, caused him one thousand and one sleepless nights. The Parisians, returning from their nocturnal revels, would often stop before his door, and awake him from his soundest sleep, by calling loudly for him. Galland would open his window, to see what was the matter, and then they would cry out : " O vous, qui savez de si jolis contes, et qui les racontez si bien, racontez nous en un !"

of the translator, or the colouring of a vivid imagination, than to the peculiarity of the Oriental genius which they exhibit, and to the faithful picture of Arabian manners with which they present us. Here we behold a genuine portrait of the spirit and character, the common life and domestic manners, of a once powerful nation, which once excelled in arts as well as arms, in three quarters of the globe.

In these Tales we see the Arabs depicted by themselves, in the tents of the deserts, and at the court of the caliphs. We mingle among their merchants, join their travelling caravans, visit them in their social circles, and even penetrate into their harems.

Considered in this light, these Tales are highly interesting and instructive to European readers; who, however, from dissimilarity of character, are incapable of

duly appreciating that magical brilliancy of imagination, which constitutes the sole merit of them among the Orientals.

A people, endowed with the most lively susceptibility and glowing fancy, naturally poetical and eloquent, ever inclined to novelty, and always disposed to find in that novelty something wonderful, must seek their highest enjoyment in invention, which can transport them into an enchanted world: they are therefore peculiarly fond of romantic narrative. Sail down the Tigris, or up the Nile; travel through the deserts of Irák, or the delicious plains of Syria; seek the valleys of the Hajáz, or the delightful solitudes of Yaman—every where will you meet professional story-tellers, in listening to whose tales the people find their greatest amusement. They are to be seen in the tent of the Be-

douin and the hut of the Falláh ; in the village coffee-houses as well as those of Bagdad, Damascus, and Cairo. When the intense heat of noon compels the traveller to stop on his journey, and interrupts the transaction of business, the people of the caravan, and the crowd from the bázár, gather together beneath a spreading tree, or in a coffee-house, to listen with attentive ears to the story-teller, who for hours will astonish and delight them, and then in the most interesting part break off, to take up the tale again in the cool of the evening. Even then he does not always finish his narrative, but often defers the end of it until the morning ; when, instead of indulging his audience with the catastrophe, he will often begin a new romance. In the great towns these story-tellers form a particular corporation ; and,

like every other trade, are under the government of their own shaikh.*

The inexhaustible current of Arabian invention is, however, not only displayed in the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights, but also in their chivalric romances; of which "Antar" may be regarded as the most excellent, for the skill with which it is conducted, and the interest of the narrative itself

The Arabians are very unwilling, however, to part with copies of these works, which, as has been already intimated, are to them a sort of trading capital, affording

* These story-tellers are called reciters, or panegyrists, because they insert verses in their stories. The word used to designate this character at the court of the caliphs was, *Musannir*, which denotes one who supports an evening conversation—one who has the art of passing off an evening with entertaining tales, interesting anecdotes, and agreeable witticisms—*confabulator nocturnus*.

them the means of support as **professional** tale-tellers.

This reluctance is sufficiently **accounted** for also by the extreme rarity of **complete** copies. Detached portions are **frequently** met with; but a whole work is very **seldom** to be found together. This will **explain**, at once, why but one complete **copy** of the romance of Antar has reached **Europe**; not even the Institute of Cairo bringing it to France.

From the same cause it was that we *did* not obtain a perfect copy of the Thousand and One Nights till very lately. That used by M. Galland in his translation was far from being so, as we shall prove hereafter; and if he published no more stories, it was not because the remainder were less deserving of translation, but because he had no more in his possession. The imperfection of his

MS., no doubt, compelled him also to invent, as he has done, a conclusion to that story of the Sultan of the Indies, which serves as the groundwork of the whole collection. We shall find that Sheherzade was saved from death, neither by her many amiable qualities, nor her inexhaustible stock of tales, but by her having, during the thousand and one nights, borne the Sultan three children. A thousand and one imitations have since appeared, of which not one, either for poetical beauty or inventive skill, approaches the Arabian model, and all of which offend more or less against the manners of the East; so that, not only is the merit of originality wanting in them, but they are less entertaining and much less instructive than the genuine Arabian Tales. Excepting the collection which bears the name of the Thousand and

One *Days*, there is not perhaps one, among all these imitations, wearing that true Arabian stamp, or breathing that Oriental spirit, which so remarkably distinguish the *Thousand and One Nights*. Of this it is easy to be satisfied, by comparing these imitations with the translation of M. Galland, or with that which we here present to the public.

To explain how a MS., properly numbered, with a thousand and one nights, may yet contain a greater or smaller number of tales than another, which has the same number of nights, and to shew the division and real design of the work, we must pierce through the night of ages, go back to its origin, and trace its gradual increase by the additions made to the number of *stories*, without the number of *nights* being altered.

M. Galland leaves us in utter ignorance, as well of the time in which this collection

was made, as the name of the compiler. On the latter point, we can give no more information than M. Galland himself; and should be just as unable to elucidate the first, had we not casually met, in an Arabian historical work of high repute, with a passage, as new as it is interesting, which gives us at once the age and the origin of the first stories of this collection; and instead of unsupported conjectures, affords positive and satisfactory intelligence.

The classic work of Masúdí, one of the fathers of Arabian history, entitled the *Murúj ud dhahab*, or Golden Meadows, is well known through the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of M. D'Herbelot, and the "*Extracts et Notices de MSS. de la Bibliothèque du Roi à Paris.*" In the fifty-second chapter of this work is the story of the fabulous earthly paradise of Iram dzát ul ímád;

which, according to the belief of the Orientals, yet exists in the deserts of Arabia, though no one has hitherto been able to discover it. It then proceeds:—

“ Many doubt the particulars which are to be found on this subject in various Arabic historical works, more especially in the book of Ubaid ibnu Sháhriyah, ‘ On the occurrences of past times, and the genealogies of nations,’ which is in the hands of every one. The well-informed, however, class all that he relates among the fabulous stories which have been invented for the amusement of the great, by those who were eager to be admitted to their presence and obtain their favour. It belongs, according to them, to the same class as those which have been translated from the Indian, Persian, and Greek languages ; such as, for example, the Hazár Afsánah, called in Arabic,

the Thousand Tales, and which is so universally known under the name of the Thousand Nights. It is the history of an Indian king, his vizier, the vizier's daughter, Sheherzade, and her governess, Dinarzade. Such a book, also, is Jalkand and Shimás, or the Story of an Indian Sultan and his Ten Viziers, the Voyages of Sindbád, and other works of the same description."

To ascertain the time when the Arabic translation was made, we will add another extract from the 116th chapter of the same work, where the reign of the Caliph Mansúr is the subject.

"This was the first caliph who caused Persian and Greek books to be translated into Arabic. Among these was the Kalilah wa Dimnah, known by the title of the Fables of Bidpai; the Logic of Aristotle; the Works of Ptolemy; the Elements of Euclid;

and other Latin, Greek, and Syriac books ; for which, at that time, a taste began to prevail. Mansúr was the first caliph who employed Turkish slaves (Mamlúks) more than Arabians in his service, in which, however, he was imitated by his successors, so that we may date the decline of the Caliphate from this period. He was an assiduous student, and particularly fond of religious controversy and traditions. Learning flourished in his reign, and romantic tales, in particular, were produced in great numbers.”*

By these extracts we see that the Thousand and One Nights was a book of Persian, or perhaps Indian origin ; and, in all pro-

* A century after Mas’údí had mentioned the work entitled “The Thousand Tales,” (Hazár Afsánah) Rástí, the court poet of Sultan Mahmúd of Ghaznah, as the preface to the Shah Námah informs us, arranged anew the same collection.

bability, translated about the time of the Caliph Mansúr, that is, about thirty years before the reign of Harún al Rashíd, who was destined to play so distinguished a part in the later editions of it. It was the Persians, then, who gave the Arabians a taste, not for the arts and sciences alone, but for romance also. The former had carried the art of narration to so high a degree of perfection, that Muhammad, who knew their talent, and the ardent curiosity of his countrymen, regarded the introduction of Persian tales as dangerous to Islám itself, and cautioned his followers to be satisfied with the delightful stories God told them in the Koran. It is therefore beyond all doubt, that the origin of the Thousand and One Nights is to be sought, not among the Arabians, but the Persians and Indians. The Arabians afterward, if we may be allowed

such a comparison, used this work as a frame, in which to insert other Indian and Persian pictures ; for example, the story of Jalkand, which, in our MS., is given under the title of Jiliah and Shimás ; the story of an Indian King and his ten viziers, translated by Scott ; the Voyages of Sindbád, which, as is seen by the extract given, at the time Masûúdí wrote his history (in the year of the Hejrah 333, or A. D. 944), did not yet belong to the Thousand and One Nights, but were inserted at a later period. All these three are found in our MS.

In addition to Persian, Indian, and Greek stories (for the works of Homer were used also) were added, from time to time, others of Arabian origin, the greater part of which consist of adventures of the time of Harún al Rashíd, or, as it were, tales of the good old

times. These must have been composed long after the age of that caliph, whose love of poetry and thirst of knowledge afforded great encouragement to poets and compilers of anecdotes, one of whom was always in his ante-chamber, ready to put into verse any piece of wit, or to describe any remarkable adventure which happened at court, where, indeed, such frequently occurred.

This taste for poetry and romance was, after the extinction of the Caliphate at Bagdad, transferred to the courts of the caliphs of Egypt and of a few other Asiatic dynasties.*

* As the art of story-telling was a certain means of winning the favour of princes, and procuring admission to their familiar circles, it must have naturally been highly cultivated. After the Caliphs Mansûr and Harûn al Rashîd, a king of Nishâpûr, named Tugânshâh, was one of the most munificent patrons of romance-writers in all Asia. The Poet Arasaki not only published for him an edition of the Voyages of Sindbad, but wrote also a whole volume

The greatest part of those anecdotes and tales, which relate to the families of Om-miyah and Abbás, appear to have been added to the collection during the reigns of the Fátimites and Ayúbites.

In the last place, other stories, of exclusively Egyptian growth, and which betray the soil they spring from, by their peculiar dialect, appear to be yet more modern, and were probably written under the reign of the Circassian Mamlúks. We much doubt whether, among these Egyptian tales, any are to be found composed after the conquest of that country by the Osmanlis, for with that conquest seems to have ended the flourishing period of Arabian literature in Egypt.

of Tales, in the style of those of La Fontaine. This book is called "Alfyah wa Shafyah," and contains the gallant adventures of a lady and her thousand lovers.

It is therefore evident that the collection known under the title of the One Thousand and One Nights originally came from the Persians and Indians, was afterwards enriched by the inventions of the Arabians, and is consequently the work, not of one, but many authors, whose names have perished in the lapse of time; but whose works are preserved in this ark of a thousand and one rooms, decorated in the style of their different and respective ages.

The number of the stories, their order of succession, and division into nights, depend entirely upon the choice and taste of the compiler and transcriber, who takes the liberty of adding to or lessening the number; of dividing, of amplifying, or abridging; of embellishing or simplifying, according to his humour.

After all this, no one will be surprised, if

among twelve copies, more or less complete, which exist in the public and private libraries in Europe, not two are to be found which, in regard to the subject of the stories, the order of the nights, or style of composition, agree completely, though they all contain one thousand and one nights. Our MS. is one of the most complete, and its contents may be divided into three classes.

In the first class are the old stories, comprising those which supplied the groundwork of the whole collection, and some which were afterwards added, as the story of the Ten Viziers, and the Voyages of Sindbád. The subject of these tales is laid in the times anterior to Muhammad; there are some of them, indeed, in which the mission of the prophet is foretold, as in the story of the Serpent Queen, which appears to us to

be one of the most ancient Persian tales. Such prophecies need put us in no doubt, however, about the age of the original stories, still greater liberties being taken by the translators and later collectors—some to shew their zeal for Iskân, and some to scoff at it underhandedly.

These ancient stories are of two sorts: some contain the most wonderful adventures and, indeed, extravagant absurdities; in which the invention leaps from fancy to fancy, and has no other aim than to entertain the imagination by the most grotesque pictures and strange occurrences; all this may be seen in “The Queen of the Serpents.”

These are the Persian tales which Muhammad justly dreaded, as the most formidable means of perverting his followers, and which even yet delight the wild son of

Nature—the Bedouin. Others of a quite opposite description contain nothing of the marvellous; the narrative takes a plain and natural course, full of instructive fables and moral precepts. These tales, at the first glance, betray their Indian origin, and the story of King Jiliah and the Vizier Shimás is a specimen of them. Though the least entertaining, yet for antiquity and morality they merit the first place.

The second class consists of genuine Arabian tales and anecdotes, in which adventures of the times of the calíphs, and particularly Harún al Rashíd, are related. These lay claim to be genuine histories; and the anecdotes are, for the most part, really historical, at least as far as the outlines; the embellishments of the transcribers, of course, being excepted. The marvellous has no share here; that is to say, not be-

yond what the public prejudice held for truth, and only in that way in which it may be found, not only in Arabian but Roman history.

These tales are the most valuable ones to us; they make us acquainted with the most important characters in the court of the caliphs, and invite us, as it were, to their evening parties and entertainments in the harem.

Lastly, in the third class we put the most modern tales, of mere Egyptian authorship. Of these, the scene is generally laid in the court of Harún; but they give us a much more correct idea of the manners of Cairo, than of those of the ancient palaces of the caliphs.

The subordinate characters in these tales are fictitious, and belong not, like those of the second class, to history; the manners, as

we have before said, are a good picture of those of the modern Egyptian Arabs, as far as they have maintained their own habitual peculiarities unaltered by the Ottoman sway. In these stories there is a great deal of verse, not forming, however, the most valuable part of them, and, indeed, calculated less for the closet than public recitation, to the attractions of which they are calculated to contribute.

Nothing more remains to be said, except a few words about the translation itself. It is faithful without being literal. It follows the text exactly, but abridges it whenever repetitions and tiresome delays, calculated rather for hearers than readers, appeared to render an abridgment necessary for the convenience of the latter. The poetry, of which much is scattered through these tales, is translated into prose, in order to give the

peculiar turns and Oriental images more faithfully; but whenever they are merely amplifications in rhymed prose, they are omitted. In like manner, the long digressions which often occur in the modern Egyptian stories—as, for example, in that of Zeinal-Mewássif—are suppressed; and even yet, we may perhaps incur the censure of having rather retained too much than too little. In the last place, we have deemed it due to morality to omit some passages of too free a description.

We flatter ourselves, that the public will not be less indulgent than the Sultan of the Indies; and that if it will not, for the sake of the original, pardon the faults of the translation, it will yet do so for the merit of our intention: either to amuse the reader with our tales, or—to lull him to sleep.

THE BRAZEN CITY.

VOL. I.

H

THE BRAZEN CITY.

THE caliph Abdalmelik, the son of **wan**, who had fixed his residence at **mascus**, was one day amusing himself conversing with his courtiers on the and wonderful power of Solomon, ruled over both men and animals, and prisoned the rebellious genii in vessels of brass, sealed with his ring.

Talib, the son of Sahl, among many of very extraordinary occurrences, related, being once upon a voyage to India, his ship was driven by a storm to an unknown country, inhabited by black savages, who when they first saw the vessel, took to flight, having never before had strangers among them. They, however, afterwards returned, bringing presents of provisions; and

ship's company landing, wandered about to survey the country. Here they met with some fishermen, one of whom had drawn up in his net a brazen urn, sealed with the ring of Solomon. This being opened, a black smoke forced itself out, and a voice was heard, exclaiming, "Pardon! pardon! divine prophet!" The smoke formed itself immediately into an enormous giant, who disappeared among the clouds. The people of the ship were greatly terrified; but the blacks were less surprised, saying that Solomon, having imprisoned the disobedient genii in these vessels, and cast them into the sea, they were from time to time released, as in the present instance; always, at the moment of their escape, invoking that prophet's pardon for their former rebellion.

This little narrative much interested the caliph, who expressed an earnest wish to see one of these urns, sealed with the ring of Solomon.

"Nothing can be more easy," replied Talib: "this land of the blacks, to which we travelled after our shipwreck, lies in the

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interior of Africa, between Egypt and Maghreb, so that you have only to command your governors of those provinces to have some of these vessels sought out. "You are right, Talib," said the caliph, "and the commission shall be intrusted to yourself." Two letters were accordingly written, one to Abdulâziz, the brother of the caliph, and viceroy of Egypt, and the other to Musa, the son of Nasir, governor of Maghreb, commanding them to send Talib in person, to search after Solomon's brazen urns, and to do so without any further trouble nor expense. At the same time the caliph ordered Talib to be supplied with a large sum of money and a numerous escort, with which he returned to Egypt.

Abdulâziz, the caliph's brother, received the letter, and laid it on his eyes as a token of his obedience; and his colleague, when he arrived, nothing was wanting but to send them to commence their search by a experienced guide. In a consultation was held for the purpose of fixing

the shaikh Abdus Samed ben al Kodes **Ai** Masûndî was proposed, who had spent **the** whole of a long life in travelling over **diffe-**rent parts of the world. He was called **be-**fore the council, and having been informed of the will of the caliph, was invited to **un-**dertake the office of their guide. “**The** road thither is long, and unfrequented,” said the shaikh; and the viceroy of **Egypt**, having asked what time it would require, was informed that the journey thither would occupy more than two years. “You will meet, too, with a thousand dangers,” continued the shaikh, “and would do well to take secure means for preserving the public peace during so long an absence.”

Abdulâzîz committed the reins of government to his son Hîrûn, whose superior abilities enabled him to hold them with a firm hand; and having thus provided for the tranquillity of the country, prepared forthwith for his departure.

“Let there be a thousand camels laden with copper vessels, filled with water,” said the shaikh, “for we shall have a journey

of forty days over a desert, where we shall be exposed to the burning breath of the ~~sunum~~ sun, without finding a drop. A thousand camels more must be loaded with provisions, and carpenters and smiths must be taken also, for their services will be wanted: but no animals except camels should be employed, for none other will be able to endure the difficulties of the journey."

After all had been done as he advised, they proceeded, and had travelled twelve months, when one day the shaikh exclaimed, "Let us confide alone in the great God! I fear I have mistaken the road; but let us go on, and trust in him! He will guide us!"

They came at length to a boundless plain, smooth as the sea in a calm, in the middle of which appeared a mass of smoke, and some object of dazzling brilliancy beneath it. Hastening forward, they found it was a magnificent palace, above the cornice of which were tablets of ebony inlaid with gold. The gates, of Chinese steel, dazzled their eyes; the pillars were of gigantic size;

and that which to the distant travellers **had** appeared like smoke, was a dome **covered** with lead. But within not a living creature was to be seen save the owls and **ravens**, who had there ouilt their nests, and **filled** the air with their melancholy cries.

“ ‘There is no god but **God** !’ exclaimed the emir Musa, transported with astonishment. “ O palace ! what is become of **thine** inhabitants ? They sleep the sleep of **death**, as if they had never lived. Where is **the** retinue of thy court ? Where are **thy** princes and kings ? God has scattered them, like the chaff before the wind ! But let us enter,” continued he, turning to the shaikh Abdussamed, who was engaged in prayer, and repeating the words of the Koran. “ Perhaps ye will flee from that which would be profitable to you ! God be praised for his innumerable benefits and infinite grace. Rejoice, O prince !” said the shaikh, “ we have escaped the desert, and have no wild beasts to fear. I have never, indeed, been in this place : but know it by the description which a traveller—who,

like us, was going to the brazen city, and like us too had lost his way, and came to this palace, once gave me of it. We have a month's journey yet to perform to the city of brass; and thence four months more to that part of the sea where the brazen vessels we seek are to be found."—"Can you tell," said the emir Musa, "to which of the ancient kings this splendid palace belonged?"—"I know not exactly," replied the shaikh, "but believe it was Alexander." Saying this, he led the way, and approached the gate of the palace, which was shut. They first entered a fore-court, the walks of which were inlaid with gold and precious stones; over the door was the following inscription, in Greek:

"Enter here, and learn the history of those who were once lords of the world.

"They have passed by, like hasty travellers; scarcely have they had time to rest."

The emir Musa melted into tears. He entered the inner apartments, over the door leading to which was inscribed:

“ What multitudes once walked **these** halls ! See now what time has done **with** them ! ”

Musa wept again at reading this, and, **with** Abdulâzîz and their attendants, **wandered** through immense apartments, all **solitary** and deserted, till they came to that **covered** by the dome. Here stood four hundred sepulchral monuments, of marble and **gr**-nite ; Musa, who understood Greek, **ap**-proached one and read as follows :

“ Of how many events have I not been witness ! How many sumptuous feasts, how many splendid banquets have I not enjoyed ! How many cities have I not conquered ! How many laws have I not given !

“ Preserve thy soul ! Enjoy life before death overtake thee.

“ To-morrow they will carry thee out, and say to those who ask after thee—he is dead ! ”

This inscription renewed the tears of the company, who now came to a kind of oratory beneath the centre of the dome. It had doors of sandal-wood, ornamented with inscriptions, the letters of which were made of precious stones. On the first was—

“ The intoxication of pleasure has passed, like the delirium of fever. Death has surprised me, without my being able to resist it; without my armies, without my courtiers being able to secure me against it.

“ Rely not upon the world when it shews its splendour to thee; see how it has used those who were devoted to it.”

This affected the travellers deeply also; and they entered the oratory, and found in it an immense tomb, on which the shaikh Abdussamed read this epitaph :

“ In the name of the only, eternal, immutable God, who has not been created, who has not begotten, and who has not an equal !

“ Learn, then, traveller, who wanderest hither, learn by my example, that the world, and its glory, cannot save thee.

“ It is a borrowed lustre, it is a deluding dream, a deceiving vision, that plays with the burning thirst of those who follow it.

“ Be not led astray by its vain flatteries : it casts into destruction those who fall into its net.

“ I had a thousand noble horses in my

tables; I married a thousand incomparable beauties, descended from royal blood.

“ They bore me a thousand princes, brave as lions. I lived a thousand years. I heaped together boundless treasure; my subjects were innumerable.

“ I imagined that my dominion on earth would endure for ever: when, lo! a dreadful voice announced the irrevocable decree of God.

“ Death each day doubled his ravages, and, as a reaper, mowed down my people. Then had I those inscriptions made which you have read, over the gate of my palace, over the doors, and on the coffins of my servants.

“ My palace became the residence of death, and all its apartments sepulchres. I assembled my armies; ten times a hundred thousand men mounted their horses, armed with brilliant sabres, and lances of sharp steel.

“ ‘Defend me, my brave warriors,’ said I to them, ‘against these multiplied attacks of death.’

“ ‘How can we do that,’ they replied,

‘when all those who pass thy threshold become its victims?’

“Then I opened my treasury—a thousand coffers, each containing a thousand weight of gold and jewels: ‘All this will I give,’ said I to them, ‘if ye will bring into my palace bread for one day;’ but not one would pass my threshold.

“Then I resigned myself unto my fate, and awaited my hour. My name was Kush, the son of Shedád, the son of Aad the Great.”

Musa and his companions were much affected by this terrible and exalted lesson; they continued their examination, however, and came at length to a room containing a table of inlaid work, on which they read as follows :

“At this table once dined every day a thousand kings who had but one eye, and a thousand who had both; but now in the grave, neither can they see who had one eye, nor they who had both.”

Musa, having noted all this in his tablets, departed, taking nothing with him but this table, at which every day two thousand

kings had dined. They rejoined their **cara-**van, and, continuing their journey, came **on** the third day to a large monument, **on** which stood a horseman of brass, holding a steel lance. On the point of the lance **was** written, in very legible characters:

“ Traveller ! if thou shouldest perchance not know the way to the brazen city, turn me round with a thrust of thine arm, and continue then thy journey on that side to which I turn my face when I stand still.”

The emir Musa pushed the statue with his hand : it flew round as quick as lightning, and at last stopped suddenly, looking directly opposite to the way they had begun to take. They changed their road immediately ; and, feeling now secure they were in the right one, pursued their journey day and night.

Travelling onward thus, they came to a pillar of black marble, to which was chained a monster, having two wings, two claws, and two hands ; both its eyes glowed like burning coals ; and a third, in the centre of

its forehead, cast out sparks of fire. It was crying aloud, " Praised be God, my Lord ! whose will it is to punish me thus until the day of judgment."

So frightened were the whole caravan, that they would fain have gone back directly ; but Musa desired the shaikh Abdussamed to approach and interrogate this frightful monster. " I am an Ishríl, of the race of the genii," replied it ; " my name is Dehmsh, the son of Alagmesh ; I am chained here for a singular reason, and God alone knows how long I shall remain so."

" What was that singular reason ?" said the emir Musa. " I was, at one time," answered the genius, " the guardian of a statue of onyx, which belonged to a king of the sea. He commanded an army of many thousand genii, all which he kept enclosed in this statue ; they had all, as well as himself, rebelled against the prophet Solomon. This king had also a daughter of great beauty, of whom I having once spoken to that prophet, he demanded her in marriage of the king, and desired, at the same time,

that he should break his statue, and confess there was no god but God, and that Solomon was his prophet.

“ The king called his council together, reported to them the demands of Solomon, and asked if there were reason to fear him. ‘ Fear him !’ replied the members of his council, ‘ for what? You live in an inaccessible island, defended by a host of genii, ever ready to fight against Solomon. His attempts against you must all be vain ;’ however, ask advice of the genius of the statue of onyx,—hear what he says.’ After having sacrificed to the image, the king, prostrate before it, related the embarrassment in which he found himself. I, from within the statue, answered him, ‘ Fear not! brave every thing, and I will ensure thee success.’

“ Encouraged by this answer of his oracle, he sentenced the ambassador of Solomon to be bastinadoed, and then dismissed to carry to the prophet the account of his reception. Irritated at this insult, Solomon assembled his army, which consisted of men, genii,

beasts and birds. Demirat, the king of the genii, commanded that division which was seventy thousand strong; and Solomon's vizir Asaf, the son of Barkia, led an equal number of men. This immense army landed in the island, and overran it entirely. The ever generous Solomon now despatched a second ambassador, to offer the same terms again, with, moreover, complete amnesty for all that had passed; but the king, obstinately refusing to deliver up his daughter, or profess the religion of Solomon, prepared for his defence, and collected above a million of genii from the various isles and seas of the world.

“ Solomon put his army in order of battle, placing the animals on the two wings, and the birds in the air, to assault the eyes of the enemy with their beaks. He himself ascended a magnificent throne, on the right of which stood the commander-in-chief of the men, and on the left the general of the genii.

“ I, on the other side, commanded the vanguard of our army, and was the first

who attacked the main body of the *genii* of Solomon, under their king Demirat in person. The latter approached me in the figure of a volcano, casting forth streams of fire, and endeavoured to stifle me in the flames. I defended myself courageously for a long time, and when at last I could resist no more, took to flight. Solomon ordered a close pursuit to be kept up, and *genii*, men, beasts and birds, surrounded us on all sides. King Demirat himself endeavoured to seize me: I fled before him three whole months; but at last was caught, and chained by him to this pillar."

The genius having concluded his history, they left him, and arrived at last at the brazen city. They found the walls of it were of brass, and were surprised to see no appearance whatever of a gate. Having pitched their tents, therefore, Talib, the son of Sahl, was sent out to examine them more closely, and to ascertain, by making the circuit of the town, whether they were lower in any other part.

In three days' time he returned, bringing

intelligence that the walls were still higher on every other side. The two emirs and the shaikh then ascended a neighbouring mountain, which afforded a complete view of the city—at the grandeur of the palace, the magnificence of the domes, and the beauty of the gardens and canals of which they were astonished; yet not a living soul was to be seen in this immense town—only vultures and ravens seemed to be its only inhabitants. Descending from the mountain, and going round the walls, they came to a place where were four marble tablets, with lessons of wisdom and salutary maxims inscribed upon them. On the first was :

“ Oh, son of man, defer nothing to the future, for the hour of death is at hand.

“ It is God who scatters nations; who brings kings from their spacious palaces to the narrow dwellings of the grave.

“ Where are they, the mighty monarchs, the lords of this earth? They have awoken again but dust and ashes!”

“ How true is this, and how touching said Musa, calling for his tablet, which

shaikh Abdussamed began to decipher the second.

“ Oh, man, how canst thou trust to this world ! knowest thou not, that it is a perishable abode, and without durability ?

“ Where are the kings, the conquerors, the monarchs of Irák, and Khorásán ? Where are the Khosrus ? They have passed away, as if they had never lived.”

Musa copied this also, and approaching the third, read :

“ Thou seest with indifference the days of this life fleet away, without thinking of the time when thou must appear before God, to give him an account of thy deeds. Where are the rulers of China, of India, of Nubia, or of Abyssinia ? The breath of death has dispersed them, and their greatness has availed them not.”

Musa wetted the paper with his tears, while transcribing this, and going on to the fourth, read thus :

“ Oh, man ! thou precipitatest thyself into the vortex of pleasure, without considering that death stands at thy shoulders.

THE BRAZEN CITY.

*"Confide in God! and look on this
as on the spider's web."*

*"Where are the founders of empire?
They have exchanged their palaces,
inhabited by owls, for the tomb."*

While Musa was occupied thus, his
Panions were consulting on the best
of getting into the city. He inquired
what was their intention, and was informed
by Talib that they proposed to make
of ladders, since no gates were to be found.
"That seems the most judicious plan,"
replied the emir; "it occurred to me
before, and indeed I expected something
of this, when I engaged the smiths and
penters who accompany us."

A whole month was employed in
making of this ladder, which was
admirably firm and well constructed. When
at length completed, "Now," said Musa,
"let us see who will ascend it first."
"That will I," exclaimed one of the
penters, mounting it immediately; but when
on the top step he uttered a loud cry,

keys hanging at his girdle. The gate was barred, and protected by a portcullis: the shaikh, however, conquered all these difficulties, and succeeded at last in opening it to the great satisfaction of those who were waiting for him.

Musa, to guard against the possibility of danger, would permit only one-half of the men to enter, ordering the rest to remain and watch without. Those who accompanied the two emirs, having first buried the corpses of their companions, proceeded in good order to the chief bazaar, where they found the shops yet open, and filled with all sorts of merchandize—the men within them dead, but remaining in the very postures of life and business, and holding out their withered hands. After having thus visited the shops of the jewellers, armourers, and dealers in silk stuffs, they came to a large palace, the court of which was ornamented with all sorts of arms, suspended from chains of gold. In one room was a throne of ivory, richly inlaid with gold, surrounded by a great number of men, who, like the rest,

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were so dried up as to resemble as mummies. Musa could not sufficiently admire the splendour and beauty of this monument; along the cornice was an inscription in letters of gold, upon a ground of blue, containing moral reflections not more pathetic than those they had read on the marble tablets; the following was nearly the contents of it:—"You who pass by, look here before you go! Traveller, consider thou art indeed but on a journey; make thyself a treasure of good deeds, and that no one remaineth long in this transient dwelling! They have built, and what avail their palaces availed them? They have heaped up treasures, and what profit have they been to them? Where are those beauties who were so beautiful, and whose beauty was become a proverb? They have faded like the rose, and have taken to themselves of ashes! Fair and blooming they laid themselves down, and awoke in the grave. They now entered a room, having in the corner a cabinet, and in the centre a fountain of marble, the basin of which was supplied with water by four canals, one coming

each side, and the water of each being of different colour. The bed of the first **can** was of red granite, that of the second green jasper, the third was alabaster, and the fourth black marble. On entering the first cabinet they found it filled with gold silver, pearls, and precious stones. In the second was the most costly armour, helmet and shields inlaid with gold, Indian sabres David's coat of mail, and many articles of equal value. The third cabinet was surrounded by closets, before which hung curtains of silk interwoven with gold. Upon lifting these up they discovered pieces of the richest stuffs of all sorts. The fourth contained vessels of gold and silver, porcelain, and rock crystal, and cups of onyx and agate. Each took as many as he could carry, and they were returning the way they had come, when they discovered a large door, inlaid with small tablets of ivory and ebony, and concealed from the casual spectator by a fine veil of gold and silk; it was secured, they found, by locks of silver, and was only to be opened by a concealed spring.

THE BRAZEN CITY.

It however yielded at last to the S
dossamad, and they entered an apa
vered with a splendid carpet, in
wrought the figures of all kinds
birds, trees, and flowers. A small
rated from the rest of the room
marble, so transparent and highly
to resemble ice, was filled with
of pearls, rubies, and the fines
So fascinated were the eyes of th
by these treasures, that had no
quested the shaikh to destroy th
leading them on, they would ha
much longer than they did. The
ceeded into a hall which surpasses
all they had yet seen ; it was
phyry and covered with a dome
centre of which was an alcove
small oratory, encircled with
guarded by lattice-work of em
with diamonds. Within the alc
tent of cloth of gold, supported
pillars, on each of which was a
plumage was of jewels and beak
loured ruby. Beneath this tent

a couch, glistening with diamonds and other precious stones, and on it lay a female resplendent beauty ; over her was suspended a crown of gold, and she wore a necklace of pearls, a girdle of diamonds, and a diadem which dazzled the eyes of those who attempted to look steadily upon it.

Musa was enchanted when he perceived this divine beauty, and saluted her with the utmost respect, supposing her to be only reposing there. “ She will not return your salutation,” said Talib, “ for she has long been dead ; the art with which she was embalmed has alone preserved the freshness of the roses and lilies of her complexion ; and her eyes, which seem to have been animated by the most lively feelings, sparkle only now with the quicksilver, employed with such exquisite skill by the embalmers, that it rises with the smallest motion near her.”

At the foot of the couch, which was elevated a little from the ground, were two slaves, one black and the other white, embalmed also with such skill as to seem at first sight alive. One held a steel rod, and

the other a drawn scymitar ; between them was a golden table, on which was the following inscription :—“ Son of man ! if thou knowest me not, I will declare myself unto thee ; I am Tadmor, the daughter of the king of the Amalékites ; I reigned with justice and glory over extensive regions ; I protected my subjects and lived in pleasure and magnificence, till my empire was visited with seven years’ drought. After all our provisions and all the animals used in husbandry had been consumed, no means remained of prolonging my life ; in vain I lavished my treasures ; they were useless, they could not purchase bread ! Famine dried up me and my people ! we yielded up our souls to the angel of death, and remained, as you see, a lesson to future ages !”

Musa wept as he read this, and was equally moved by the following :—

“ Oh, traveller ! who enterest this city, rely not upon the world and its deceitful ways ! Repent of thy sins, fear God, do good, and lay up for thyself a treasure of good works against the day of retribution.

Let him whom God has permitted **to ent** here, take what he will and as much **as I** can; but let him touch me not, **and ol** serve, even in death, the precepts of **me** destiny. He who should neglect this, **he wh** should lay hand upon me, would **fall a vic** tim to his own temerity."

After Musa had carefully copied **all thi** in his writing-tablets, he ordered his **fol**lowers to gather together as many of **the** most valuable articles as they could, **but to** touch neither the couch nor dress of **the** princess. "It would be a pity, however," said Talib, "not to take, for the treasury **of** the caliph, this large diamond, the radiance of which dazzles our sight."—"Have you not read the menace upon the table?" said Musa. "Mere nonsense!" replied Talib, "princesses do not refuse us when living, much less when dead." And with these words he was about to ascend the couch, at the feet of the princess, when the slaves, raising one his steel rod and the other his scymitar, struck him on the head and back, and he fell dead on the spot. "May God receive

his soul!" said Musa. "Behold what comes of avarice! Surely there is in the other parts of the palace enough to satisfy all." Every one then collected his portion of wealth, and the whole caravan departed from the Brazen City, loaded with riches.

Continuing their journey onward, they arrived at a high mountain, hollowed into caves, inhabited by a race of blacks, clothed in mats. The men took to flight at the approach of the caravan, but the women and children yet remained, standing at the mouths of the caves, detained by curiosity. The camels were unloaded and tents pitched; and the king of the blacks, soon afterwards descending from the mountain, accosted Musa, inquiring whether he and his companions were men or genii. On Musa informing him that they were but men, and asking, in return, of what race the blacks themselves were, "We," said the king, "are of the line of Ham, the son of Noah, and dwell, as you see, on the coasts of this immense lake."—"You have then neither had Prophets nor the Revelation of God

among you?" said Musa. "Pardon me," returned the king of the blacks, "a man with shining countenance once arose from the midst of the lake, and cried, in a voice that was heard afar: 'My children, fear him who sees you, but is not to be seen. Say there is no God, except God, and Muhammed is his prophet. I, who say this, am Khizr, the keeper of the fountain of life. We, moreover, see every Friday night, a light which spreads over the earth, and hear voices singing praise and glory to God.'—" "I am delighted to hear this," answered Musa; "we, on our part, come from the commander of the faithful, Abdalmelik, the son of Merwan, to search for some of those brazen urns in which Solomon confined the disobedient spirits, and then threw them into this lake, and shall return you our thanks if you can assist us in procuring them."

The king of the blacks immediately ordered some divers to be fetched, who brought up from the bottom of the lake twelve of these vessels, sealed by Solomon. Musa gave rich presents to the king, who, on his

part, gave the Emir, in addition to the brass urns, two beautiful mermaids whom they had taken at the same time. Musa was much pleased, knowing that the caliph would set more value on them than on the urns themselves ; and having bidden these friendly blacks farewell, returned through the interior of Africa and Egypt, towards Damascus.

On reaching the court of the caliph, and giving a minute account of his long journey, that prince regretted that he had not been of the party. The twelve vessels were opened, one after another ; and from each, as had been described, came forth a genius, crying aloud, “ Pardon ! O Prophet of God ! O mighty Solomon ! I will never rebel again,” and with these words he disappeared. The caliph and all his court were highly interested by this. The mermaids were put into a large piece of water, where the heat of the samúm, however, soon killed them. The caliph conferred marks of honour on all who had been upon this journey ;

as for riches, they had brought back with them enough from the Brazen City.

“Praise be to God!” said the caliph, “it is none but Solomon was such power ever committed.” The Emir Musa was so much affected by what he had seen, and the lessons he had transcribed, that he resumed not again the reins of government; and having solicited from the caliph the confirmation of his son in the office, retired himself to the holy city; where, after having drawn up this authentic account of his journey, he died in solitude.

THE STORY OF JUDAR.



THE STORY OF JUDAR.

A CERTAIN merchant had three sons; the eldest was named Sálíh, the second Selim, and the youngest Judar. The father possessed particularly the love of his father and that, in the division of his inheritance he might not be defrauded by his brothers who were very envious of him, his father resolved to apportion his possessions in his lifetime. For this purpose he directed an inventory of all his property to be made and then divided it into four portions, one for each of his three sons, and the fourth for their mother; and this division had been made but a short time, when he died.

The two elder brothers were dissatisfied with this division; maintaining, that the

ought to have a larger share than **the** youngest; and carried the case before **the** **cadi**. After the witnesses to the will **had** been examined, the decision was given **in** favour of Judar; but the expenses of **the** suit fell equally on him and on **his** brothers. They appealed to another **tribunal**, which gave it in their favour; **and** Judar carried it before a third, and thus **they** went on in law, from court to court, **from** sentence to sentence, till they had spent **the** whole of the property they went to **law** about. The two brothers, who were **of** brutal tempers, then attacked their mother, beat her severely, and robbed her of **the** portion she had received as a widow's dower. She went and complained to Judar, **who** offered her all the consolation in his power, but reminded her, that having now no money to spend in law, they must endure all **with** patience.

The mother, affected by the kindness of Judar, continued to reside with him. By the use of his net, which he employed sometimes on the lake of Birkah, sometimes on

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*that of Búlák, and at others at Old C
he supported himself as a fisherman,
took care that his mother should not
at least the necessaries of life.*

In the mean time, the two elder brothers soon wasted the property of which they robbed their mother, and, covered with shame, subsisted by charity, and at times, when Judar was absent, would go to their mother to beg a morsel of bread. Their mother, who could not stifle the feelings of nature towards them, ungrateful as they had been, gave them food, advising them always to be gone before the return of Judar, lest they might incur his anger. One day, however, while they were there, he returned; his mother, frightened at this detection, said not a single word: but Judar, far from being angry, embraced his brothers, and commended them for not visiting him more frequently. They were confounded by the generosity of their brother, who insisted on their remaining that night at his house. Night after night, they still remained, and Judar, going out every morning with

nets, supported now, not only his mother but his brothers also.

One day he cast his nets from morning till night without catching a single fish, and was at last compelled to take his way homewards with his basket as empty as in the morning, and reflecting mournfully, that he and his family must go that night without food. In passing the baker's shop where he usually bought his bread, his sufferings were heightened by seeing the crowds who were pressing towards it, and he stood by, wistfully surveying the comers and goers. "Well," cried the baker to him, "well, Judar ! do you not want some bread ?" Judar made no reply. "Help yourself," continued the baker: "if you have no money with you, here are ten loaves, the number you usually buy." Judar would have left his nets with him as a security. "God forbid," said the baker, "that I should deprive you of the means of getting a livelihood ! Here are ten loaves and ten aspers, I lend them to you, and you can bring me tomorrow twenty fishes." Judar thanked the

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baker, purchased meat and vegetables, and supped with his family as usual.

On the following day he was just as unfortunate in fishing as before. He took his way homeward despondingly, and as he passed the shop, the baker lent him ten more loaves and ten more aspers, saying: "Be of good cheer, Judar! that which is decreed must come to pass; and what comes not to-morrow will come to-morrow." For seven successive days he went to different places, but everywhere his exertions were in vain—he caught not a single fish. At last, he determined to try the Birket ul Kárún; here he was just preparing to cast out his nets, when he saw a Mughribin approach, who was so wrapped up, that but one eye was visible; he rode upon a mule richly caparisoned, carrying upon its crupper a portmanteau. He saluted Judar, who returned his politeness. "Judar," said the Mughribin, "if thou art in distress, I will assist thee, and load thee with riches; but thou must, in return, render me a service."—"You need only say what it is," replied Judar; "I am at your


command.”—“Begin, then, by saying Fátihah,” continued the Mughribin. At repeating it together, the Mughribin drew from his portmanteau a silken girdle. “I ask you the favour,” said he, “to bind my arms fast with this girdle, and cast me in the lake. If, after a short time, you see my hands above the water, cast your nets quickly and draw me out; but should my feet appear, it is a sign that I am dead. In that case, take the mule and portmanteau, go to the market, and inquire for Shamsi the Jew, who, in return for the mule, will give you a hundred dinárs; you may then return home, but be sure to tell no one what has happened.

Judar did exactly as he was directed, cast the Mughribin into the lake, and soon after saw his feet above the water. Taking the mule, he immediately departed, and having reached the market, he soon found out the shop of Shamsi the Jew. “Ah!” cried the Jew, as soon as he beheld the mule, “he is dead!”—“Yes, he is dead,” answered Judar. “His avarice has cost him his life,”

continued the Jew. "Here are a hundred *dinárs*, take them, and keep the secret."

Judar now repaired to the baker to discharge his debt; he then paid all the debts of his brothers, and giving them money besides, soon became as poor as ever. He began fishing again, and that he might not labour in vain, he proceeded to the Birket al Kárún, and, behold! a second Mughribin appeared, whose mule was caparisoned, and portmanteau covered, more richly than that of the first. The Mughribin accosted Judar, and began by asking him if he had not, a short time before, seen a Mughribin, equipped as he was, come to the same place. Judar, fearing he might be called to account for the mule, denied roundly having seen the Mughribin. "How!" said the other, "do I not know that you bound his arms together, that you threw him into the lake, that you afterwards went in quest of Shamsi the Jew, and that you sold him the Mughribin's mule for a hundred *dinárs*?"—"Well," replied Judar, "if you knew all this, it was useless to ask me."—"All that I require of

you," continued the Mughribin, "is, that you do exactly the same by me, and upon the same conditions." To this Judar willingly consented, bound his arms, cast him into the lake, and, as soon as he saw the feet come up, departed with the mule, for which, as before, he received a hundred *dínárs*. This profitable employment of drowning Mughribins pleased Judar so well, that he set forth again, the following morning, for the *Birket ul Kárún*; and no sooner had he reached it, than a third came, still more splendidly dressed and mounted than the two first. "Have you not seen my brethren?" said he to Judar. "Yes," answered he; "they are amusing themselves by fishing below, till you join them."—"You are right," said the Mughribin, "that is exactly what I desire to do."—"With all my heart," continued Judar, "I understand the business well enough now." Saying thus, he bound and cast the Mughribin into the lake; and having waited a short time, saw his hands above the water. Judar threw forth his nets and drew him out.



The Mughribin held in his hand two fishes red as coral, which he put immediately into two bowls, taken out of his portmanteau. Kissing Judar on the forehead and cheeks, he thanked him for saving his life, by casting out his nets just at the proper time. "If you feel yourself indebted to me," said Judar, "you will perhaps, in return, let me know the history of your two predecessors, and of these two fishes."

"The two drowned Mughribins," said the third, "were my brothers; the one was named Abdussalím, the other Abdussamad: the Jew, as you supposed him, but who is no more one than you are, but a good Mus-sulman, is my third brother, and named Abdurrahim. Our father was a profound magician, deeply skilled in every branch of hidden knowledge. He left us an immense fortune, which after his death we divided equally; but could not agree to whom should belong his manuscripts, containing all the secrets of talismans, and the keys of all concealed treasures. Dissensions began to arise among us, when the shaikh who had

been our father's instructor in the magic and cabalistic arts, offered himself as arbiter, saying: 'My children, this book belonged to me, and let him of you who would possess it, go and open the treasures of Shamardal, and bring me from thence the artificial sphere, the sword, the box of kohol, or collyrium for the eyes, and the seal; the seal is guarded by a powerful genius. Over him who possesses it kings and princes have no power; and, if he wishes, he can make the whole world obey him. The sword destroys entire armies in a moment. The artificial sphere shews what passes in every place on the globe; you need only turn it round, to see all that you wish; if you wish to burn a town, lay a spark of fire on the place where it is marked on the sphere, and fire will consume it immediately, and so on in every other respect. In the last place, he who rubs his eyes with the kohol will see all the riches concealed beneath the earth. But to open the treasures of Shamardal, the children of the Red King must be first possessed, who, however,

ive in the depths of the Birket ul Kárún. Your father sought to get them in vain; and it is only after long calculations that I have discovered it to be indispensably necessary, that a young man of Cairo, named Judar, should cast him into the lake who wishes to get possession of those fishes. He who dies in the attempt will float with his feet above the water, and he who succeeds will shew his hand above the surface first.'

"We all three determined to try this adventure, our fourth brother preferring to remain a merchant at Cairo; and agreeing, in the event of our failure, to purchase the mule, which was to be sent to him as a signal of our death. The fate of my two brothers you know; and I, I have been fortunate enough to catch the children of the Red King, who are powerful genii, under the form of coral fishes, as you see. But, in order to obtain the treasure itself, it is yet requisite for you to go with me to Fez and Mequinez."—"That," replied Judar, "I would willingly do, were I not bound to support my mother and brothers."—"If that

be all," answered the Mughribin, " **here** are a thousand **dínárs**, to keep them **from** starving, and in four months you **will be at** home again, with riches enough for **your** whole life." Judar gave the **thousand** **dínárs** to his mother, bade her farewell, **and** set forth, seated on the mule behind the Mughribin.

When they had travelled some little time, Judar remarked that they had no provisions with them: " you have forgotten the kitchen," said he. " Are you hungry?" returned the Mughribin. Judar replied in the affirmative. " Well, we will dismount, give me the portmanteau. Say, now, what you will have?"—" Some bread and a piece of cheese."—" Bread and cheese!" said the Mughribin, " have you no better taste than that?"—" Well then, a roasted fowl—"—" Good!"—" Rice and boiled meat."—" Good!"—" Tarts."—" Good again!" Thus Judar went on, till he had named four-and-twenty different dishes, the Mughribin still crying " Good!" to every one. " That is enough, surely," said Judar,

“let us now see where they are to come from.” The Mughribin immediately drew from his portmanteau a golden dish, with a roasted chicken upon it: and so, one after another, brought out the whole twenty-four dishes which Judar had called for; and after they had dined, having taken out also a basin and ewer of gold and washed, he replaced the whole in the portmanteau, and mounted the mule again. “How far, think you,” said the Mughribin, “have we got on our journey now?”—“I know not,” replied Judar, “but we have been about two hours on the way.”—“Right!” returned the Mughribin; “however, we have travelled over a distance that usually requires a month. This mule is a genius, who in one day will perform a twelvemonth’s journey. For your convenience, I have restrained his speed a little.” In this way, the portmanteau supplying all they wanted, they proceeded till, on the fifth day, they arrived at Mequinez.

Every one courteously saluted the Mughribin, as he passed to his own house; where a maiden, beautiful as the sun, and

languishing as a thirsty gazelle, opened the door to him; and said to the mule, after taking the portmanteau from its back, "Return thither from whence thou camest. The earth instantly opened, and then closed again upon the mule. "God be praised," said Judar, "that I am well off the back of such a steed!" His eyes were dazzled at the splendour and immense wealth displayed in the saloon they had entered. "Rahmah," said the Mughribin to his daughter, "bring me the búgchah."* From this he took a vest, worth at least a thousand dínárs, and put it upon Judar, and then set out the table with twenty-four different dishes, as before. Thus he continued for twenty days to present his guest every morning with a dress of equal value, and every evening to regale him with as well supplied a banquet. On the twenty-first day, the Mughribin ordered two mules to be saddled, in order to set out for the treasury of Shamardal. Arriving at a marshy pool, they dismounted on its banks;

* A kind of portmanteau, of cloth or leather.

a tent was pitched, in which were put two cases, containing the coral fishes; and the slaves being sent back with the mules, the Mughribin began his exorcisms, which he continued till the cases opened, and the fishes came forth, saying, "Master of the world! what dost thou command?"—"I will destroy you both," answered the Mughribin, "if you do not open the treasury of Shamardal to me."—"It shall be done," continued they, "on condition that Judar, the fisherman, be there; for it is written in the book of fate, that in his presence only shall it be done." Upon this, the Mughribin took a plate of onyx and a censer; he laid the fishes on the plate, and strewed perfumes upon the censer. "Now," said he to Judar, "now I must, before all things, teach you what you have to do; for when I have begun to burn the perfume in the censer, I shall not be able to speak to you. As I continue to burn more and more frankincense, this water will, by degrees, dry up, and at the bottom of the pool you will see a gate of gold; knock at it three times, and you will

hear a voice call aloud, ‘ Who **knocks** : the door of this treasury ?’ Then **answer**, ‘ I is I, Judar, the fisherman, by **whom** it is decreed to be opened.’ Upon this, the **porte** will come forth and say, ‘ Stretch out **you** neck, that I may strike it with my **sword** and see whether you be the true **Judar**. This command of his you must obey; if **you** stretch out your neck, no harm will **happen** to you; but if you are afraid, and **refuse** to do it, he will infallibly kill you. When **you** have thus destroyed this first enchantment, you will find at the second door a **horse-**man with couched lance ; present your **bo-**som to him boldly, and you will see **the** phantom vanish. At the third door it **will** be exactly the same, nor must you seek to avoid the arrow which the keeper of it **will** aim at you. When you knock at the **fourth**, seven monsters will rush out, and **appear** ready to devour you ; fly not before them, but offer them your hand, and they will **im-**mediately disappear. At the fifth door, you will find a black slave, who will say, ‘ If you be Judar, open the sixth door !’

and this will open of itself, as soon as you pronounce the names of Moses and Jesus: two dragons, the one on the right, the other on the left, will then cast themselves in your way, and open their monstrous jaws: but if you step by them without fear, you will reach the seventh door. Here you will see your mother come out, who will say, 'Welcome, my son! come, let me embrace thee!' But you must say to her, 'Begone! or I will kill thee!' then, drawing your sabre, threaten to slay her on the spot, if she does not strip off her clothing. When this has been done, you can enter the treasury, where you will see the magician Shamardal, sitting on a throne of gold, with a shining crown upon his head, the sword in his hand, and the magic seal-ring upon his finger; the box of kobol hangs before him from a golden chain. You will possess yourself of these things without difficulty, and return safely to me, provided you exactly follow the directions I have given you. As for the rest, depend only upon Divine Providence."

The Mughribin now began to burn the incense, with many mysterious words. The water dried up, the first gate became visible and all happened exactly as he had foretold, till Judar arrived at the seventh door from which he saw his mother approach. All the preceding dangers and enchantments he had easily surmounted; but he felt that he should be moved, when he had to strip his mother of her clothes.

However, he took courage, and threatened to kill her if she did not give him all her garments; she obeyed till she came to the last, when she said, "My son! you will not surely deprive me of this one covering; it would violate all decency; no one can have commanded that!"—"You are right, mother!" replied Judar, "keep it, that cannot do harm." He had scarcely uttered these words, when she cried, "Strike him!" and he felt himself surrounded by the invisible genii of the treasure; their blows fell on him thick as hail; in an instant he repassed the seventh door, which closed behind him: the water returned, and he was cast, half dead,

at the Mughribin's feet. "Did I not tell you," said he to Judar, "that all would end badly, if you yielded to false scruples? All is over now for this year; a new trial cannot be made till the next." They returned to Fez, and, at the same season the ensuing year, repaired to the spot again. The Mughribin exhorted Judar anew to show no delicacy to the deceptive form of his mother; and he accordingly now made no scruple of compelling her to strip entirely, and just as she was about to give up the last part of her dress, the phantom vanished. Judar entered the treasury, took possession of the artificial sphere, the sword, the ring, and the box of kohol, and departed with them amid the acclamations of the spirits of the treasure. He gave them to the Mughribin, who thanked him, and requested him to say what he desired as his reward. "I want nothing," said Judar, "but your wonderful portmanteau."—"With all my heart, my child," said the Mughribin; "but as that only supplies food, I will give you another full of gold and diamonds, which

will enable you to provide for all **your** family, and to begin trade yourself: **I will** give you a mule and slave to conduct **you** home also; but on your return, be **careful** to reveal nothing of what has **passed.**"

Judar now took leave of the Mughribin, and, after a long journey, arrived **safe at** the door of his own house in Cairo. **He** found his mother sitting, dejected **and** melancholy, in a corner, and the **place** stripped of every piece of furniture. "**What** are you doing, mother?" said he: her surprise and joy at the sight of him for some time deprived her of utterance; at length she related to him, how his dissolute, **ungrateful** brothers had squandered away the money which he had given her, and left her almost to starvation. "Ah! but to remedy that," replied Judar, "I have here a portman-teau, which supplies, whenever called upon, the most delicious banquets in the world!"—"Is this a time to jest?" continued his mother, "do I not see that it is empty?"—"Jesting apart, dear mother," said Judar, "what do you wish to have?"—"Bread,

my dear son!"—"Bread! you shall have a better meal than that, mother—roast mutton, rice, gourd-sallad, bakliwah, and sherbet."—"Enough! enough!" cried his mother, thinking he was mocking her. Judar repeated the words which the Mughribin had taught him, and then drew out all the different dishes he had named. His mother, to her great astonishment, was now informed by him how this wonderful port-manteau had been procured; but he begged her earnestly not to divulge the story. His brothers came to welcome him home, and were invited to take their places at his well supplied table; after they had dined, they would fain have put by what remained for supper, but Judar ordered it to be given to the poor, promising them a fresh meal; and at night he entertained them sumptuously indeed. He kept them thus ten days successively. "Faith!" said the two worthless wretches, our brother has become a magician, to entertain us thus, without the least supply in the kitchen." Taking advantage one day of his absence, they drew

the secret from their mother. The envy and vexation which they felt at this, inspired them with the idea of getting rid of Judar, who they believed would be no longer necessary to them, if they could but get possession of the portmanteau. For this purpose they repaired to Suez, where they soon found the master of a ship, who dealt in slaves, and having deceived him with a story, of their having a worthless fellow of a brother, who was ruining his family, agreed to sell Judar to him for forty dínars. It now remained to find a good opportunity of delivering Judar into his hands.

The two brothers therefore begged Judar to allow them to bring three of their friends with them to supper. To this he made no objection, but provided them an elegant repast; when their mother had withdrawn, the three men, assisted by the two brothers, fell upon Judar, gagged him, took him up, and carried him to Suez, where he worked a whole year as a slave. In the mean time, his brothers had made their mother believe that the three guests were Mughribins, who

had taken Judar away with them to search for new treasures. She wept bitterly upon hearing this, and they insulted and ill-treated her for the tears she shed for Judar's absence. They divided between them the gold and diamonds, but could not agree about the possession of the portmanteau. In vain did their mother propose that they should leave it with her, engaging to supply them from it with whatever they desired at any time. They continued to wrangle about it, and the dispute, in the course of the night, rose so high, that the guard passing by, and hearing the noise, stopped at the door and overheard every word the two brothers said to each other.

In the morning the officer of the watch repaired to the king Shamsaddaulah, and informed him of the whole affair. The king immediately ordered the two brothers to be brought before him, took from them the portmanteau, and the gold and diamonds, cast them into prison, and allowed a certain sum for the support of their mother.

Meanwhile, the vessel on board of which

Judar was detained after having worked as a slave for a whole year, suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arabia. A merchant passing by felt compassion for his destitute condition, and took him with him to Jidda, and from thence to Mecca. As he was performing his devotions there, he met his old friend the Mughribin, shaikh Abdussamad. Judar, with tearful eyes, recounted to him his unhappy fate. The Mughribin listened to him with great commiseration; presented him with a handsome vest, and then proceeded to examine his magic tablets, to discover Judar's future destiny. "Be of good cheer," said he, "your misfortunes are over—your brothers are in prison—your mother in health—and all will henceforth prosper with you." Upon this he took from his finger the ring of Shamardal, saying to Judar, "Here is something for you; you know that the genius of this ring is ready to fulfil your orders, be they what they may: take it, you are now its master."—"I desire nothing more fervently," said Judar, "than to be again at home."—"Well," replied the

Mughribin, "you need then only call upon the genius ; and so farewell !" Judar called upon the genius of the ring, and was carried in a moment to the door of his mother's house. Delighted as she was at his return, she related, in great distress of mind, how much she feared for the lives of his brothers, who were yet in prison. "Be not concerned on that account, mother," said he, "you shall soon see them again in perfect safety." He then ordered the genius of the ring to bring his brothers thither. When they appeared before Judar, they were in great confusion and wept for shame.— "Weep not," said he, "the demon of avarice tormented you, and suggested this evil deed against your brother ; but I forgive you, as Joseph forgave his brethren for casting him into the pit." He then recounted his adventures, and enquired how the king had treated them. They told him that, after taking from them the portmanteau and their gold and jewels, he had ordered them to be bastinadoed. "We will soon have all again," said Judar, and, calling on

the genius of the ring, he commanded him not only to bring all the treasures of the king to him, but to build him that night a magnificent palace, and furnish it splendidly. The genius called together his companions, and before the sun rose the palace was completed. Quite satisfied with it, he gave it to his mother as a residence, and ordered the genius to procure forty black, forty white, and as many Abyssinian and Circassian slaves. The females he appointed to attend his mother, and the males for the service of himself and his brothers, who acted as his viziers, he himself playing the part of a sovereign. In the mean time the keeper of the royal treasure, on entering the rooms where it was kept, was overwhelmed with surprise to find them utterly empty; for the genius had not only carried off the portmanteau and jewels that belonged to Judar, but also every other article in the treasury. On being informed of this unaccountable discovery, the king was equally surprised and enraged. He ordered the divan to be assembled, and informed them

that he had now not a single piece of money in his possession. No one knew what to advise: the officer of the police, who had given information of the dispute of the brothers, alone ventured to speak. "Sire," said he, "still more extraordinary things have occurred; as I went my rounds last night I heard the noise of mallets and hammers, of saws and trowels, and, with the rising sun, beheld a splendid palace, of which the evening before not a sign was to be seen. I enquired by whom it was inhabited, and was told by Judar, his mother, and his two brothers, who have escaped from prison."—"Let these wretches, this Judar and his brothers, be immediately brought before me," cried the king, transported with anger. "Will your majesty allow me to suggest, that you should not take any precipitate step in this affair?" interrupted the vizier. "What then would you advise to be done?" demanded the king. "I should recommend you to entrap him by apparent kindness," replied the vizier: "let your majesty invite him to court, and then call him to account

respecting his fortune, thus made in **one** night."

Upon this the king dispatched one of his emirs, who entertained a high opinion of his own ingenuity. When he arrived at the gate of the palace, he found the chief of the eunuchs sitting there upon a throne of gold; but he neither came to meet him, nor even rose at his approach. This chief of the eunuchs was the genius of the ring himself. The emir, offended at this want of respect, insulted him, and was about to strike him with his steel mace, for he knew not that he had a genius to deal with. The latter, however, soon forced the mace from his hand, and applied it to his shoulders; the attendants of the emir unsheathed their swords to defend their master, but the genius soon put them to flight, and quietly resumed his place. The emir, with one eye bound up, and his back sorely bruised, threw himself at the foot of the throne. The king, filled with anger at the sight, dispatched first one hundred, then two, and at last three hundred of his guards; but

they were all baffled by the chief of the eunuchs, who, however, did them no injury that he could avoid.

“Sire,” said the vizier, “by force we shall never gain our end; I will go myself to the palace as a minister of peace.” He then, clad in white, and without any attendants or arms, approached the gate of Judar’s palace. Having saluted the chief of the eunuchs, he requested to be announced to his master, to whom he had brought, he said, an invitation from the king. Judar received him courteously, and presented him with a robe superior to any in the king’s possession. On his return to the royal palace he reported all that had passed; the king said, “Why then he is far greater than I am: I will go immediately and pay him the first visit.” Mounting his horse, and surrounded by his guards, he proceeded straightway to the palace of Judar, who, when he was informed of the monarch’s approach, called on the genius of the ring to supply him also with a well-appointed guard, who were ranged in two lines

in the court of the palace. The king trembled when he observed their warlike appearance; he passed through them, and entered the hall where Judar sat, but he neither rose to receive him nor desired him to be seated. "Your majesty," said Judar, "should never forget that a monarch degrades himself when he plunders and vexes his people without cause." The king, who was of a timorous disposition, was much alarmed at the tone of these reproaches. He however excused himself with as much eloquence as he could command, and Judar was mollified, gave him his own kaftan, and requested him to dine with him.

On the king's return to his own palace, he closeted himself with his vizier, to consult what was to be done with a man who possessed such dangerous power. "I fear," said he, "that he will soon aspire to my crown itself."—"Sire," returned the vizier, "you need not, I think, concern yourself much upon that point; of what value can your crown be to him who is in power above all the princes of the world? But if you

fear him, unite him to your family by the bands of marriage; you have a daughter of a marriageable age.”—“ You are a good politician, my dear vizier,” replied the king, “ and I will confide to you the direction of this delicate affair.”—“ If your majesty,” said the vizier, “ will follow my advice, invite Judar to the palace, and while he is with you let your daughter pass the door of the chamber swiftly; swiftly I say, that she may the more excite his curiosity. As Judar is of a romantic and vivid imagination, rely upon it he will be desperately in love with a beauty of whom he will have seen so little. He will ask me who she is, and I shall tell him the princess your daughter. I shall then be able to lead him on to ask her of you for a wife, and you will thus be able to live in happiness with him as your son-in-law.”—“ You are right,” answered the king, and gave immediate orders for preparations for a splendid feast, to which Judar was invited. Dressed in all that could set off her natural charms, the princess passed before the door of the room where Judar was

dining with the king her father. Scarcely had Judar seen her when he gave a deep sigh, and appeared to be much agitated. "What is it that disturbs you?" said the artful vizier. "Ah!" replied Judar, "the beauty who passed just now has seized on my heart, and bewildered my head!"—"That beauty," returned the vizier, "is the king's daughter; and I am certain that were you to ask her of him, no difficulty would be found in effecting the union; but should you feel any hesitation, I will take upon myself to make proposals for you to the king." Then turning to that monarch, he addressed him thus:—"Sire! Judar wishes to draw the bands of friendship which now exist between you yet closer by those of relationship. He loves your daughter, and will gladly give whatever you may require for a portion."—"My daughter," said the king, "is at his command." The next day was then chosen for the marriage, which was celebrated with great splendour.

Soon after this the king died, and the

divan unanimously offered the crown to Judar, by whom it was accordingly accepted. He built a mosque and endowed it richly ; and the quarter of the city where his palace stood is yet called by his name. His brothers, who were his viziers, however, still felt envy gnawing at their hearts ; they could not endure the thought of being their brother's servants, and formed a conspiracy for his destruction. For this purpose, having invited him to a superb feast, they gave him poison. Hardly had it begun to operate when Selim, taking the ring from Judar, called upon the genius to destroy Sahih ; and then ordering the divan to assemble, declared himself, as possessor of the ring, possessor of the kingdom also. The grantees, too timid to resist, paid him their homage and proclaimed him king.

The first step of the new monarch's, after giving directions for the funeral of the late king, was to order preparations to be made for his own marriage with the widow. The divan in vain begged him to wait till the time of mourning was over. " I shall not

concern myself about that," replied the tyrant, "she shall this night comply with my wishes." In consequence of this the marriage-contract was drawn up, and the princess was informed of the king's design. "Let him come," said she, "I know how to receive him." Meeting him, therefore, with the greatest apparent kindness, she handed to him a cup of poisoned sherbet, and then taking the ring from his finger, and the magic portmanteau from the treasury, she reduced the former to powder and tore the latter to pieces, that none might again abuse the power which they conferred.

ARDASHÍR AND HÁYATALNUFÚS.

ARDASHÍR AND HAYÁTAI

THERE once reigned at Shir named Saifulâzím, who had no till, far advanced in age, he w with the birth of a son, to whom the name of Ardashír, and who ed with the greatest care at h ourt, till he was fifteen years of a

At that time there reigned in Ir named Abdul Kádir, who had a of such extreme beauty, that she w Hayátalnufús (or the life of souls) and emperors had sought her in r but all had hitherto been rejecte father, in consequence of the ins antipathy the princess expressed married—declaring she would rath away her own life than submit to it.

Prince Ardashír had heard so much of the beauty of the princess, that he never ceased importuning his father on the subject, till he sent an ambassador to request her in marriage for him, but who received the same denial as all others had done before him.

King Saifulâzím was much irritated at this:—"How!" said he, "is a king, as powerful as I am, to be treated thus? They shall repent it!" He then gave orders for assembling his army, and avowed his intention of laying waste Irák with fire and sword. Prince Ardashír, however, who on the first news of his being rejected had kept his bed, now arose, and going to his father, kissed the ground before his throne, and addressed him thus:—"Great king, do not trouble yourself to make warlike preparations; you are able, without doubt, to overrun the territories of the enemy, to destroy his armies and himself; but, when the princess shall learn the death of her father, she will, as an affectionate daughter, probably destroy herself—and I shall not survive her death."

"Well, then, what is your wish, my

child?" said the king. "My intention, would you permit me to do it," replied Ardashír, "was to enter the capital of King Abdul Kádír, in the disguise of a merchant, and try whether fate would not point out there some means of attaining my end." His father, after considerable hesitation, commanded his vizier to approach: "I am about," said he, "to entrust to you a commission of far greater consequence than the one you have lately performed. You shall accompany my beloved son, who is bent upon stealing in disguise into the country of Abdul Kádír; to you, then, I commit him: be watchful over the son of your master!"

He then ordered the treasury to be opened, and gave Ardashír rich stuffs, bracelets, rings, and diamonds of inestimable value, besides three hundred thousand pieces of gold. Every thing being in readiness, he took a private farewell of his father, and set out attended by the vizier and some slaves. Scarcely had he reached the high road, when, giving loose to his poetic fancy, he exclaimed:—

“ The vehemence of my desires knows no
 “ bounds ; against the cruelty of my destiny
 “ I am without resource.

“ When I survey the Pleiades, they ap-
 “ pear to me like sparks of love. Absorbed
 “ in delightful visions, I gaze on them till I
 “ see the morning star arise.

“ Yet, patience ! till Heaven favours my
 “ wishes, and makes my enemies ashamed !”

Whilst he was repeating these words, he was so overcome by excess of passion, that he fainted. The vizier bathed his face with water, and, on his recovery, said to him, “ Yes, patience, patience, my prince, is all you require to ensure your success. Patience is the key of delight.” The prince listened attentively to the words of the vizier, but could not restrain his tears, which flowed abundantly. The vizier continued to say all that he could to comfort and encourage him ; and they thus travelled onward, till, one evening, they perceived the white walls of a town, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. “ Behold,” said the vizier, “ the end of our journey !” And the prince, who

was delighted at the sight of the town inhabited by his beloved, hastened onward to the gate. When they had entered and found a khan, they dismounted, hired three warehouses to contain their goods, and remained that evening in their lodging, to rest after the fatigues of their journey. On the following morning, the vizier addressed the prince thus:—"My advice would be, that you should, in the first place, take care to make yourself known to the principal merchants, and establish yourself well in the bazaar; and in this, with your person and manner, you can hardly fail."—"I submit myself," returned the prince, "entirely to your guidance:" and having dressed themselves, they accordingly left their khan, and walked forth into the streets of the town. Every one, as they passed, was struck with the beauty of the prince. "It must be the keeper of paradise himself descended upon earth," said they. Having reached the bazaar where rich stuffs were sold, they were accosted by a venerable old man, who desired to know what they were seeking. "A

shop, for this my son," said the vizier; "wish to establish him in trade, and beg that you will introduce him to the syndic of this bazaar."—"I myself am he," returned the old man; and, calling for one of his assistants, he ordered him to open several shops which were to be let. The vizier chose the most splendid one, which was finely carved and richly gilt, and on the following morning the prince, having had his goods conveyed to it, took possession, attended by three handsome youths of amiable manners as assistants. After the vizier had earnestly and repeatedly implored him to be careful not to betray himself, and requested to have a daily account from him of all that occurred, he returned to the khan. The beauty of the young merchant soon drew the notice of the town to his shop: customers flocked to it from all quarters; and more than one lady of rank lost her slippers in the crowd. The prince conducted himself most dexterously in his new situation, and the vizier visited the shop from time to time to see what was passing.

One day, an old woman, very handsomely

dressed, and attended by two beautiful female slaves, entered, and saluted the prince, who, as he had been ever taught to pay great reverence to age, begged her to be seated at his side. "From whence comest thou, my handsome youth?" said the old woman. "From India, good mother," answered he; "and I intend residing here some time."—"If you have any articles particularly rich or curious," continued she, "I should be happy to see them; but I forbear you, that you need only shew me your most costly pieces you have."—"That," said Ardashir, "I shall take care to do; but I will let me know, in return, to whom I shall have the honour to sell them."—"I am in search of a rich stuff for the princess Hayatalnufus." At these words, the prince felt his head swim with delight; and taking a purse of one hundred dínárs, he pressed it into her hand. "Accept this trifle," said he, and then produced a piece of stuff of immense value. "I believe," continued he, "that there has never yet been any thing like this seen here." The old woman

pressed her admiration of it, and desired to know its price. This, in spite of all her solicitations, he refused to name, saying, “If the princess disdain to accept it, do you, good mother, keep it, as a small mark of my respect for you.” Quite charmed at this noble way of transacting business, she requested to know the name of so liberal a merchant. “Ardashír,” said the prince. “Ardashír!” rejoined the old woman; “why that is a name seldom given but to princes, and you appear to be a merchant!”—“The name I bear is but little to the purpose,” replied he; “I am not the less what I appear to be.” Pleased with his amiable manners, and somewhat suspicious of the truth, the old woman addressed him thus:—“My child, confide your secret to me; I promise you the most profound silence, and may, perhaps, some time or other, be of use to you.” Ardashír now laid his hands within her’s, and receiving from her a promise of inviolable secrecy, avowed his love for the princess, but kept his rank concealed.

“You are in love,” said the old woman.

“You are rich; so far, so well. But w
all this, my child, you are yet but a m
chant; if you aspire to a match which sh
raise you in rank, look out for the daugh
of some judge, or collector of the reven
but be not weak enough to fix your aff
tions on a princess—on a princess too, w
knows nothing of the world, who ne
leaves her palace, who is a prodigy of gen
and beauty, the sole heiress of the kingd
and as dear to her father as his life! F
ter not yourself, my child, with vain hop
I love you, I mean my advice for y
good, and may perhaps be of use to
another way.”—“How?” said the prin
“By procuring for you the daughter of
of the emirs, or of the vizier himself,” s
she. “My mother,” answered Ardash
“you are a wise woman; how then can y
recommend me to bind up my hand wh
it is my head that aches? It is not ambit
—it is love that reigns in my heart. I
lost, if you help me not: only carry to m
a letter from me—this is all that I requ
of you.” The old woman, affected at

violent passion of the young merchant, **con-**
sented, and the prince immediately **wrote**
 as follows:—

“ Oh, life of my soul ! I have lost my
 “ peace. I pass the night, wakeful as the
 “ stars. Have compassion on a heart trans-
 “ ported by thy beauty ! If no ray of hope
 “ cheer me, I shall quickly perish !”

Ardashir folded up this letter, kissed it,
 and gave it to the old woman, forcing another
 purse of a hundred dinârs upon her. This she,
 however, made some scruple of accepting,
 but was fain at length to yield to the importu-
 nity of the prince. After this amicable con-
 test was over, she kissed his hands and re-
 turned to the palace, meditating all the way
 how she should best execute the very delicate
 commission with which the young merchant
 had charged her. “ Princess,” said she, while
 she kissed the ground before her, “ I have
 brought you a stuff, which, in splendour, as
 far surpasses all you have ever seen, as the
 young man from whom I received it surpasses
 in beauty all I ever beheld.”—“ And who
 then is

this young man?" replied the princess. "He is an Indian merchant," said the old woman, "who has given me a piece of gold stuff, interwoven with pearls and diamonds, in the most delicate and admirable designs." Saying this, she spread it out before the princess, who was dazzled with its splendour, and in admiration at the exquisite taste displayed in it. "This is indeed," said she to herself, "a matchless piece; a whole year's revenue of my father's kingdom will hardly pay for it."

Then turning to the old woman, "Is it indeed from a merchant you have received an article of such great value?" said she. "Certainly, princess!" was the answer. "Is he established here, or only a traveller?" inquired the princess further. "He has only just arrived," replied the old woman, "but the whole city is filled already with the fame of his beauty and riches; you must press through a perfect multitude to get near his shop. And then, what features he has! and what a shape! Ah! if I were but some years younger!"—"And what price does

he ask for it?" interrupted the princess. "He refuses to take any thing for it; in vain did I press him to say what—I could only get from him, that it was made for you, and that if you disdained to accept it, I might even keep it myself."—"I am sensible," said the princess, "of the generosity of such conduct, but some service at least must be done him in return; did you ask him whether there were any favour he would wish to be granted him?"—"I did," said the old woman, "for the same idea occurred to me, and his answer was, 'that the only service I could render him would be to lay this letter at your feet.'"

The princess immediately took the letter and began to read it, but had scarcely looked at the first line when her colour changed, and she became agitated by the most violent anger. "What say you now to this, insolent?" cried she, "who dares to write love to me? By the water of the well Zemzem! nothing but pity keeps me from ordering his hands and feet to be cut off, and then having him hanged at the entrance of the bazaar."

The old woman was quite overwhelmed by these words. She turned pale, and, trembling in every limb, remained for some minutes silent and disconcerted. By degrees, however, she regained her courage and recollection, and said, "Pardon me, madam, perhaps you judge too severely—perhaps it is only some humble request."—No, no! nurse, it is in verse: did any one ever see a petition in verse? This merchant must be mad, or weary of his life, to expose himself to such danger; perhaps, indeed, he is the miserable tool of some prince, and is employed to ingratiate himself into my favour, and then deliver the city to the enemy."—"But," replied the old woman, "how can such a design concern you? or why should it give you the least trouble? You are too powerfully guarded—you dwell in a proud palace, inaccessible, not only to mankind, but to nature itself. The birds flutter round your windows, but cannot enter at them; the wind dare not raise your curtains, and the light itself must steal through your lattices. Thus exalted above

all fear and suspicion, you would not **surely** compromise your dignity by answering **this** poor youth yourself. You can threaten **him** with death if he dares to persist in his **folly** : write only the most severe and bitter **things**, for he deserves them. This is the only **way** to bring him back to the reason he **has** lost.”

The princess was for some time undetermined what to do ; but as she was a **perfect** mistress of composition, and wrote with **great** beauty, she felt some inclination to **express** her anger in verse. And where is the **maiden**, who makes verses, who could resist the temptation of such an opportunity of displaying her talent ? Calling then for paper and ink, she wrote as follows :—

“ Miserable being ! who assertest that, tor-
 “ tured by love for me, thou passest the night
 “ in watching ! why dost thou not address
 “ the moon ?—from which thou wouldst
 “ sooner gain a hearing than from me.

“ Be more prudent and less bold. This
 “ is the only counsel I can give thee. For
 “ if thou shouldst presume to make a

“ second attempt, thy life will answer for it
“ on the gibbet.”

She then folded up the letter, and gave it to the old woman, who repaired with it to the prince's shop.

Ardashir was quite delighted at the sight of a letter; but, when he had read it, he shed tears. “ What is the matter with thee, my child ?” said the old woman, “ should you not deem yourself happy in having gained an answer ?”—“ Ah ! but what an answer !” said Ardashir, “ can she do more than threaten my life, if I venture to address her again? Yet, be it so ! I will rather die than not write to her !” And he immediately wrote as follows:—

“ Thy threat is so far from terrific, that
“ death would be preferred by me to an
“ existence which only prolongs my tor-
“ ments. Yet condescend to have compassion
“ on me ! There is no object more worthy
“ of compassion than an unhappy lover.”

This answer he handed to the nurse with a present of two more purses, each containing a hundred pieces of gold, which she

refused for some time, but at length accepted. When she came to the princess, she laid the letter on the ground before her, without saying one word. The princess, who was as inquisitive as she was irritable, this time restrained her anger. "Good heaven, nurse!" said she, "if this correspondence should be discovered! I am alarmed at the very thought of it." With these words she took up the letter, however, to read. Then she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Is there then no way of setting this madman right? We have engaged in a fine business truly!"—"Madam," replied the old woman, "I would write to him once more, if I were in your place, and threaten to have him beheaded. Perhaps that might make a greater impression on him than the menace of having him hanged."—"Nay," returned the princess, "I must not stop at bare threats; I am determined to do as I say, should he trouble me again." She then wrote:—

"Oh thou, whom the blindness of passion
 "has led astray! why seekest thou not to
 "scale heaven itself?

“ Hear my advice ; cut the thread of this correspondence, or the thread of thy life shall be cut by the sword.”

On reading this, Ardashir was for a considerable time unable to speak. “ Let not your courage sink, my child ;” said the nurse : “ reply to it again as tenderly as possible, and I will at last procure you an interview with her, as sure as that I speak Arabic.”

Let us see what Ardashir, inspired with new courage by the words of the nurse, wrote to the princess :—

“ Is there a heart that is not touched by
 “ the sufferings of a faithful lover ? Is there
 “ a soul that remains unaffected by the ago-
 “ nies of an ill-requited love ?

“ Canst thou not be moved by one in
 “ constant war with an irresistible passion,
 “ and who knows not the fear of death ?”

This letter was accompanied by a present of three purses to the old woman, who returned with it immediately to the princess. Scarcely had the latter read it, when, casting it on the ground, with all the marks of the

most violent indignation, she started up, put on her gold-embroidered slippers, and without uttering a single word, hastened to the apartments of the king her father. Her face glowed with passion, and all her slaves trembled at her anger. Inquiring for the king, she was told that he had gone out upon a hunting-party; without making any further observation, she returned to her own apartments, where she continued walking up and down so long, as to evince the agitation she must be in who, accustomed to recline upon her sofa, could pace her room, as she now did, for three hours together. At length, however, whether her rage was abated, or her fatigue too great, she sat down: then only the old nurse ventured to ask where she had been. "To my father," said the princess, "to inform him of the insult to majesty, and treason to the state, this base merchant has committed; and to have him and all his confederates hanged—as a warning to all foreign merchants, how they presume to act as he has done. I have not seen the king yet, but

am waiting his return.”——“ Merciful heaven !” cried the old woman, “ and could so sensible and prudent a princess take so rash and inconsiderate a step, and risk your honour so ! Let us suppose that you had seen the king, and that he had ordered the young man to be hanged on the spot ; what reports would there not have been propagated through the city ? One would have said that he had sought to seduce you ; another, that he had succeeded : a third would have reported, that the young merchant had been concealed twenty days in your apartments ; and a fourth would have reported, that Ardashir had carried you off in the night. Ah, princess ! the honour of a maiden is like pure milk—the least dust soils it, the least acid makes it curdle. Reflect—only reflect.”

“ You are right, I believe,” said the princess ; “ but so transported with anger was I, that I know not what I should have said or done, had I met with my father.”——“ However,” said the old woman, “ let us endeavour to draw some advantage from

what you have done. Your leaving your own part of the palace, to visit your father in his, will soon be the talk of the whole city. This young man will hear of it, as well as every one else. I should advise you, then, to let him know that you went to your father only to have his own insolence punished; and that the vain, young, love-sick fool would have been cut into a thousand pieces on the spot, if you had found your father."

The princess, who highly approved of this, wrote thus:—

"Pride has caused the ruin of many
 "kings; it was the cause of the angels' fall.
 "Beware, or it will cast thee into destruc-
 "tion, who art neither king nor angel!

"At the moment I write this, thou wouldst
 "be no more, had my royal father not been
 "hunting in the woods when I sought him.

"Had a prince dared to do what thou
 "hast done, he would have been punished
 "by my father's armies. For a wretch like
 "thee, the scaffold is the only punishment."

"Here, nurse!" said she, "the contents

of this will surely free me from the repetition of this merchant's insolence."

Ardashir was much affected by this tender epistle. "Ah, mother!" said he to the old woman, "I feel my patience leaving me."—"Keep it yet, my son," replied she; "write to her again, I will answer for a good end to all at last." This was his letter:—

"Why send me to the scaffold? Am I not already dying in tortures?"

"All I beg of heaven is, that I may die with as much firmness as I have shewn in enduring the torments you have made me suffer."

This billet was accompanied by four purses of gold to the old woman.

She had scarcely entered the apartment of the princess, when the latter addressed her: "Well, has he dismissed his audacious hopes? I doubt it not, but here is his last letter, in which, I suppose, you will find an acknowledgment of his past folly, and a sincere promise of future amendment." "Let me see," said the princess; and then taking the letter, read it attentively. "I see,"

she cried, no signs of alteration here, however.”—“ How, madam ! does he not yet condemn himself, and beg your forgiveness ? Ah, what a stubborn youth ! I will say no more for him ; but advise you now to write him two words, just to say that in future you will neither receive his letters, nor write to him ; though, indeed, I can see no great harm in your shewing your skill in poetry a little ; or in your perusing letters, which, I must confess, display at least the tenderness of him who writes them.” Again was the princess convinced by the reasoning of her nurse, and wrote to Ardashír as follows :—

“ Enough of cares and pains, of sor-
 “ rows and complaints ; of paper and ink, of
 “ letters and verses.

“ Henceforth you may keep your feelings
 “ in your own bosom ; all access to me will
 “ be denied them.”

“ There you have the last !” said she, throwing it angrily to the old woman, who carried it forthwith to Ardashír. So far had he now proceeded, that, in spite of

ARDASHIR AND HAYTALNUF

the express order of the prince turned too by the nurse, he determined to try another attempt; and, the prohibition, gave to his letter, thus:—"O heaven! do mercy, deprive me of these sensations but to keep me in slavery to thee! O thou, who searchest the secrets of our bosoms, and penetrest the folds of the heart, thou knowest the anguish I endure from her, whose heart is insensible to pity!"

Five purses to the old woman accompanied this letter, with which she returned to the palace. She had hardly entered, the princess, with an angry movement, took the letter from her hand. She could not refrain from reading it, no sooner done so than she tore it into a thousand pieces, and fell into a fit of ungovernable passion. "It is you, you old woman," exclaimed she, "you are the cause of all this. It is you, the insensible one! who have led me to enter into this disgraceful correspondence."

wretch who ought never to have had the honour of a word from me ! You have put my honour in jeopardy ; but you shall suffer for it !” Then clapping her hands, to call in her slaves, “ Here,” cried she, “ take hence this wicked woman, and let her be whipped with the utmost severity.” The unfortunate nurse was seized, and dragged out ; and, when recovered from the swoon into which the lashes she received had cast her, was informed that it was the order of the princess she should never presume to enter the palace again. After dwelling in the house of a surgeon till her wounds were healed, she crawled to the shop of Ardashír, who had been in great anxiety, not having seen her for so long a time.

She related to him minutely the cruel treatment she had received from the princess, and Ardashír was deeply affected by the recital. “ But, for heaven’s sake, tell me,” said he, “ whence comes this mortal hatred to men, which the princess seems to entertain ? What harm has our sex ever done her ?”—“ This inveterate hatred,” re-

plied she, "which is the only u
 trait in her disposition, originat
 dream. She thought that she behe
 let dispose his snares, and a numbe
 come round to pick up the scatter
 a male soon entangled himself in
 and strove for some time to extri
 self, without the fowler, who h
 sleep, observing it. His mate, a
 her of other birds with her, h
 about the little prisoner in reg
 liberty, and he was at length set
 rest flew away, but this pair rem
 immediately after the female w
 but instead of being assisted,
 tioned by her faithless companio
 to the fowler, who soon after s
 strangled her. 'Ah!' exclaimed
 ces, 'in this way does man trea
 and from that moment she vowed
 hatred to man."—"Does she neve
 said Ardashir."—"Once a year
 the time of gathering the fruit,
 the old woman; "she quits th
 for one night to visit a garden,

a private gallery leads from the palace. **I** is then only that you can ever hope to **be** come acquainted with her. If you **still** persist in wishing that, you must **contrive** to become intimate with the **gardener, who** has charge of it; so that a day or two **before** the princess goes to the garden, you **may** conceal yourself in it. When she appears, **do** you meet her, and I will venture to **pro-**mise you success; for without flattery, **my** son, I must say few princesses even **would** be able to resist you." Delighted at **her** words, Ardashir made the old woman **a** present of three pieces of silk of the **most** delicate texture, a costly Balbek girdle, and a purse of six hundred pieces of gold. After expressing her gratitude in warm terms, and informing him where she resided, the nurse departed, and Ardashir repaired to the vizier, to whom he had not yet said one word of what had passed. He now **re-**lated all very faithfully, and communicated to him his design of seeing the princess in the garden. "But, my child," said the vizier, "to what will it lead? and what

advantage will you gain by this interference?" — "The opportunity of carrying her off," said Ardashir, "putting my hands, and seeing whether he will give me life or death to me." — "Alas! this is all this like youthful folly! Is it to carry off a princess, who would have a hundred thousand horsemen sent in quest of her? or would such an act become of a king?" — "What, then, shall we do?" said the prince. "We will wait till to-morrow," replied the vizier, "after I shall have seen the garden."

The ensuing morning they repaired to the garden accordingly, taking with them a purse of gold. They perceived through the gate, which was open, endless vistas of verdant bowers, espaliers, and flowering shrubs. The gale wafted to them the odour of a thousand flowers, and they heard the melodious notes of various birds, and the cooing of the turtle-doves. Before them, upon a stone bench, sat a venerable man, the keeper of the garden. "What business have you strangers here," said the vizier, ad-

him, “and far from home; may we request the favour of your procuring us a dinner and that you will permit us to pass the heat of the day in one of the arbours of this garden?” While he said this he put several pieces of gold into the hand of the old man, who having never before experienced such liberality, gladly assented, and conducted them to a shady bower, which he begged them, however, not to leave, lest they might be seen from the private gallery of the palace. This they promised, and the old man soon returned and set their dinner before them. “Does this garden belong to you?” said the vizier to him. “No,” replied he, “it is the king’s, and I am only entrusted with the care of it.”—“And what pay do you receive?”—“One dinar a month.”—“Ah! how unjust! especially if you have children.”—“I have eight—God give them his blessing!”—“I think then you would be thankful to those who assisted your family?”—“My gratitude would be the only return I could make; but I should pray for eternal blessings on my benefactors.”—“Well then,

it has just occurred to me that we could do something likely to serve you; let this ruinous kiosk be repaired, painted, and splendidly ornamented; when the king is astonished at the beauty of it, and asks who made this improvement, tell him you were at the sole expense, in the hope of pleasing him. He will then, no doubt, give you a truly royal present. Let, therefore, the masons, carpenters, and painters, be set to work to morrow; here are five hundred pieces of gold to defray the first expenses, and procure any thing that may be wanted by your family." The old man threw himself at their feet and thanked them; begging them to return the following day, which they did; and the workmen being in attendance, the repair of the kiosk commenced. The vizier undertook to superintend the work; and when all was complete except the paintings which were to decorate it, he proceeded to give his directions for the subjects to be chosen. "I particularly desire," said he, "to have a very curious dream of mine closely followed." Here he

went on to describe the dream of the princess, and ordered them to represent in a series of paintings, the male bird entangled in the net and set free by his mate; then the female caught, abandoned by him, and killed by the fowler. He also directed them to execute another picture, in which the one set at liberty was seized in its flight and torn to pieces by a bird of prey. The painters, who were peculiarly eminent in representing birds, surpassed all that the vizier had expected; and were munificently rewarded for the celerity and excellence of their workmanship. When all was finished Ardashír, who had heard nothing of the design, on entering the kiosk, was greatly surprised to see the dream of the princess painted in the most lively manner. “You have known,” said he to the vizier, “how to turn to advantage the dream I told you of, and it is easy to see that you are a connoisseur in painting as well as an acute statesman. What beautiful pieces! the garden, the sleeping fowler, the birds, are all excellent. “This one, where the faithless male is de-

stroyed, is your own invention; but what is the meaning of it?"—"See you not," said the vizier, "that this is the vindication of the male? He is flying to gather their companions together to release the captive female, but falls into the talons of the vulture. This should have been the end of the princess's dream—" "Aye," interrupted Ardashir, "it is much to be regretted that she has never yet known the true end of it."—"Did I not tell you, prince, when you asked me, why I chose to repair this old kiosk, did I not tell you I had a particular purpose in view? are you now satisfied?"—"From my very heart!" said the prince; "this design is worthy of your genius! Here may be seen what it is to be equally great in all things—in politics and the arts. Men like you should always stand at the helm of government, if the state is to flourish. I shall report all this to my father, and he will not, I know, be ungrateful." The vizier gave thanks for the prince's kindness, and then called in the keeper of the garden, and shewed him the splendid

furniture and fine paintings of the kiosk. The old man was perfectly enchanted with what he saw; and after having once more directed how he should answer when asked at whose cost all this had been done, the prince and vizier took their leave for the day.

But while this was passing with them, how was the princess engaged?

She exulted in having driven away her aged nurse, thinking she had now freed herself from any further importunities of the young madman. Some time after, when some fine peaches were set before her at breakfast, she began to reflect on the pleasant party she had had every former year with her old nurse in the garden, and repented she had dealt with such severity by her. "I was wrong," she cried aloud to her slaves, "to treat my nurse as I did; for after all she was my nurse, and I am sorry for the whole affair." The slaves, who are always ready to assist, or even to anticipate the wishes of their mistresses, whether they be good or bad, kissed the

ground before her, saying: "If you will permit us madam, we will go and bring her back again."—"Do so," answered she, "and promise her, in my name, the richest dress in my wardrobe." Two slaves immediately departed, and having found the nurse, executed the princess's commission, begging her to forget what had passed, and return with them to the palace. "No!" replied she, "never will I return thither; the usage I received was not of a nature to be soon forgotten. I still suffer from it, and never will I be seen again within that execrable palace."—"But," rejoined the negotiators, "do you forget us? Do you not see the two first ladies of the princess's chamber before you? Could she send a more honourable message, and will you not be moved by regard and love for us?"—"Ladies, I know well that I am your inferior in rank; and had I not been sufficiently low before, the treatment I have experienced would have been degradation enough."—"Well nurse, but what then would you have?" demanded the ladies, "the past is beyond

recall, were the princess herself to **come** and request your pardon for it.”—“**I will go,**” said the nurse, “**which I would not** do for the sake of the princess, though **she** threatened my life, but **I will go through** respect for you, and gratitude for the **trouble** you have taken in coming after me.”

The ladies of the chamber then conducted her back to the palace. Standing respectfully before the princess, she said, “**The** fault was with me, madam, and the **pardon** comes from you.”—“You know, nurse, how much I love you,” rejoined Hayát al Nufús, “I have always esteemed you as the friend of my childhood; but there are **four** things in the world which depend not upon ourselves; temper, life, subsistence, and destiny. Now, none can avoid the decrees of fate: all that has passed was to be; I however repent it sincerely, and hope that you will forget it.”

The old woman kissed the ground before the princess, received a dress of honour, was loaded with presents, and reinstated in all her former favour. “Are the fruits of the

season ripe enough," said the princess, "for us to visit the garden?"—"I know not," replied the nurse, "but will go thither and inquire." She then proceeded straight to Ardashir, with the intelligence of her being again in the good graces of the princess, and was informed by him of the vizier's plan. She was in perfect raptures with the ingenuity of this contrivance, to eradicate the prejudices of the princess and her aversion to men.

"Now go to the bath," said she, "put on your most elegant dress, and then repair to the garden, conceal yourself there; and appear suddenly before the princess.

"I will answer for the impression this surprise will make upon her, especially as she will have been cured of her prejudice beforehand." Ardashir promised to follow her directions, and put a purse of seven hundred pieces of gold into her hand.

After having bathed and perfumed, he clad himself in the most costly dress he possessed, ornamented with pearls and diamonds, and putting a purse of gold in his

pocket, he proceeded to the garden. Knocking at the gate, it was opened by the old man, who found Ardashir to all appearance in very bad temper. “What is the matter with you, my child?” said the gardener. “I know not that I need conceal it from you,” replied the prince, “but, I have quarrelled with my father, and you must have seen enough of him to be satisfied that he is not one of the most amiable when out of humour. I will let the first heat of his anger evaporate, and shall be very happy if, in the meantime, you will allow me to conceal myself in this garden.”—“This pains me much,” returned the old man; “permit me to go to your father, and endeavour to bring him into a milder mood; I shall be gratified indeed to reconcile you to each other.”

“Ah! you do not yet know my father,” said Ardashir; “to do that would be but labour lost; when once in anger, it must go off of itself with him, and every step that is taken to appease, serves only to irritate him the more.” “Come then into my house,” continued the gardener; “I shall be happy to receive you

into the circle of my own family."—"grateful for your kind offer," said Ard—"but I require solitude, and prefer the of the garden to every amusement."—"You will take cold if you pass the night in the open air; let me at least provide a bed for you," returned the old man, whose importunate politeness was quite wearisome to Ardashir. "No, no!" replied he, "I do not want it, if I feel cold I can go to the kiosk." The old man now opened the gate, but the prince had scarcely entered when a messenger appeared, to inform the keeper that the princess intended to pass the following day in the garden; and that he must answer with his life for not being in it at the time. The old man was in immediate search of Ardashir, to beg of him to leave the garden, because the princess was about to come thither. Ardashir, however, by his entreaties, his promises, and by keeping himself concealed, and yet moving the purse which he put into the old man's hand, obtained at last his permission.

remain. "But, for the love of heaven," said he to the prince, "conceal yourself well; for, should the princess observe but the shadow of a man, my life is lost." Ardashir renewed his assurances, and was at last left alone. Early in the morning of the following day, the princess ordered the private gallery which led to the garden to be opened. Never had her dress been more splendid than it was that day. The whole of it, even to her slippers, was embroidered with rubies and emeralds; a dazzling coronet of diamonds shone upon her head, and her girdle contained the treasures of a kingdom. Three hundred slaves awaited her glance, surrounding her like a glittering retinue. "For what do we want this multitude of attendants?" said the nurse; "free yourself for once from this numerous train, the burdensome appendage of greatness. I see that it becomes every day more irksome to you; enjoy for once the beauties of nature without restraint."—"You are right," replied the princess, "let my two chief slaves go with us, the rest I

have no occasion for." The others were accordingly dismissed, and leaning on her nurse's arm, and preceded by her two favourite slaves, she went forward to the garden.

After having walked about for some time, the fresh whiteness of the walls of the kiosk, contrasted with the verdant foliage of the surrounding trees, attracted her attention. "Who has had this kiosk repaired?" said she, "is it a compliment of the king my father's?"—"No, madam," returned the old woman, "I believe it was done by the keeper of the garden, who wished to surprise you in this agreeable manner. I met him once here, while he was busy engaging workmen, and contriving embellishments."—"I am highly pleased with him," said the princess, "take him these two hundred dinárs, and thank him in my name.

The nurse hastened to obey the orders of the princess, but the gardener was half dead with terror when he was told that a lady from the palace wished to see him, not doubting for a moment that Ardashír had

been discovered, and his own life would be forfeited. He came, however, trembling to meet the nurse. "Pray for the princess," said she, "who has sent you two hundred dinárs for your attention to her in having had the kiosk repaired: she desires me also to say, that all the expenses shall be repaid you from her own purse." The old man loaded the princess with his blessings, and the nurse returned to her mistress. She now proposed to Hayátalnufús to enter the kiosk, and see its internal decorations. When the princess beheld the pictures of the bird-catcher, she exclaimed: "Dear nurse, how wonderful is this! here is my dream, exactly as it appeared to me, except the end, for the little male is here seized and torn to pieces by a vulture."—"Ah!" continued the nurse, "that was the reason why he could not return to the relief of his unfortunate mate; how over-hasty were you in your condemnation of that poor bird!"—"Truly, dear nurse, I do seem to have judged him somewhat wrongfully."—"Yes, madam," continued the old woman, "nothing but death, you

see, could prevent his return ; but for that unfortunate event, you would have seen him come back, and work with all his might to set at liberty his beloved partner. Believe me, princess, it is with men as with birds—a faithful husband will sacrifice his own life rather than forsake a tender wife. What affection reigns in such a union ! Inseparable day and night, a faithful pair fear nothing so much as, what is to them the heaviest of misfortunes, the being torn from each other's arms. I could relate to you, madam, many a tale of wedded love, where you would see the finest traits of tenderness : such as the death of that king who would not survive his wife, or of that queen who chose to be buried alive with her husband. It is, indeed, an endless subject, and for my part I could talk of it till the morning dawned." The old woman perceived that her words had made some impression on the susceptible princess, and proposed to walk again through the garden. They left the kiosk, and now Ardashír, who had hitherto loved the princess only from the report of her beauty,

beheld her for the first time. His passion was vehement before, but the sight of so many charms overcame the reason he yet possessed. He swooned, and when he recovered his senses, she had disappeared. He gave utterance to his feelings in the most vehement and impassioned language; he would have rushed from the covert of the shrubs which concealed him, had he not recollected that the old nurse had appointed a signal, on her giving which he was to discover himself. This signal was at length given, and in the most violent agitation it was that he went forth to walk in the grove. The princess observed him, and had no sooner done so, than her heart was transported with his beauty. She fixed her eyes on him, and for a long time spoke not. At length, turning to her nurse,—“How comes this beautiful youth here?” said she. “A youth! where?” said the artful old woman. “I see no one.”—“There, under the trees.” The nurse turned now to the right, now to the left. “True, indeed,” said she at last; he is! How can he have got into

the garden ?”—“ I know not, indeed,” said the princess. “ Nor is it of much consequence : but do you know him, nurse ?”—“ It is the young man who wrote the letters to you,” replied she. “ How beautiful he is !” continued the princess, appearing not to hear what her nurse had said. “ How beautiful he is !”—“ Ah, madam ! did I not tell you, in the beginning of my acquaintance with him, that his equal would be seldom seen ?”—“ Dear nurse, assist me ; you know that kings’ daughters, educated in the harem, know but little of the customs of the world. Tell me in what way I may enter into conversation with him.”—“ I see,” said the old woman, “ no necessity for your speaking to him at all.”—“ Oh, I am dying to talk with him,” replied the princess. The old woman was delighted when she saw the success of her artifice. “ Follow me, then,” said she, “ we will walk towards him, and, that propriety may not be violated, I myself will speak to him in your name.” They approached Ardashir accordingly ; he was sitting beneath a tree. “ Do you see, young

man," said she, " who stands before you ? **It** is the princess Hayátnufús. Value **your** good fortune duly—she is coming towards you ; rise immediately !" Ardashír rose, and remained standing awhile immovable before the princess. Their eyes met, and soon their lips also. The nurse led them into the kiosk, and sat down herself before the door, telling the two ladies, who came from time to time to inquire after the princess, that she was asleep. In the mean time, Ardashír and Hayátnufús, transported with their mutual passion, walked together through the rooms of the kiosk, and when they looked upon the picture of the fowler, tenderly embraced again.

" She smiles," said he, " she smiles, and
 " I fancy it the rising of the sun ; till the
 " delusion vanishes, by seeing two suns
 " instead of one !

" Her cheeks are unveiled, and the morn-
 " ing blushes at its own inferior splendour.

" She smiles, and her teeth are bright as
 " the dawn when it pierces through the
 " darkness of night. When she walks, it is

“ the graceful motion of the branches of
“ the myrobalan, waving softly in the breath
“ of the east.

“ The rose fades before the splendour of
“ her countenance; who can wonder that
“ my eyes are directed towards her!

“ She is the queen of all hearts; and
“ mine only beats because love animates
“ it.”

Hayát al Nafus kissed him on the forehead, in thanks for his verses; and after a thousand tender speeches, addressed him in verse in return.

“ The darts of his eyelashes pierce one’s
“ bosom : who can escape their wounds !

“ The bow of his eyebrow shoots forth
“ arrows, which are dipt in the blood of
“ one’s heart.

“ May God bless the light of thine eyes !
“ May he unite those who are parted, and
“ lead those together who languish to
“ meet !”

Ardashír was affected to tears; with which, and with his kisses, he covered the hands of the princess.

Thus passed away the time of the lovers, in tender discourses and passionate verses, till the approach of evening gave notice of separation. Hayátalnufús¹ was unable to pronounce the word farewell; she could only weep. “Life of my soul!” said Ardashír, “thou leavest me; but I remain fettered to thy shadow!” The princess fell upon his neck as he uttered these words. “Ah!” said she, “how difficult is patience to those who love! let us hope that kind fortune may enable us soon to meet again!” She descended the steps of the kiosk, scarcely conscious whither she went, and passed along the path that led to the palace, looking back a thousand times at the building which enclosed the object of her love. From this moment she knew no rest; the night was without sleep for her, and the nurse found her in the morning feverish and indisposed. “Ask me nothing,” said she, “it is all your doing, nurse; but where is that beloved of my heart! where is he? let me see him that my mind may be at rest.”—“Patience!” rejoined the nurse, “patience!

or we shall betray ourselves.”—“No, no!” said Hayatalnufús, “I must see him immediately, or I will go and cast myself at the feet of the king my father, and tell him how you have plunged me into ruin!”—“For the sake of Heaven have patience!” replied the old woman, “or you will, indeed, plunge yourself into ruin, and your lover also!” The princess was at length persuaded to wait for three days. “But these three days,” said she, “will seem years to me; and if you bring him not to me on the third day, it is at the peril of your life.” The nurse set her invention to work accordingly, and on the following morning provided herself with a complete woman’s dress, and repaired to the shop of the young merchant. “If you love the princess,” said she, “as you have declared, you must now be implicitly guided by me, and let me do with you as I choose.”—“Most readily,” returned he, “I am willing to do any thing for her.”

The old woman then proceeded to dress him in the clothes she had brought with her,

put bracelets on his arms, and rings on his fingers; in short, Ardashir was transformed into a lovely girl; the nurse not forgetting to teach him even the small and timid steps and modest gait which suited his new character. "Now, my child," continued she, "we are going to the king's palace, and shall pass a great number of guards and porters; forget not your part, and take care to cast a few tender glances on the men." Saying this, she set out. At the first gate was a guard of eunuchs, whose chief, seeing the nurse's companion so great a beauty, began to suspect that it might be the princess herself. "I have never seen her," said he, "but am curious to know whether she has been out with the permission of the king or not. Let us follow them," continued he, to his thirty eunuchs, and they forthwith began to walk after the old woman, who was in the utmost consternation on finding who followed her. Summoning up her courage, however, she knit her brows and gave the eunuch so stern a look, that he became afraid lest by following them.

further, he might violate the respect due to the princess. He therefore stopped suddenly, ordered back his companions, and returned to the outer gate of the palace. The old woman and her attendant passed on through seven doors, the curtains of which were raised before them and as soon as they had entered dropped again behind them, till at length they arrived at the harem, and the apartments of the princess. The nurse knocked at the door of Hayátalnufús; a little female slave came out, and returned again to announce her. "Let her come in immediately," said the princess, who was in an adjoining saloon, which she had caused to be lighted up and adorned with the utmost splendour. There were chandeliers of gold and silver, cushions of velvet, censers exhaling the mingled perfumes of musk, aloes and ambergris, and dishes of fruit and confectionary. "Where is my heart's delight?" cried the princess. "I have not been able to find him," replied the old woman; "but I bring you here his sister."—"His sister!" said

Hayátalnufús, “and what is his sister to me? Shall I bind up my arm when my head is in pain?”—“But look at her only once before you chide me so,” said the nurse, taking off Ardashír’s veil. The princess recognized her lover, rushed into his arms, and fainted with the intensity of her feelings. When, at length, she was restored to herself, “Does my love come?” said she; “and is he not afraid of the guards?”—“Yes,” he replied; “but I conquer fear; my passion is not daunted by the cry, ‘who goes there?’ Above all fear, and despising danger, let us embrace, and defy all the powers of earth.” These tender words were often interrupted by yet more tender caresses: for she had now lost, not only her heart, but her understanding.

“My lover visits me in the moment when he is most ardently expected—we mingle our tears and kisses!” continued she. “I press my burning lips a thousand and a thousand times to his cheeks!—I fold him in my arms, and we pass the hours, the

“happy hours together, till the rising of the
“morning star.”

Hayátalnufús failed not to realize the happiness she had depicted in this poetical strain. She spent the happiest of nights with her lover, and in the day he was concealed in an adjoining room. A thousand plans for their mutual flight were made, abandoned, and resolved upon again. In their situation they found themselves indeed too happy to think of an alteration. The day passed in delightful dreams, the night in the pleasure of each other's company.

At this time a powerful monarch sent to the father of the princess a splendid present; it consisted of a necklace of twenty-nine diamonds of extraordinary size. The king immediately destined it for his daughter. “Go,” said he to Káfúr, the chief of the eunuchs, “go and take this present to the princess.” The eunuch repaired to her apartments, and found the old nurse lying across the threshold of the first door. “Open the door,” said he, thrusting her with his foot. She was in the greatest terror, sup-

posing that he had come to seize her and the princess, and that all was betrayed. "Stop," said she, "I have not the key with me, but will go and find it;" and with these words got up, and hastily left the place. The eunuch waited for some time; but the nurse returned not. He became impatient, and at length broke open the door. He passed through seven saloons, and at last came to an apartment where he found the branches all lighted up, but not a soul to be seen. He observed at length a splendid couch, encircled by a silk curtain, on raising which he discovered the Princess Hayát-alnufús in a profound sleep, holding in her arms a youth of exquisite beauty. "Hey! see there!" said he, "things are going on strangely here!" and then let the curtain fall round the couch again. A greater noise, which he purposely made, at length awoke the unsuspecting pair. The princess saw Káfúr, who immediately withdrew; she called him, but he would not hear her; she sprang off the couch, ran after him, cast herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and im-

explored his pity ; but the old inexorable eunuch tore himself from her, closed the door, placed another eunuch before it as a guard, and returned to the king. “ Here is your necklace again, sire,” said he ; “ it is said, ‘ Cast not your gems unto swine. ’ ” — “ What, wretch ! ” exclaimed the king, “ what is the matter ? O, speak ! ” — “ Yes, sire ; but first, as a proof that I may venture to speak the truth, throw me your handkerchief.” The king threw him his handkerchief, and hereupon the eunuch related to him what he had seen in the apartment of the princess. “ Bring her hither to me, bound with her lover to the couch.” The chief of the eunuchs repaired with his whole guard to the princess, whom he found, as well as the young man, her lover, in despair. The eunuchs executed the king’s command, and when they had bound the two lovers to the couch, carried them in procession to the king. That prince was, however, unable to say a word, for the incessant cries of his daughter and Ardashir, who each endeavoured to drown the other’s voice, calling

aloud, "I am to blame, I alone am guilty." The king at length turned to the vizier, "What say you to this?" said he. "My humble opinion," returned the vizier, "is, that they are worthy of death, and should both be beheaded."—"Well spoken," replied his master, "they shall be so, and then burnt, and their ashes scattered to the winds." Preparations were immediately made for carrying this sentence into effect, and the executioner called; who considering that, even in these circumstances, respect was due to royal blood, took the princess gently by the arm to make her kneel down. When the king, however, perceived this leniency to his criminal daughter, whom he considered unworthy the name of a princess, he burst into a fit of such ungovernable anger, that he was on the point of killing the executioner himself with his own hand. "Wherefore this delicacy, vile slave?" said he; "take her by the hair of her head." The unfortunate lovers were dragged forward accordingly by him; he drew his scimeter, but yet

hoping that the princess herself would find mercy, approached the young man first. Once, twice, thrice he waved his scimeter in the air; the spectators, melted into tears, wished but dared not hope to hear the word 'pardon;' the mortal blow was just about to be given, when the king exclaimed, "What is that? what means that cloud of dust, which as it advances becomes larger and larger?" The grand vizier, having surveyed it stedfastly, at length discovered that it was an army like a cloud of locusts, attended by camels, horses, and an immense quantity of baggage. "Go," said the king to him, "inquire the cause of their coming hither: if they want assistance they shall have it; but if they come as enemies, they will have cause to repent it." In compliance with this command the vizier left the city, and proceeding to meet the general of the approaching army, demanded what he sought in the dominions of King Abdulkádir. "We seek our young prince," replied the general, "who is in your capital; of which not one stone shall remain upon another, unless we

find him safe." The vizier, who was confounded at this speech and the sight of so numerous an army, returned to announce this answer to his master. "Where then is this prince?" said the king, "and who is he?"—"I know not," replied the vizier; "can it be that youth who is awaiting the mortal stroke from the hand of the executioner?"—"Stop the execution," cried the king, "and let that be immediately sought into." The result of this inquiry being, that this was indeed the prince they were looking for, the king desired him to be brought to him, kissed his hand, and said, "Since your rank was concealed by yourself, let all that has passed be forgotten; I wish you to be the means of preserving peace between your father and me."—"No!" returned Ardashir, "while the honour of the princess remains suspected, I will not withdraw myself from the executioner's sword. Appearances are deceiving: but your daughter, sire, is too virtuous ever to have forgotten what was due to herself, nor has our mutual love ever overstepped the boundaries of modesty."

The king was delighted at this testimony to his daughter's unblemished virtue; but as she had at least offended against the rules of propriety, she was conducted to close imprisonment. Ardashír, on the other hand, was led to the bath, and there vested in a robe of honour, embroidered with jewels. He now bade farewell to the king, in order to return to his father at the head of his army. Hayátalnufús was in despair when she heard of the approaching departure of her lover; she feared that she might be forgotten by him, and sent a faithful slave to conjure him to remember her, to take her with him, or, if that were not possible, to gain her father's promise that, during his absence, she should not be treated with severity. The prince wept on hearing this message. "Tell her," said he, "that I am devoted to her; that I will never depart without her, but that we must endeavour by degrees to mollify the king her father. I shall this evening visit my own, who is, I find, incognito along with the army which lies encamped before the city; and I hope that

all will yet be well." Hayátalnufús shed tears of joy on hearing this reply from Ardashír, who went forthwith to consult with his father. The latter was transported to see his son again in good health. "How shall I proceed, my child? Do you wish me to destroy this city, and put the royal family to death?"—"No," said Ardashír, "I would much rather, sire, that you made a splendid present to King Abdulkádir, who is a great admirer of rich gifts, in order to induce him to favour my marriage with his daughter." The old vizier, who had been Ardashír's confidant, was entrusted with this embassy. This was indeed a somewhat delicate commission, for although Abdulkadir was now convinced of his daughter's virtue, he was angry that her imprudence had made her the subject of common conversation; nor was there a person who had yet dared even to mention her to him. The vizier, however, being an old and crafty negociator, knew well how to act in order to excite favourable sentiments. He began by displaying the costly presents of which

he was the bearer, and delivered his proposals at the same time that he was bringing out the various articles one after another. "The potent monarch, my most gracious master," said he, "has a particular wish, sire, to unite his house to your's. He wishes Prince Ardashir his son, a youth of the greatest hopes, and who is most dear to his heart, to be united to Princess Hayatalnufus, who is the pattern of her sex, and an unblemished pearl. Be pleased then, great king, to give your consent."—"With pleasure," said the king, who could scarcely attend to any thing but the magnificent presents which the vizier had set before him; "I have not the slightest objection, but yet will not constrain my daughter's inclinations; her own consent must be obtained." The chief of the eunuchs was accordingly dispatched for the purpose of inquiring the wishes of the princess; who, at the first word, guessed the purport of his errand; and before he had finished, interrupted him to declare her acquiescence. The vizier therefore returned to the camp to announce to

CAMARALZAMAN AND THE JEWELLER'S WIFE.

IN former days there lived a merchant, whose name was Abderrahman, who had two children that were perfect beauties; the one a boy, named Camaralzaman (moon of the age), and the other, a girl, named Kawkab as Subh, that is, morning star. He took the greatest pains possible with their education, and, lest they should be ensnared by the artful seductions of the world, he suffered them not to pass over the threshold of his doors, but kept them confined to his own house, till they arrived at their fifteenth year. One day his wife asked him how much longer he intended to keep his son shut up at home. , "Remember," said she, " Camaralzaman is not a girl, and you

his master and the prince the happy termination of his embassy. Both were delighted at the pleasing intelligence, and a solemn interview taking place between the two kings, the proposals of marriage were again made with all due formality; the contract was drawn out, and the nuptials were celebrated the same evening.

Ardashir found in his young bride an unblemished pearl indeed—a real treasure. A court was established for the youthful pair, and some time after, in company with the father of Ardashir, they took leave of king Abdulkadir, who was deeply affected on parting with his daughter. She arrived safely with her consort in the dominions of her father-in-law, where they lived in happiness and unity till separated by death—death, which cuts us off from all the enjoyments of life, even if age has not before made us incapable of them, and which separates lovers, if they have not before separated of themselves.

**CAMARALZAMAN AND THE
JEWELLER'S WIFE.**

“stead of answering, they said, ‘Lo ! he is
“ ‘ a pearl.’ ”

He advanced nearer, and presented **Ca-**
maralzaman with a piece of aloe wood. **He**
placed himself on the most elevated seat **in**
the shop, and fixed his eyes attentively **on**
the youth, sobbing and sighing piteously. .

Abderrahman was offended at this, **and**
said to his son, “Come, my boy, thou **hast**
seen enough for the first day of thy **appear-**
ance in the world ; let us return home.” **A**
crowd of people followed them along **the**
streets, among whom the dervise made him-
self most conspicuous by his eagerness to
be near them. The young man, turning
round, asked him, what he desired with him !
The dervise answered, “I would be thy
guest to-day.”—“Thou art welcome,” said
Camaralzaman ; and they proceeded to the
merchant’s house. When they had arrived,
the dervise sat down, with his eyes still im-
moveably directed towards the youth, and
sobbed and sighed unceasingly. Abderrah-
man pressed him to explain what it was
that could cause him to take so great, and

yet so melancholy an interest in his son ; he bade him be calm, to stifle his sighs, and dry his tears. “ Alas ! brother,” said the dervise. “ thou wilt have me rip open my wounds afresh, and cause my heart to bleed anew. But hear my story :—

“ I was lately in the town of Bassora. It chanced one Friday, as I was walking through the streets, that I found all the shops open, with the goods exposed for sale in the windows, but not a single living soul either in the streets or in the houses. As I felt hungry, I took bread out of one shop, and helped myself at another to butter and honey. I went into a coffee-house and found water boiling on the fire, the tables spread and meals left unfinished. My astonishment was inconceivable to find the town so deserted and desolate ; I knew not whether the inhabitants had been swept away by the plague, or whether they had been obliged so suddenly to take to flight, that they could not lock up their warehouses and shops. At that moment I heard a rush in the street, and saw a train of forty female

slaves, all unveiled, who surrounded a charger, on which was mounted a lady, clothed in rich apparel, covered with gold and diamonds, whose heavenly beauty beamed forth the more, as she wore no veil. One of the slaves at her left bore a mace; the handle was of one single emerald, and its brilliancy was increased by the diamonds with which the mace was set. As the train approached me, I observed a man stretching out his head from one of the shop-windows: and at the same moment, the slave who bore the mace hastened up and slew him at one blow. I shuddered at the sight, and hid myself as well as I could; so the cruel fair passed on without perceiving me, but not without inspiring me against my will with a boundless love for her. By degrees the people returned to their shops: I asked every body who this lady was, but no one would tell me. I left Bassora with a heart which had become the prey of the most unbridled passion—a passion which torments me day and night, and which has received additional power

from seeing your son, who resembles that lady as much as one drop of water resembles another." When the dervise had finished his story, he began to weep again in the most piteous manner; and perceiving that the sensations which the sight of young Camaralzaman had awakened would soon overcome him, he took his leave and departed.

Camaralzaman, who listened attentively to the dervise's narration, felt his heart passionately interested for this unknown beauty. And as he thought of nothing else but the means of becoming acquainted with her, he constantly plagued his father to allow him to travel, as all other merchants were in the habit of allowing their sons to do. "Others," said the father, "send their sons into the wide world, either from necessity or with the intention of accumulating wealth; but with me, thank God, there can be no such cause; thou wilt, therefore, do best to remain at home with me." But such reasoning was in vain: these words made no impression on young Camaralzaman, and

altered not his determination in the least. The father, therefore, found himself at length obliged to comply with the wish of his son. He gave ninety thousand dinárs to defray the expenses of his journey, to which his mother added a purse, in which were forty rings set with precious stones. Among these stones there were ten, each worth a thousand dinárs. "My son," said she, as she presented the purse to him, "take particular care of this, for you may chance to see the day that you have no money left, and then it will be of great service to you." Alas! this was but too soon the case, for when he was but one day's journey from Bassora, he was attacked by the Bedouin Arabs, who plundered his caravan, killed his people, and left him swimming in his blood, and apparently dead.

But as he was only wounded he recovered, and proceeded on his journey to Bassora. He was now deprived of all the wealth that he had when he left his home, except the rings given him by his mother, which he had fortunately secreted in his girdle. He

arrived at Bassora on a Friday. He found the streets empty and the shops open ; in short the town was exactly in that state which the dervise had before described to him. He likewise soon perceived the approach of a train of females—it was the lady and her forty slaves. He therefore hid himself, but got a glimpse of this celestial beauty, which so overpowered him that he fainted. When he came to himself again he found the streets filled with people, and every one proceeding about his business ; whereupon he went to a jeweller, to whom he sold some of his rings, after which he procured costly apparel, and when he had bathed, he laid himself down to sleep.

The next day he went to a barber's, who dressed him, and Camaralzaman, having paid him liberally, related to him what he had seen, and desired to know who this lady was. “ Sir,” said the barber, “ I pray you beware ; do not mention this again ; for if you do, your life is in peril. If it should be known that you have seen that lady, you are irretrievably lost. To

confess the truth, sir, I must tell you, **that** I do not comprehend the matter myself. **It** is a secret which keeps the whole town **in** awe. **It** is the cause of many deaths, **partly** from people imprudently neglecting **the** law, and allowing themselves to be found **in** the streets, and **partly** from their throwing themselves intentionally in the way, **in** order to satisfy their curiosity. As for **me**, I have, once for all, made up my mind **not** to know any thing about the matter; but **if** you are particularly interested in this business, I will inquire of my wife, who frequently attends in the harems of the great, and no doubt I shall be able to give you some further information to-morrow.”—
“Do so,” said Camaralzaman, slipping two pieces of gold into his hand. “Oh! if you are in haste,” said the barber, “I will go this instant; sit down meanwhile in my shop.”

The barber hastened to his wife, gave her the money, and related his adventure with young Camaralzaman. She was delighted, and said, “He is welcome! Let him come

hither." The barber then fetched him, and he presented the wife with two hundred dinárs, as an earnest of his favour. "Oh! sir," said she, "it is a most curious story; and I would wager that you never heard the like in all your life. Now listen: the sultan of Bassora was presented, some time back, by the king of the Indies, with a pearl, which in size and beauty surpassed every other of its kind. The sultan summoned all the jewellers of Bassora, and told them, that whoever would undertake to pierce this pearl properly, had only to demand what he would, and it should be granted him; but, on the other hand, if he failed, or injured the pearl in the slightest degree, he must forfeit his life. Of all the jewellers present, there was not one who dared to undertake so dangerous a work; but they told the sultan, there was a certain Asti Obeid, who was probably the only man that could do it to his satisfaction. He was therefore sent for; and he succeeded in piercing the pearl in so masterly a manner, that he exceeded every body's expectations. As this jeweller never

does any thing without first consulting his wife, he went home, and asked her what he should demand of the sultan for his workmanship. His wife is that lady whom you saw accompanied by her forty slaves. She replied that they were sufficiently rich, so that they had no need to wish for any thing more in that respect; but that she had a fancy in her head, which she was desirous of gratifying. She therefore desired her husband to require of the sultan to grant her the privilege of riding every Friday through the town, with her slaves, and that no one, on pain of immediate death, should dare to show himself in the streets during that time. This privilege was granted by the sultan; and since that time she continues every Friday to parade the town, for two hours before and for two hours after the mid-day prayer; during which time, neither man, nor dog, nor cat, dare appear in the streets. But I perceive," continued the barber's wife, "that this account is not sufficient for you; you would like to know by what means you might be enabled

to get a sight of this miracle of beauty. Have you any valuable gems?"—"Yes! about thirty, each worth five hundred dinárs."—"Very well," said she, "take one of those stones to Asti Obeid, and beg him to set it as neatly as possible. Give him twenty dinárs on account, and each of his workmen one; then sit down by him, chat with him, and take care to throw every beggar who comes to the door a dinár. There is no surer method of attracting notice, and causing your name to come to the ears of his beautiful wife."

Camaralzaman did every thing as the barber's wife advised, and the jeweller was astonished at his munificence. It was his custom to work the most costly things at home, and to complete them in the presence of his wife, who used to sit by him. When she saw her husband taking particular care with Camaralzaman's ring, she asked whom it was for; and her husband gave her such a glowing description of his beauty and generosity, that she burned with desire to see

the illustrious stranger. The jeweller exhausted his breath in the praises of young Camaralzaman; the shape, the complexion, the dress, the air, in short every thing belonging to him was admirable. "He is a youth," said he, "whose fair cheeks heal the heart which his eyes have wounded! indeed, can I say any thing more to his praise than that he resembles you? And were it not for fear of offending you, I would say that he is a thousand times handsomer than you are." This caused a little silence on the part of the jeweller's wife, and meanwhile the ring was completed; then putting it on her finger she expressed a wish that it was hers, because it was set so exactly to her taste.

Meanwhile Camaralzaman enquired of the barber's wife how he should proceed next. She advised him to pretend that the ring was too small for him, and to make the jeweller a present of it; then to take him a stone worth seven hundred dínárs, requiring it to be set in a style superior to the former, presenting the jeweller with thirty, and each

of his workmen with two, *dínárs*. He proceeded to the jeweller, and putting on the ring, exclaimed: "What a pity! it is too tight; but never mind: you will perhaps accept it as a present for one of your slaves, and set this stone instead of it," producing a diamond worth seven hundred *dínárs*. He then gave the jeweller thirty, and each of his workmen two, saying, "Here is a trifle to get you a cup of coffee; and when the work is completed you shall not be dissatisfied with the recompense I shall make you."

The jeweller was surprised at this generosity, and hastened immediately to acquaint his wife therewith. He applauded him to the skies, and seemed unable to set any bounds to his admiration of him. "He must surely be either a prince or the son of a sultan," said he; and the more he said and the more he praised, so much the more did his wife become enamoured with the young stranger, and her desire to see him increased. When the second ring was finished the jeweller's wife tried it on, and re-

marked how exceedingly well it would become her at the side of the first. Her heart beat with joy when her husband ventured a hope that Camaralzaman might likewise reject this.

Camaralzaman paid another visit to the barber's wife, and asked her further advice. She recommended him to refuse the second ring also, upon the pretence of its being too large, then to produce another stone, worth a thousand dínárs, giving the jeweller forty on account of the work, and each of his workmen three. He gave the barber's wife a purse of three hundred dínárs for her advice, which he followed punctually.—The jeweller could not find words to extol the liberality of the stranger. But his wife reproved him for his negligence, in never having invited to his house a man who had shewn so much generosity towards him. "I know," said she, "you are not avaricious; but such a want of attention almost makes me fancy you have no manners. Do therefore invite him to-morrow to supper."

After Camaralzaman had again been to

his adviser, the barber's wife, to whom he shewed his gratitude by presenting her with a purse of four hundred dínárs, he proceeded to the jeweller's shop to try on the ring. "It fits excellently well," said he, "but now I do not admire the stone. Therefore keep it and make a present of it to one of your slaves. Meanwhile here is another to set, and here are one hundred dínárs as a *douceur*. Pardon me, I pray, for being so troublesome."—"Say not so," replied the jeweller, "your generosity confuses me. Will you, sir, do me at least the honour of supping with me to-night?"—"You are very kind," answered Camaralzaman, "I cannot refuse so great an honour."

The jeweller went in the evening to the *okal** to meet his guest. He took him home with him and feasted him with an exquisite repast. After coffee, a slave brought them in sherbet, which the jeweller's wife had pre-

* *Okal* is a large building, which serves as warehouses for goods, and where the foreign merchants reside. In Egypt and Syria it is called *Okal*; in Persia, *Caravansary*; and in Turkey, *Khan*.

pared with her own hands. But they **had** scarcely drunk a cup of it when they **both** fell into a deep sleep. The slave left **them**, and the jeweller's wife entered with a **light** in her hand, which she brought in **order** that she might have a better sight of **her** guest, whom she had heretofore only seen **as** he passed by the window into the house. She was enchanted with him, and could **not** keep her eyes from his beautiful face. She could depend on the effect of the opiate, and knew, therefore, that neither of them would wake. She knelt down by him, kissed **his** hands and face, and spent the whole **night** at his side. When the morning approached, she put four small dice in his pocket, and when she had left him, sent in her slave, who blew a certain powder into their nostrils, in order to expel the effect of the opiate.

They awoke and sneezed. "Sir," said the slave, "it is almost the hour of morning prayer; I have brought you the basin and water to wash."—"Good morning," said the jeweller, "this room promotes sleep

very much, for, as often as I lay myself down here, I fall asleep, and do not awake until it is broad day-light." Camaralzaman got up to wash himself, and perceived that his lips and cheeks burned like fire. "What can this be?" said he. "O! it is nothing," said the jeweller, "it is merely the gnat bites."—"But have you none, then?"—"No. I have no sweet blood, and moreover, my strong beard is not likely to lead the gnats into temptation. They only vent their fury on strangers and soft downy faces like yours." They breakfasted; and after Camaralzaman had taken leave, he proceeded straightway to the barber's wife. "Well," said she, "what news? Tell me all that has happened." He did so. "What," said she, "has this adventure produced nothing more?"—"Nothing more," replied he, "except that I found these four dice in my pocket this morning."—"Let me see them," said the barber's wife. "Ah! ah!" said she, "what a simpleton you must be, not to perceive that your burning lips and cheeks are glowing from the warm

kisses of your paramour, and that **these** dice are a reproach which she makes **you** for sleeping, instead of improving such **an** opportunity. It is just as if she had **said**, ‘He is a baby, and sleeps away his **time**; here are dice for him to play with, for **he** knows nothing better.’ Is this not **plain** enough to you? Try again, and profit **by** the invitation this evening, if the jeweller repeats it, as I have no doubt he will. **Be-**have yourself gallantly, and I think **you** have no cause to doubt of success. Camaralzaman promised her a purse of five hundred **dínárs**, and repaired to the **okal**.

When the jeweller went to his wife to **wish** her a good morning, she inquired how the stranger had passed the night. “Very badly,” said he, “for we fell asleep, and were **only** roused up at daylight.”—“I am sorry for that,” answered his wife, “and I think the least you can do to make up for this, and to shew your gratitude for his unprecedented generosity, is to invite him again this **even-**ing if you can meet with him.”

The jeweller invited Camaralzaman again,

and the night passed precisely as the former. In the morning, when Camaralzaman awoke, his lips and cheeks were burning as before, and feeling in his pocket, he found a knife which the jeweller's wife had placed there. He again took leave of the jeweller and went to the okal to fetch the five hundred dinárs, which he had promised the barber's wife, and then paid her a visit, telling her his proceedings and showing her the knife. "Woe to you! woe to you!" exclaimed she, "if you sleep again; your lover is enraged at you, and threatens by this knife to kill you if she again finds you sleeping."—"But how shall I be able to prevent it?" said he, "I almost believe that there must be a narcotic property in the sherbet which the slave brings us every night."—"Very well," continued the barber's wife, "if you really think this to be the case, wait until the jeweller has drunk his, then pretend to drink yours, put the cup behind your cushion, seem in the presence of the slave to fall asleep, and then expect what fate has further to unfold for you."

Camaralzaman punctually followed **this** good advice. The supper and the sherbet passed as usual, and the slave withdrew to acquaint her mistress that her husband and his guest had fallen asleep. The jeweller's wife entered the chamber with a drawn sword in her hand, which she flourished vengefully over Camaralzaman's head. He opened his eyes, and threw himself at her feet. They embraced each other, and she enquired who had taught him to play off such a trick and not to drink the sherbet. He made no secret of his acquaintance with the barber's wife, and she replied: "You will now have no further necessity for her advice. Ask her, however, to-morrow, if she knows any further means to favour our interviews; and should she say yes, then listen to them; but if she say no, have done with her. In future I will be your adviser."

The night glided quickly away. "I am thine," said she to Camaralzaman, "do with me as thou wilt, but think not that I shall be content to call myself thine for one or

two nights, or one or two weeks, or for one or two months, or for one or two years. No! I will be thine for ever! I will leave my husband, and follow thee into thine own country. But, listen to me; if thou lovest me, do as I direct. If my husband invite thee again to supper, tell him thou fearest thou encroachest on his kindness, but propose to him to hire a house for thee, near ours, so that you may visit each other more conveniently and without ceremony. My husband will then come and ask my advice, and I shall propose to him to refit for you the house which adjoins this and also belongs to him. When thou art once there, I will take care for the rest."

Camaralzaman swore eternal constancy and love, and sealed the oath with innumerable kisses. In the morning he took leave as usual, and complained again of the gnat-bites. He went his way to the barber's wife, and told her angrily that he had not got any farther that night than on the two preceding. "Then verily," said she, "I have done all I can for you, and know not what

to advise you further.”—“In that case,” replied he. “I will relinquish my pursuit,” and so saying, he took leave of her. Hereupon went to the jeweller, and communicated his desire of living nearer to him, just as he was directed by his innamorata. The jeweller was delighted at this, and the next day Camaralzaman took possession of the house which was contiguous to the jeweller’s, whose wife had taken care to have a hole made in the wall which separated them, and which was hidden on both sides by a cupboard.

Camaralzaman was very much surprized on seeing his beloved rush into the room, and could not conceive how she could manage to hide herself in so small a cupboard. She soon cleared up his doubts, and then drew out two bags of gold. The next day she brought him four more, and on the third day also four. In this manner she passed the days in plundering her husband; her nights being consumed in the embraces of her lover, whilst the jeweller slept away of the sherbet. On the fourth brought him a splendid dagger

belonging to her husband, which he had set very carefully with his own hands. The gold work alone on the handle had cost five hundred *dinârs*, not to mention the precious stones with which it was thickly set. Put this dagger in thy girdle," said she to him, "and go into my husband's shop, show it to him and ask what may be the value of it. He will immediately ask thee whence thou hast it. Then tell him, that passing the market-place, thou heardst two men conversing, one of whom said that he had got this dagger from his mistress, who, having already given him all the money she could take from her husband, had now begun to make free with his goods. Say that thou didst accost the man and buy the dagger of him. Then leave the shop and come home, and here thou wilt find me in the cupboard to take the dagger again. Camaralzaman took the dagger, went next day to the shop and played the part directed.

The jeweller, on hearing Camaralzaman's story, flew into a dreadful passion, and hardly knew what he said or did; he an-

swered in unconnected words, like one who is absent, and of whom the poet says :

“ What has just been said I know not, I
“ am so busied with my dreams. I am so
“ far sunk in a sea of thought, that I dis-
“ tinguish not whether those who speak to
“ me are men or angels.”

Camaralzaman perceived his confusion, left him, and took the dagger to his mistress. She was already waiting for him in the cupboard, and he described to her, as well as he was able, the uneasiness and perplexity in which he had left her husband.

The jeweller hastened home, racked by the fury of jealousy, and hissing like a snake. “ Where is my dagger?” cried he. “ In the chest,” answered his wife ; “ but there is something dreadful in your thoughts ! I will not give it you now.” He insisted on having it, and she opened the chest and brought it out to him. “ This is curious !” said he. “ What is curious ?”—“ Why,” replied the jeweller, “ it is but just now I saw what I took to be this same dagger in the girdle of our friend and neighbour.”—“ Oh,

so you have dared to suspect your spouse! you base, unworthy man!" rejoined his wicked wife. The jeweller begged her to forget it, and did all in his power to appease her anger, which appeared to him perfectly natural.

The next day the same farce was played off with a watch, which Camaralzaman shewed the jeweller, who recognized it for his own. He hastened home immediately to convince himself with his own eyes; but his wife having already taken the watch into her possession again, through the cupboard, produced it to him, and loaded him at the same time with reproaches for his jealous and suspicious character.

This was not all. As Camaralzaman did not come towards evening, the jeweller's wife sent her husband to seek him. He found in Camaralzaman's house, a great deal of furniture which belonged to himself; but he had not courage enough to ask how it had come thither. Camaralzaman went as usual to sup with the jeweller; the slave appeared with the two cups of sherbet.

The jeweller, overcome by the opiate, fell asleep, and the two lovers kept awake and consulted on new means to induce the jeweller to divorce his wife. "Since every thing has thus far been of no avail," said the jeweller's wife, "I will disguise myself to-morrow as a slave, and thou shalt take me to my husband's shop, and say thou hast just bought me at the slave-market, and then unveil me before him; we shall then see if this will not open his eyes."

The next day she actually dressed herself like a slave, and accompanied her lover to her husband's shop. "See," said Camaralzaman to the jeweller, "here is a slave whom I have bought for a thousand dīnars; look at her and tell me how you like her." So saying, he unveiled her. The jeweller seemed as if he had just fallen from the clouds when he beheld his own wife, decked with those very jewels which he himself had worked. Amongst others, she had both the rings on her finger which Camaralzaman had made him a present of. "What is her name?" asked he. "Halima," said Camaralzaman.

This was his wife's real name. At this the jeweller was so confounded, that he knew not what to say. But recovering himself, he observed: "A thousand *dínárs*? These two rings are at least worth that money," pointing to those of Camaralzaman; "you have, therefore, all besides for nothing!" This was all he could say, for the fire of jealousy streamed through his veins, his heart sunk, and his head went round. Camaralzaman had scarcely left the shop, when the jeweller hastened straightway home. His wife had, however, arrived before him; and when he saw her sitting just in the same dress in which he had left her when he went out, he wrung his hands and paced the room in agony. He then cried out: "There can be no might nor power but in the hands of the Almighty!"—"What is the matter?" said his wife, "what surprises you so much?"—"I will tell you," answered he, "if you will promise not to be angry. I have just seen a slave, whom our friend has bought, and who is so like you that she seems your second self."—"Vile man!" said she, "do you dare to

insult my honour by so gross a suspicion ! How could that be possible ?”—“ **Hush ! hush !**” retorted the jeweller, “ that might as well be possible as many other tricks **which** women play their husbands.”—“ **Then,**” said she, “ convince yourself with your **own** eyes ; run round to our neighbour, and see whether you do not find the slave **with** him.”—“ Well said,” replied the jeweller, “ there is no suspicion which cannot be cleared up with such evidence.” He therefore hurried down stairs and out of the house, to go to Camaralzaman. But Halima was there before him ; and her husband was so surprised and confounded at this perfect likeness, that he knew not what to say. “ God is great !” he exclaimed, “ He created nature with all her pranks, just as it pleased Him.” He then went again to his own house, and finding his wife just as he had left her, heaped encomiums and caresses on her. He proceeded afterwards to his shop, and Halima passed through the cupboard to her lover. She told him that they had now nothing to do but to prepare

for their departure. She brought him four more bags of gold, with which she requested him to purchase slaves and make the necessary preparations for their journey; and added, that as far as regarded herself, she was quite ready. "For love of thee," said she, "I will forsake every thing—my husband and my home. Go, therefore, to my husband, take leave of him, and pay him the rent for thy house."

Camaralzaman proceeded to the jeweller to acquaint him with his intention of returning home, and to ask how much he owed him for the rent of his house. The jeweller told him not to mention such a trifle after having shewn him so many acts of kindness, and given so many proofs of his liberality, adding: "Alas, my friend! how unhappy shall I be when you leave me." So saying, he burst into tears. In order not to leave any act of duty or friendship undone during the remaining two days that they should be together, the jeweller condescended to assist him to pack up his treasures with his own hands. Halima, who did not wish to part

with her trusty slave, contrived to transfer her to Camaralzaman with the consent of her husband. She pretended to be angry with her and beat her, and then begged her husband to sell her, or, if he thought it better, to make Camaralzaman a present of her to accompany him on his journey. The jeweller took the slave to Camaralzaman and told him that she had behaved disrespectfully towards his wife, and therefore he would give her to him as a companion for his slave Halima.

When the camels were being loaded in order to set out on the journey, the jeweller approached to bid farewell to Camaralzaman, who on his part ordered Halima and her slave to go and kiss the jeweller's hand. They did so, and he helped them to mount their litter. They departed, had a pleasant journey, and arrived safe in Egypt, without any material accident. As soon as Camaralzaman came to the borders of his own country, he dispatched a courier to acquaint his father with his return. It is easy to ima-

gine the joy of the old man on hearing these tidings, as he had not had any account of his son for a great length of time. He and all his friends came as far as the suburb Adeliyah* to meet his returning son, and conducted him home in triumph. When Halima stepped from her litter, all eyes were dazzled by her beauty, and Camaralzaman's father asked eagerly, "Is she a princess?"—"No," answered Halima, "I am the betrothed of your son." Now when the day had passed and the company retired, Abderrahman took his son aside, and asked him who this lady was whom he had brought home with him? He replied, "Beauty was the secret motive of my journey, and that beauty I have procured; she is the very woman whom the dervise described to us, and it is my intention to make her my wife." He then related to his father all his adven-

* This passage would alone serve to prove that this story is one of the new tales, composed in Egypt. Adeliyah takes its name from a mosque built by King Melchisedek, of the dynasty of the Ayubites in the seventh century of the Hegira.

tures, from the beginning until that **day**. But he answered, “ My curse be upon **thee** here and hereafter, if thou fulfillest **thy** determination to marry such a wretch ! Reflect, may she not conduct herself **to-**wards thee in the same disgraceful **manner** as she has already done towards her **first** husband? Be persuaded by me ; let **me** choose for thee a girl of good family and irreproachable character.” Such a remonstrance made Camaralzaman waver in his determination, and he promised his **father** not to marry her. Abderrahman embraced him, and gave orders that Halima and her slave might be conducted to a pavilion, and a guard set over them ; he commanded that a negro should take them their food, and that no one besides should have any intercourse with them, or even see them.

Abderrahman then sought among his friends and acquaintance a suitable person to whom to unite his son in matrimony ; and after he had proposed and rejected many, he fixed on the daughter of the mufti, who was the first beauty in Cairo, and even surpassed

Halima. The ceremony of betrothing was performed with all due solemnity and grandeur. Banqueting, illuminations, dancing and games continued for forty days. On the last day there was a feast for the poor, who were invited thither from far and near, to fill themselves and be merry. Among them appeared a man clothed in rags, whose face and skin was burnt quite brown by the sun. The notice of Camaralzaman was attracted by this stranger, and he recognized in him the ill-treated jeweller, Asti Obeid.

After he had assisted his own wife to get into her litter, and had taken leave of Camaralzaman, he went to his shop, and remained there the whole day at his work. It was only late in the evening that he went home. But when he found neither his wife nor any of his valuables, he then perceived the deceit she had practised on him, and in despair determined to put an end to his existence. He desisted, however, when he reflected how much his enemies would glory in his disgrace and folly, and put so good a face on his vexation, that no one observed.

any thing uncommon in his behaviour. He determined to keep the secret of his shame, and gave out among his friends that he intended taking his wife with him to Cairo, to visit his friend Camaralzaman. At the same time, he solicited his friends, in case he should be inquired for at court, to say that he was gone with his wife to Mecca. He purchased a slave, whom he placed on a litter, and giving out that she was his wife, set out the next day for Egypt.

The intelligence that the jeweller and his wife had left Bassora on a journey was a source of great joy to the inhabitants of that city, as they were thereby released from the tyranny of the Friday procession, during which time all those who had any regard for their heads were obliged to betake themselves to the mosques. Soon after Asti Obeid had left his native city, the same fate befell him which Camaralzaman had formerly met with when he was but one day's journey from Bassora. He was plundered by the Arabs of the desert. Thus he was obliged to live on alms, and beg his way from town

to town, until he arrived in Cairo, where this great feast had attracted a considerable number of the poor.

Camaralzaman apprised his father of the discovery he had made. His father told him to keep his eye on Obeid, and that they would by-and-bye interrogate him, after he had eaten and drunk and partaken of the coffee and sherbet.

When the jeweller was about to depart, Abderrahman called him. He approached, and recognizing Camaralzaman, stood petrified with shame. Camaralzaman fell on his neck and wept. "This is not the way to receive your friends," said Abderrahman; "let him first have a bath, and give him new raiment." He was led to a bath, and a robe was brought for him, which could not be worth less than one thousand dínars. The guests asked who this stranger was, and Camaralzaman informed them that he came from Bassora, and had been a rich jeweller, and one of his best friends. He bade them not to be surprised to see him in such an abject state, as he had probably fallen into

the hands of the Arabs, who had reduced him to this. He related his having formerly been treated in the like manner, and that he must ascribe his own recovery solely to the care and attention of this friend. By this narration he made the jeweller appear in a very favourable light to his company, and when he came in among them again, they all stood up and received him with marks of the greatest respect. In order to prevent his guest's experiencing any uncomfortable sensation or suspicion, Camaralzaman expressed, in a voice so loud that all could hear him, his gratitude and the many obligations he owed the jeweller for his kind reception of and attention to him in Bassora. He shewed him also many other little civilities, and kept him so deeply engaged in conversation, that the jeweller found no opportunity to open his mouth respecting his wife. But when they were alone, Abderrahman remarked to the jeweller, that they had purposely prevented his touching on the subject which brought him thither, before the strangers, in order to spare his honour. He

then related to Asti Obeid the whole intrigue ; and having concluded, he added : “ You must perceive, in the whole business, that my son has not so much been the seducer as the seduced ; for the man who is seduced by a woman is not so guilty as the woman who does not at all times reject the approaches and attacks of a man.” The jeweller answered, with a deep sigh, that he felt but too truly the truth of this assertion.

Then Abderrahman took his son aside, and remarked to him, that the merchant seemed clearly convinced that his wife had been most to blame. “ But now,” continued he, “ we shall see whether he is a man of honour, or whether he is vile and weak enough to pardon this wretched woman, and live in acknowledged dishonour. In the latter case my mind is made up ; my dagger shall pierce his heart as well as his wife’s ; for we do a service to mankind in general, if we clear the world of bad women and mean spirits.” He then went to the jeweller, and said to him : “ My friend, to be married is not the business of a mo-

ment, but needs long patience. You know that we must bear with women, and, as the proverb says: ‘If they were in heaven, they would still have power enough to draw us thither after them.’ To forgive is a meritorious action in the eyes of God. Camaralzaman is your friend, and your wife has repented of her inconstancy to you; be therefore generous, and forgive her. To be reconciled with her, is what I advise; and if you will stay here, you will do me a great honour; but if you wish to return into your own country, I will give you every thing necessary for your journey. Let your anger, therefore, be appeased, and go to your wife.” —“Where is she?” asked the jeweller. “In yonder pavilion,” replied Abderrahman, where she has been confined since the arrival of my son. I have found another woman for his wife, and we have only this day concluded the festivities of their betrothal; here is the key of the pavilion.” The jeweller took it with demonstrations of joy, and Abderrahman followed him at a distance, armed with a dagger, which he had

determined to make use of. As the jeweller approached the door of the pavilion, he heard his wife crying and lamenting the marriage of her lover. To this her slave answered, "Madam, did I not tell you, from the very commencement of your amour with the beautiful youth, that it would come to a bad end? Is this the reward for so many sacrifices as you made for him, that you should be imprisoned as soon as you had arrived at what you supposed the commencement of your joys?"—"Peace! peace!" exclaimed the jeweller's wife, "I would rather languish in a prison for his sake, than live in freedom with my husband."—"Infamous wretch!" cried her husband. He entered the pavilion, seized his wife, and strangled her, as well as her slave. The next moment, however, he was full of remorse for having allowed his rage to drive him to such dreadful extremes; and fearing also the anger of Abderrahman for having committed this murder in his house, he was about to kill himself; but Abderrahman, who had stood behind the door, and

had been witness to the whole scene, **flew** into his arms, and embracing him, **said**, “ You have indeed done as a man of honour ought to have done. Behold this **dagger**. Had you been so basely weak as to **have** pardoned your wife, I had determined to use it, to rid the world of you, and her, **and** her slave together.* But now you are **welcome** to my house, and, if you please, to the hand of my daughter, **Morning-Star**, Camaralzaman’s sister.”

It was given out, that the two women **who**

* This determination of Abderrahman’s is quite in the spirit of the Arabian manners, and has nothing exaggerated in it. Similar examples of the cruel severity with which men revenge the violated honour of their harems, are not at all uncommon among the inhabitants of Egypt. During the residence of the French at Cairo, the daughter of the sheikh Albekri, one of their first artists, in defiance of the restrictions of the harem, used to rove about the camp. As soon, however, as the French army quitted Cairo, she was strangled by one of her nearest relations; and only a few hours after this deed had been committed, another of her kinsmen spoke to me respecting it, with all the composure which the conviction of having done a virtuous and honourable action affords.—*Note by M. von Hammer.*

arrived with Camaralzaman had died a natural death, and they were publicly buried. Abderrahman went to the mufti, and told him that the marriage of both their daughters should take place at the same time; and they were accordingly joined together at the self-same hour, to the great joy of Abderrahman, Camaralzaman, and Obeid, the jeweller.

Some time after, the latter began to feel desirous of seeing his native land again and, taking leave of his father-in-law, he returned with his new wife to Bassora. His friends, who supposed he had been in the Hejaz, received him with great joy, and smilingly said, they hoped in future that his wife would resign her privilege of the processions on Friday; for they knew not a word of all that had happened, and Obeid had determined to tell no one of it. But the king seemed resolved to punish him for having dared to make a journey without asking his permission; and he was, therefore, under the necessity of disclosing the secret of his absence to him, and it is from

this source that it has descended down to us. Five years afterwards, the jeweller died, and the king would have married his widow, but she firmly refused, saying, the ladies of Cairo were too faithful ever to console themselves for the loss of their first husband by a second marriage. Whence one may see, that there are, indeed, some women who, like Halima, deserve to be strangled; but that there are others, also, who, like Morning-Star, are true patterns of virtue and of truth.

**THE STORY OF ABUKIR AND
ABUSIR.**

THE STORY OF ABUKIR AND ABUSIR.

THERE was once in the city of Alexandria a dyer whose name was Abukir, and also a barber named Abusir. Their shops were next to each other in the market-place. The dyer was a wicked rogue, who, without any scruple of conscience, cheated every body. When persons brought him anything to dye he begged them to advance part of the money, pretending that he was obliged to purchase the colours; and as soon as he had got their money, squandered it away. He then put his customers off from day to day, and when he could make no further delay, pretended to be very unfortunate, and swore that some one had

robbed him of the stuff, and that he had done all in his power to get another piece exactly like it, but that there was not one of the same kind in the town. This succeeded for a while, but after a time the whole city heard of his dealings, and he lost his credit.

He once attempted to play the same trick on a person of some consequence, who, discovering it, ordered his shop to be sealed up and his property to be seized; which was found, however, to consist only of a few broken pots and old tubs. "It is strange," said the barber to him, "that all sorts of good-for-nothing things seem to nestle in your shop, whilst I never see one in mine, although we are so close to one another." Abukir made no secret to his neighbour of his circumstances and his rogueries, and confessed that poverty had compelled him to such artifices. "And I," replied the barber, "can just as little boast of large profits in my vocation; yet, I am prevented by the fear of God from committing such injustice."—"Then let us, brother," said the dyer, "since we are both of us weary of

our trades, quit this country and go a journey. Do you not recollect what the poet says in praise of travelling?

“ ‘ Fly thy home, and journey, if thou
‘ strivest for great deeds. Five advantages
‘ thou wilt at least procure by travelling.
‘ Thou wilt have pleasure and profit; thou
‘ wilt enlarge thy prospects; cultivate thy-
‘ self; and acquire friends. It is better to
‘ be dead, than, like an insect, to remain al-
‘ ways chained to the same spot of earth.’ ”

“ Come, my brother, let us close our shops and travel on joint speculation. Our profits shall be put into one common bag, and on our return to Alexandria we will divide them between us.”

They took shipping the same day, and sailed. By a lucky accident it chanced that no one on board understood the art of shaving besides Abusir, although there were a hundred and twenty passengers in the ship, besides the captain and crew. Abusir took eatables in payment, in preference to money, which he did principally on account of his comrade, who was very fond

of delicacies, and lay the whole day sleeping, without concerning himself about any thing else. Abusir awoke him, telling him to come to the captain, who wished to see him. But Abukir was too lazy to stir. "My head is giddy," said he, "from sea-sickness; you can go alone, but give me some food." Abusir gave him all he had, and Abukir ate like a wolf. The barber made an excuse for his comrade to the captain, who, out of courtesy to the barber, furnished the dyer with meals from his own table. When Abusir went again to his friend he found his jaws still in motion, like the camel when chewing the cud. "Did I not tell you to wait?" said he; "here is a dinner that is worth more than all you have been cramming yourself with." Without thanking his comrade, Abukir began devouring what was brought him, more like a vulture than a human being. In this manner they sailed on for twenty days, and Abusir took Abukir every evening his meal from the captain's table. At last they arrived in port, when Abusir took a room in an

okal (khan or caravansary) and established himself as a barber. Abukir, on the other hand, continued sleeping through the whole day, saying his head was still deranged by the sea-sickness. In this manner the barber maintained the dyer for forty days, when a serious illness prevented him from further operating on beards. For three days he was not able to quit his bed, and meanwhile the dyer had nearly died of hunger. When he saw that his comrade was sick, he looked for the bag, wherein he found a thousand dirhems, which the barber had earned by the sweat of his brow. He took the bag, shut the door, and went out into the street. The houses were the handsomest he had ever seen; but there was a certain uniformity in the dress of the inhabitants. Nothing was to be seen but white and blue. Even in a dyer's shop Abukir found only one colour, which was blue. He went in and pulling out his handkerchief, asked, "How much will you dye this for?"—"Twenty dirhems."—"Twenty dirhems! I could get it dyed for two at home."—"Well, then, go home

and get it done for two if you can.”—“ If I cannot have it for less, then I must submit. Dye it red for me.”—“ I cannot, I do not understand dying that colour.”—“ Well then, green ?”—“ I cannot.”—“ Then yellow.”—“ Neither can I dye it yellow.”—“ Then I must go to some other dyer.”—“ You will find none able to do it for you. There are forty dyers in this town, and since none have the privilege besides us to open a shop and carry on this business, we have no care about improving the art. We can only dye blue.”—“ I,” answered Abukir, “ am a dyer by profession, and can give a piece of stuff more than forty different colours. If you please I will teach you the secret.”—“ I do not wish to know any thing about it,” answered the dyer. “ We admit no stranger into our company, and merely continue in the steps of our forefathers.”

Abukir was treated in the same way by all the forty dyers in that town ; none of them would take him either as teacher or learner ; on which Abukir proceeded to the king of that place, to present his petition

to him. He represented that he was able to give a piece of cloth forty different colours, and that the company of dyers, who could merely dye blue, would have nothing to do with him either as master or workman.

“That is, I believe, the case,” said the king; “but I will grant thee a special privilege, and should any one dare to molest thee, I will have him hanged before the door of thy shop.” At the same time he commanded his two builders to erect a workshop for the new dyer, or to adapt any house which he might choose for that purpose. He then ordered him a horse, a robe of honour, and a purse containing one thousand *dinârs*. “For,” said he, “I must enliven and encourage the arts in my dominions.”

On the following day Abukir paraded through the streets with the two builders, and fixed on a house which appeared to him suitable to his purpose. This was altered agreeably to his directions, and formed into a workshop after his own particular fashion. Then the king sent him five thousand *dinârs* to purchase furniture, a stock of

colours, and all other necessities. Abukir dyed above five hundred pieces of cloth with different colours, and spread them out in his shop for show. The people, who had heretofore never seen such colours, came in crowds round his house, asking the name of this colour and of that. The king was quite in raptures at this advancement of the art, and permitted Abukir to style himself the king's dyer. The whole court had all their clothes dyed by Abukir, and the dyers, who had rejected him both as master and workman, came to him in a body to excuse themselves and to pay their respects to him.

Thus Abukir accumulated great riches, without bestowing a thought on his poor comrade whom he had robbed while on the bed of sickness. Poor Abusir had spent three days without eating any thing, or without even being able to stir. The keeper of the caravansary, who could not imagine what had become of his guests, at length opened the door of the room. It was only then that Abusir discovered the theft and infamous conduct of his companion. The master of

the khan, who was a good man, consoled his guest, gave him some food, and nursed him for two months, for which length of time his sickness lasted. "God reward you," said Abusir, "he alone can recompense you for your kind treatment of me." As soon as he was able, he went out to take a little exercise and recruit his spirits with the fresh air, and also to inspect the town. He accidentally came into the market-place, where a great crowd was assembled round the door of a dyer. He inquired the cause, and on being made acquainted with it, cried out: "God be praised! who has thrown such good fortune into the way of my comrade. I forgive him the trick he has played me, for I am certain he will now make it good again by his conduct towards me." He approached and saw Abukir sitting on a sofa, with four slaves dressed in white standing before him. Whilst ten men performed the work, he, like a grand-vizier, lay comfortably stretched out on his couch, merely giving from time to time the necessary directions. Abusir therefore promised

himself a very kind reception. But scarcely had Abukir perceived him, when he called out: “Thou beggarly wretch, how often have I forbidden thee to come near my shop! Give him one hundred strokes, for he only sneaks about my house to seize the first opportunity to rob me.” The slaves seized poor Abusir, gave him the hundred blows ordered by his friend, and another hundred into the bargain. The people who stood round the door asked what he had done. They were answered: “He is a thief; and if he dare come again, he shall be hanged.” Abusir went home quite faint from the blows he had received, and quite disconcerted at this new adventure. The next day he went out, with the view of taking a bath, to remove the pain of his bastinado. He asked the first person whom he met, which was the way to the bath. “What is that?—a bath!—what is a bath?”—“The place where one cleanses one’s self,” he replied. “Oh! then, go into the sea!”—“No, I mean a bath, a hemmam.”*—“I do not know what you


* This is the Arabian, Turkish, and Persian name for a bath, whence the baths in London are called *Hummas*.

mean by a hemmam; here every one, even the king himself, bathes in the sea."

When Abusir had ascertained that the use of warm baths was not yet known in that city, he desired an audience of the king. "I am," said he to the king, "a foreigner, and by profession a keeper of baths. I was surprised when I found that you have no baths in this city. There is no other metropolis without them, and they are in general the greatest ornaments and the pride of large cities."—"What kind of a thing is this bath or hemmam?" said the king. Abusir gave him a circumstantial description of one. "This is welcome information," said the king; "I willingly encourage all the arts, but more cheerfully those which tend to the ornament of my metropolis." Hereupon he presented him with a robe of honour, two male, four female slaves, and a house completely furnished. The builders received also command from the king to erect a bath, after the direction of the foreign bath-keeper, and when it was complete, the king sent Abusir ten

thousand *dínárs*. The inhabitants were surprised at the beauty of the new building. But their astonishment increased, when the water was made warm and they saw it spout out hot from the fountain. Abusir petitioned the king for ten slaves. The king gave him twenty, of great beauty. Abusir clothed them in an elegant manner, and taught them how to wait on those who came to the baths. In a very short time the whole town spoke of nothing else; they were called the king's baths, and every one became desirous of going to see them.

On the fourth day, the king himself and all his court came to bathe. Abusir commenced brushing and rubbing the king, then washed him with rose-water, and laid him on a couch highly perfumed. The king felt himself better than he had ever been before. "Is this what thou callest a *hemmam*?" said he to Abusir. "Yes, sire," replied he. "By heaven, thou art right, no town ought to be without an establishment like this. A town becomes only then a town when it possesses a bath. And how



much dost thou demand for each person who bathes?"—"A *dínár*," answered Abusir. "Oh, that is too little," said the king. "At that rate, every body will be coming to bathe. Thou must take at least a thousand *dínárs* from each person."—"Pardon me, sire," replied Abusir, "is it not right that the poor also should enjoy the benefit of the bath? Will your majesty be pleased to permit that every one may pay according to his means?"—"He has said well," cried the courtiers; "and if his improvement merits reward, your majesty can extend your royal munificence towards him, and yet allow the poor the advantage of the baths; for even we ourselves can hardly afford more than a thousand *dínárs*."—"Very well," said the king, "be it so; let every one pay as much as his purse will afford." The officers of state, therefore, gave him one hundred *dínárs*, a male and a female slave each; and there were four hundred of these officers in the daily habit of visiting the bath. The king gave ten thousand *dínárs*, ten male and as many female slaves. "Sire," said Abusir,

kissing the earth, “ what shall I do with **this** army of male and this harem of female **slaves**? your majesty would be much better able to make use of them yourself.” The king replied with a smile, “ Thou art right, **and I** will buy them again of thee, at one hundred din’rs per head.” So the king took back **all** the Mamlukes and slaves at this price, **and** returned them to their former masters as presents.

Now Abusir slept among heaps of **gold**, and saw himself on a sudden elevated to the pinnacle of wealth. The queen was also curious to see these baths, of **which** she heard so much. It was therefore **ap**pointed, from that time forward, that **they** should be for the use of the men in **the** morning, and of the women in the afternoon. The queen was no less generous than **her** consort, who attended the bath every **Fri**-day; so that riches poured in on Abusir from every quarter. We will now turn to Aiukir.

He had heard so much of the **baths**, that he determined to visit them. He put

on his most costly raiment, mounted a mule, took four attendants, and four slaves to run before him, and in this manner rode to the baths. When he arrived at the door, he was surrounded by a cloud, arising from sweet-scented aloes, and found the entrance and the hall crowded with courtiers and officers of state. He entered, and recognized Abusir, whom he saluted with unequalled effrontery. "Is this," said he, "acting like a friend and an honest man? I have obtained the patent for dyeing, and have made my fortune, and you never come near me to ask me for my patronage? I have in vain sent my slaves to the okal, and all over the town, to endeavour to find you out; no one was able to give me any information of you."—"What?" said Abusir, "did I not come to you, and did you not treat me as a thief—bastinadoed me, and drive me from your door?"—"What is this you say?" continued Abukir, quite astonished; "were you the man who—?"—"Yes, I—I am he."—"By God," said Abukir, "I did not know you! I mistook

you, indeed, for a certain thief, who from time to time has lurked about my shop, seeking an opportunity to rob me!"—"By the might and power of the great God!" replied Abusir, "I called out to you my name loud enough, and made myself known to you as plainly as possible!"—"That must have been a mere delusion," answered Abukir; "a delusion on your part which is inconceivable to me. But who has made you such a great man?"—"He who made your fortune," replied Abusir, "has also made mine: so God has ordained it." He then related every thing to him, shewed him the presents which he had received from the king and his officers, ordered robes of honour and bags of gold to be brought, with which he presented him, and regaled him with sherbet, which was served up in a cloud of the most odoriferous scents. All were astonished at the style in which the master of the baths received the dyer. The latter would have made Abusir also some presents, but they were not accepted. "Well, then," said Abukir, "at least let me give

you a piece of useful advice for the completion of your baths: I perceive that you have not yet introduced the ointment for the removal of superfluous hair. Take some orpiment and make a trial on the king the next time he comes, and he will be under great obligations to you for this perfection of art.”—“You are right,” answered Abusir, “and I thank you for your counsel.”

Hereon Abukir took his leave, and, mounting his mule, hastened to the king's palace. “Sire!” said he to him, “you have permitted a stranger to establish a bath in your city.”—“Yes,” replied the king; “what hast thou to say against it?”—“Heaven be praised!” continued Abukir, “that I can be the means of securing your majesty against the wickedness of your enemy, of the enemy of the state, and of the faith! for I come to inform your majesty that you are lost if you go to the bath to-day! This man is a murderer, who has been sent hither by your enemy, the christian king, to poison you. He will speak to your majesty of an

ointment to remove hair; beware of it—it is a deadly poison, the victim of which he intends your majesty to be! I have known this wretch for some time; I saw him in the city of the king of the christians; his wife and children are slaves. He endeavoured in vain to procure their liberty, until he one day heard that the king had offered a large reward to any one who would undertake to destroy your majesty. He offered himself immediately, and the freedom of his wife and children was the promised reward for this dark deed. I came hither with him in the same vessel, and he confidently communicated to me this horrid plot, and the means by which he proposed to complete it; and your majesty may convince yourself of the truth of my information by going to the bath.”

The king went thither as usual; Abusir himself rubbed and dried him; and observed that he had discovered an ointment for removing superfluous hair, which he proposed to his majesty to try the effect of. “Shew me this ointment,” said the king;

and when he found that it was black, and had an unpleasant smell, he had no doubt that it was poison. He called out to the guards to arrest Abusir, which they did instantly. No one knew the cause of this proceeding, and no one dared to inquire. The king assembled his divan, sent for the captain of his galleys, and commanded him to put Abusir into a sack, with two hundred pounds of unslaked lime and throw him into the sea, so that he might at the same time suffer the double punishment of being burned and drowned.

This captain was a very intimate friend of Abusir, and, as he was fond of bathing, Abusir had never charged him any thing when he came to his hemmam. "What have you done," said the captain, "to incur the displeasure of the king, so that he should sentence you to such an ignominious death?"—"By God," said Abusir, "I am innocent, I have done nothing wrong."—"One of your enemies must have effected this," continued the captain, "but fear not; I will hide you on an island that is not far distant,

whence you may proceed with the greatest safety to your own country. I will prepare a sack, and put a large stone and lime therein, so as to make it appear that I have executed the king's command. Meanwhile you can amuse yourself on the island by catching fish, for which men are sent thither daily to supply the king's table."

The captain then got into a boat, in which he put the sack filled with stone and lime, and rowed under the window of the palace. The king cried out to him, "Throw him in!" and beckoned with his hand. But, in beckoning, his ring slipped from his finger and dropped into the sea. This was a magic ring. Whenever the king passed sentence of death on a criminal, he made a sign with the hand on which he wore this ring, when immediately a flash of lightning proceeded from it, and the delinquent fell lifeless on the ground. This ring was the great talisman of the authority of the king, by which he ruled his people and commanded his army. He was obliged to keep the loss of this ring a secret, for had he made it known,

it would have become quite impossible to keep the people in subjection.

Meanwhile Abusir turned fisherman. He spread his nets once, twice, thrice—and each time was very successful. On looking over the produce of his toil, he took particular notice of a fine large fish, which he determined to dress for his own dinner. On cutting it up, he found the king's ring, which this fish had caught in its mouth and swallowed, when the king dropped it. Without being aware of the extraordinary power of the ring, Abusir put it on his finger. Presently two of the purveyors to the king's kitchen came in for some fish, and asked, "Whither is the captain gone?"—"Thither," answered Abusir, and pointed with the hand on which he had placed the ring—and immediately, to his great astonishment, they both fell dead.

The next moment the captain came in. He saw the two men lying dead and the ring on Abusir's finger. "I conjure you, brother," cried he hastily to Abusir, "move not the hand on which you wear that ring,

and tell me whence did you get it?" Abusir related how he had found it on cutting up the fish, and then the captain recollected that he had remarked a flash descend into the sea, like a falling star, at the moment when the king commanded him to plunge in the sack. "Now," said he to Abusir, "now you have nothing to fear. By means of this ring you have even the king's life in your power." He then explained to him its secret properties. Abusir was quite overjoyed at the account of its qualities, and accompanied his friend to the palace, where he found the king sitting in the midst of his assembled divan. "What?" said the king, "did I not cause thee to be thrown into the sea? How is it that thou couldst escape both the fire and the water?" Abusir then related his preservation by his friend the captain, the finding of the ring, and that, through ignorance of the power of it, he had killed the two purveyors. "If I were guilty," continued he, "I should make use of this ring to kill you, O great king! But I restore it to you, and pray your majesty

to examine my case legally, and, if I do not prove innocent, to punish me as it seemeth meet." When the king had recovered his ring, he felt as if he had been re-animated. He stood forth to embrace Abusir. "Thou art," said he, "a pattern of virtue, for only such an one as thou art would have restored me this invaluable treasure." But Abusir persisted that his case should be examined, so that he might at least learn of what he was accused. "Thy conduct," replied the king, "thy conduct is the clearest proof of thy innocence. The dyer accused thee of being sent by the Christian king to poison me."—"I never saw him in all my life," said Abusir; "but my accuser was formerly my neighbour in Alexandria, and afterwards my travelling companion." He then related to the king all the tricks that Abukir had played him, and explained to his majesty the connexion of the circumstances respecting the ointment for the hair. The king was now completely convinced of Abusir's innocence, and commanded that Abukir should be brought before him, like

a criminal, bareheaded and with his hands pinioned behind his back. He was convicted of his crime, and sentenced to be thrown into the sea, being first inclosed in a sack filled with unslaked lime. Abusir entreated the king to pardon his former companion: but the king said, “It is impossible; for, if thou canst pardon him, I cannot.” The sentence was therefore put into execution.

The king then said to Abusir: “Ask of me any favour that I can grant.” And Abusir answered, “Your majesty cannot confer a greater obligation on me than by sending me home to Alexandria.” The king would have made him his vizier, but Abusir merely thanked him for the honour, and took his leave—carrying with him a whole ship-load of the most valuable presents.

The wind was favourable, and he landed after an agreeable voyage in the great bay which lies to the left of Alexandria. The first object which attracted his attention on landing was a sack, which the sea had cast

up on the strand. His slaves opened it, and found Abukir's body therein. Abusir caused him to be interred, and raised a monument over his grave, on which a moral and appropriate inscription was engraven.

Hence it is, that this bay, which formerly bore the name of the barber Abusir (Busiris), is now called Abukir, after the dyer, whose bones lie buried on that shore, mingled with the bones of many more who once dyed the sea with their blood.

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THE STORY OF
ABDOLLAH OF THE WATER
AND
ABDOLLAH OF THE LAND.

THE STORY OF THE ABDOLLAHS.

THERE was once a fisherman, whose name was Abdollah, the father of a numerous family. His whole fortune consisted in some nets, with which he repaired daily to the sea-shore, and supported his family with the produce of his toil. In this manner he lived from day to day. His wife was, for the tenth time, delivered of a boy; and it happened, that on this very day they had nothing in the house—so that she begged her husband to take his net and cast it for the good luck of the new comer. The fisherman proceeded to the sea-side, and spread out his net, with a prayer for the prosperity of his new-born son. When he drew it out the first time, it was filled with sand,

gravel, reeds, and mud, and there was **not a** single fish in it. This was the case the second and third, and indeed every succeeding effort was crowned with no better success. In vain did he try another spot; the night drew near, and he had caught nothing.

He yet threw in his net again. This time the weight was greater than before, and he drew out a creature of human form. At first he supposed it to be one of the **genii** whom Solomon confined in brazen pots and cast to the bottom of the sea. He therefore cried out: “**Mercy ! mercy ! O genius !**”—“**Fear not.**” said the creature in the net; “**I am a human being, the same as thou art—**but with this difference, that I live at the bottom of the sea, as thou dost on the surface of the earth.”—“**Indeed !**” said the fisherman, who had taken courage at these words; “**and thou art really neither genius nor demon ?**”—“**No more than thou art,**” was the reply; “**I believe as well as thou dost in God and his prophet.**”—“**But who threw thee into the sea ?**”—“**I am by nature an inhabitant of it, and I will serve the Lord.**” When I

found myself entangled in thy net, I concluded that I was destined to serve thee, and I have permitted myself to be taken, although it would have been easy for me to have torn thy net in pieces, if I had chosen to be rebellious. I perceived, however, the finger of God in this accident, and I see that we were both created to be brothers and helpmates to each other. The earth produces grapes, melons, peaches, and pomegranates—and the sea yields coral, pearls, emeralds, and rubies. Bring me fruit, and I, in return, will fill thy basket with precious stones out of the depths of the sea.”—“ This proposal pleases me much,” said the fisherman; “ swear to me, brother, that thou wilt keep thy promise, and to this purpose repeat the first chapter of the Koran.”

When he had taken this oath, the fisherman opened his net, and asked the name of his companion. “ My name is Abdollah of the sea,” answered he; “ and what is thine?”—“ That is very curious,” replied the fisherman; “ my name is also Abdollah; and, for the sake of distinction I will

ABU HASSAN OF CHORASSAN.

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ABU HASSAN OF CHORASSAN.

THE Caliph Motadhad Billah was a monarch of great spirit and activity, who did not permit any of the concerns of his people to escape his notice. Being out one day incognito with Ibn Hamdun, they took shelter during the excessive heat of noon at a well-built house, the door of which was covered by a portico. While standing here, he saw a slave, beautiful as the moon, come out of the house, who said to his comrade, "Come, let us be merry; I have just got a holiday." These words did not escape the caliph, who, concluding from them that the master of this house was kind and liberal towards his domestics, desired much to be acquainted with him.

“Ask thy master,” said he to the slave, “if he would like a visit from a couple of foreign merchants” (for this was the customary disguise of the caliph). At that moment the master himself came out to receive his guests. He was a well-made and elegantly-dressed man. “Welcome, sirs,” said he; “enter if you please.” They walked in, and were surprised at the beauty of his house and garden. They seated themselves, and washed their hands in golden basins. A table covered with silk stuff was brought in, and the most savoury viands were placed before them. After the table had been cleared, the goblet went round, and they indulged in all the gaiety of lively conversation. They passed from this saloon to another, where there was a sideboard filled with the most exquisite fruits, and where every thing was prepared which could contribute to their amusement.

Notwithstanding this, the caliph appeared extremely serious, and almost austere, quite contrary to his customary disposition, which was inclined to gaiety.

Wine was brought in golden goblets, on salvers of the same metal; and when the master of the house rapped at a door with a rod which he held in his hand, it opened, and three beautiful female slaves came forth, who were eminently skilled in dancing, singing, and playing on the lute. They were separated from the other part of the chamber by a kind of barrier composed of a very rich stuff, fastened with cords of silk and rings of gold. The caliph inquired of the master of the house his name and profession. "I am," said he, "Abu Hassan Ben Ahmed the merchant, of Chorassan." On putting the same question to his guests, Ibn Hamdun replied: "This is the Caliph Motadhad Billah." Their host threw himself at the feet of the caliph. "Commander of the faithful!" said he, "pardon me if I have been wanting in attention, for I perceive that you are wroth with your slave." "Answer with truth," said the caliph, "what I shall ask thee."—"I call God to witness," answered the master of the house, "that I will answer with simple and entire truth

every particular you may ask me.”—“ I have remarked,” said the caliph, “ in thy house, that the furniture, the vessels, the dresses, in short, every thing, is marked with the name of my grandfather, Motawakkel ; what am I to think of this ?”—“ Vouchsafe to grant me your attention,” said Abu Hassan, “ and I will satisfy your curiosity. My father was a very rich merchant, and had a share in all the greatest transactions of his day. He had stands in all the bazaars, among the dealers in spices and merchants who traded in linen, as well as an office in the *khan* of the money-changers. He had no child but me, and, as he lay on his deathbed—God grant long life to the commander of the faithful !—he recommended me never to quit the paths of virtue. I, however, very soon forgot his precepts and advice ; and, as I listened with no greater attention to the admonitions of my mother, I soon plunged into the most licentious excesses, and was quickly reduced to ruin, so that I had at last nothing left but my house. This, too, I was on the point of selling, for the purpose

of obtaining something for my immediate support. 'If thou art absolutely determined to sell it,' said my mother, 'then sell it to me.' I had no objection to do so, and my mother, opening a casket, 'paid me five thousand dinárs. She bade me not suppose that these were part of my deceased parent's property, 'for,' said she, 'I had them from the fortune of my father, and have kept them in reserve against the day of need.' I soon ran through this sum also, and was then about to sell the house a second time. To this, however, my mother objected, and argued that I had no more claim on it, although, after a while, she gave me the fifteen thousand dinárs which I wanted. This time I applied my money better, for I paid my creditors, and followed up the trade of my father, by which I soon gained considerable wealth. When my mother saw that I had applied myself to business, she presented me with a great treasure in gold, pearls, and diamonds, which until then she had concealed.

"As I was one day writing at my desk,

a female slave of incomparable beauty entered; and when I had satisfied her **that I** was really the person whom she sought, **she** desired me to give her three hundred **dínárs**. I instantly weighed them out to **her**; so much, indeed, had the sight of her **turned** my head, that I should, in the same **man-**ner, have given her my whole fortune, without even knowing who she was. **My** first clerk, who had followed her without **my** knowledge, soon returned to tell me, **that as** he was walking after her, she suddenly **turned** round, and gave him such a blow that he thought she had deprived him of his eye. After the expiration of a month she **came** again into my office, and I was transported into the third heaven with the delight of seeing her once more. ‘You wanted,’ said she, ‘did you not, to catch the deceiver, who took your three hundred **dínárs**?’—‘God forbid!’ I replied, ‘my fortune is at your service.’—‘In that case,’ said she, ‘give me three hundred **dínárs** more.’ I made not the least objection. After this some time elapsed before I saw her again. At

length she came, and asked me for five hundred dínárs. I would have said something to her, but had not the heart to open my mouth. In this manner I gave her, from time to time, as much as three thousand dínárs. At length I determined to follow her myself; I watched her to the banks of the Tigris, where she took water, and I saw her enter the palace of the caliph. I related my adventures to a merchant who dealt in spices, a venerable old man, whose experience had procured my confidence. ‘Do not be concerned,’ said he, ‘she is a slave from the court of the caliph; make not thyself uneasy on account of the money; believe me-it is not lost.’

“After another month had passed she came again, and asked me what had induced me to follow her. I acquainted her with my love, to which she answered, ‘But what can this avail; I can scarcely see thee once a month?’ She then desired to repay me what I had given her; but I would not accept the money, assuring her that all I possessed in the world belonged to her. ‘We will hope,’

said she, ‘that we may some day meet again, in a more convenient manner.’ I related what had passed to the old merchant, who advised me to address myself to the court-tailor, who worked in the outer court of the palace. I ordered him to make me some clothes, for which I paid him handsomely, and then made him a present of them under the pretext that they did not fit me. This generosity procured me his favour; and on his one day asking me if I were not in love, I did not hesitate to acquaint him in confidence with my adventure. ‘Ah!’ said he, when I had described my mistress to him, ‘it is the favourite singer of the caliph; I will see if I cannot, somehow or other, be of service to you.’ We were yet engaged in this conversation, when a eunuch came out of the palace into the tailor’s shop; as he much admired the beauty of the cloth which I had that day brought with me, I made him a present of it, and gave him several other articles of dress, the value of which might exceed one thousand dinárs. He thanked me, and invited me to come with him.

When we were in his room, he said to me :
 ‘ I would wager every thing I have in the world that you are that Abu Hassan of Chorassan, who has turned the head of the favourite singer of the caliph.’ Tears were my sole reply. ‘ Weep not,’ said he, ‘ your love is not unrequited ; the favourite repays it with her’s, for she loves you with her whole heart, and you are already the chief subject of conversation throughout the palace. Visit me often, perhaps I may be useful to you.’

“ The next day I went again to the eunuch. ‘ I had yesterday,’ said he, ‘ an opportunity to relate to your mistress what passed between us, and she wishes to-day to have some conversation with you herself.’ Towards evening he brought me a shirt, interwoven with gold, and a mantle belonging to the caliph. ‘ These are,’ said he, ‘ the habits of the caliph when he goes in the evening to the harem. Go up the long gallery where the slaves of the first rank reside, and in passing through, lay a grain of musk at every door ; for such is the caliph’s custom every evening, when he goes

through it. When you come to the second avenue on the right, you will see a door with a marble threshold : this is her's, and leads to the cabinet of your beloved. Step in, and Heaven favour your return !

“ I put on the caliph's dress, and at the appointed hour commenced my adventure, laying a grain of musk at every door. But when I had arrived at about the middle of the gallery, behold ! all at once I heard a great bustle, and saw the light of torches. It was the caliph himself, surrounded by slaves, carrying flambeaux. I heard voices in the chambers of the gallery, crying out, ‘ Good God ! what, is the caliph coming again ? He has already passed by ; for we knew him by the sweet scent of his raiment. Has he not also laid, as usual, his grains of musk at the doors !’

“ On this I hastened my steps, for the caliph was not far off ; but in my confusion I mistook the door, and stepped into a chamber which did not belong to my beloved. It was, however, to my great joy, the chamber of her sister. ‘ Are you not,’ said she, ‘ Abu Has-

san of Chorassan, the beloved of my sister Shajrat ud-dur, that is, Pearl-tree, who has defrauded you of all your money?" As soon as I had acknowledged it, she called her sister, whose countenance brightened with joy, and we fell into one another's arms. I related what I had undergone for her sake, and she gave thanks to Heaven for guiding my steps so fortunately to the room of her sister. Her sister participated in our happiness, and we were just considering the means of lawfully making it complete, when we heard all at once a great noise at the door. It was the caliph himself, who had come to visit Pearl-tree. They immediately contrived to hide me, and then let in the caliph, who ordered wine and music. He was just at that time passionately in love with the beautiful Badia, who afterwards became the mother of the Caliph Mataz; and although he was incapable of being untrue to her, yet when any little dissension arose between them, he would go to the gallery of his slaves to divert himself with music. He was parti-

cularly fond of Pearl-tree's songs; she was, indeed, his favourite singer. She now sang him some stanzas, which contained an allusion to his differences with Badia, and recommended him to put an end to them. The caliph was quite enchanted with her song, and commanded her to ask any favour she pleased of him. She desired her freedom, and it was instantly granted.

“ The caliph then proceeded to his beloved, to effect his reconciliation, and Pearl-tree was overjoyed at having obtained her freedom. The question now was how I should again leave the palace? They dressed me in women's clothes, and in this disguise I attempted my egress. But when I came into the middle of the court I again met the caliph, who was curious to see my face; he commanded me to unveil, and I was recognized. I threw myself at his feet, confessed all, and implored pardon, in consideration of my youth and ignorance. Pearl-tree was brought forward, and, after some reproaches, the caliph pardoned us both. The *cadi* was called, the marriage

contract drawn up, and my bride brought me as her dower all this furniture from the caliph's palace, on which the commander of the faithful sees the name of the Caliph Motawakkel. She continued to visit at the court occasionally, but one day returned bathed in tears. I learned from her the murders which had been committed by Mostanser and the chiefs of the Turkish body-guard. Fearing lest I should be included among the proscribed, I retired to Bassora. It was only after the civil war between Mostander and Mostain had passed over that I dared to return to Bagdad."

The caliph was satisfied with the narration of Abu Hassan of Chorassan, and granted him an edict which exempted him and his children, for twenty years, from all tribute or taxes.

THE STORY OF
IBRAHIM, THE SON OF KHASIB,
AND
JAMILAH, THE DAUGHTER OF
ABULEIS.

THE STORY OF IBRAHIM AND JAMILAH.

A CERTAIN sultan of Egypt, whose name was Khasib, had a son of extraordinary beauty. He kept him so exclusively to himself, that he would not permit him to stir out of the palace, except on Fridays, when he went to the mosque. As the young prince was once returning from thence, and passing a bookseller's shop, he stopped, dismounted, and began to examine the books. In one of them he found a miniature of a beautiful woman, which wanted nothing but speech to be perfection. At the sight of this picture the prince's head was completely turned. "What is the price of this book?" said he.—"It is at your disposal, and you have nothing to pay

for it, prince," said the bookseller, kissing the earth. The prince gave him a hundred *dínárs*, took the book, and thenceforward did nothing but contemplate it day and night, without ever thinking of food or sleep. He was now only sorry *that* he had not asked the bookseller who had drawn this portrait, and he determined to inquire of him the next time he went to the mosque. This happened on the following Friday. He learned from the bookseller *that* the painter lived at Bagdad; that his name was Abul Kassim Es-Sandelani; that he dwelt in that part of the town called *Alkara*cha, and that he was the greatest master of his art. The prince determined to quit his country, without discovering his intention to any one, so that he might pursue this adventure alone. He was then a youth of fifteen. He filled a purse with diamonds, took thirty thousand pieces of gold, and left the palace without being observed. He met a caravan, and asked the very first Bedouin how far he was from Bagdad. "From the spot on which you now stand.

my child," answered the Bedouin, "unto Bagdad, is a journey of at least two months." —"If you will convey me thither safe and sound," continued the prince, "I will not only give you twenty pieces of gold, but also the horse on which I ride, which is worth one thousand." The Bedouin promised him his protection, and kept his word, for he conducted him safe and sound to Bagdad. The prince fulfilled his promise also, and then inquired for the Alkaraacha quarter of the town. On his way thither, he passed by a fine house, the door of which hung on silver hinges and the bells on it were of the same metal. On either side of the door stood a marble sofa, on which there were cushions and pillows. On one of them sat a respectable looking man, before whom stood four Mamlukes. The young man saluted him, and he returned the salutation; and when the former asked the prince whence he came, he replied that he was a stranger, in search of a lodging, and that he should feel most happy if he could be accommodated with one in this house. "Ga-

“ the portrait of my cousin Jamilah of **Bas-**sora. Her father is governor of that **city**, and his name is Abuleis. She is indisputably the handsomest girl on earth, **but**, unfortunately, she has a whim that she **will** not even hear the name of a man mentioned. I once made a proposal to my uncle to **marry** her, but found it impossible to bring **this** about. She sent me word, that as my **life** was dear to me, I should fly the city of Bassora, for she is as tyrannical as she is beautiful, and would probably have caused me to be murdered. I therefore quitted the place, and have since amused myself with painting her portrait, of which I **have** made numerous copies. I can easily imagine that you would immediately become enamoured of her, but on the other hand, my child, I will not vouch for it, that she will not be equally in love with you, when she shall see you. One glimpse of your face and figure will be sufficient for that.”

Ibrahim, for this was the name of the young prince, was silent for a moment; he then exclaimed all at once, “ Yes, I will

immediately set out for Bassora.”—“Wait at least,” said the painter, “until I get a vessel prepared for you, and give the sailors the necessary directions to convey you thither in safety.”

Ibrahim embarked, and soon arrived safe in Bassora. Here the sailors left him and returned with their vessel, after he had made them a present of one hundred *dínárs*. He inquired for the *khan* (caravansary) of the merchants, and he was directed to one called *Shaklata*. He proceeded thither, and as he passed through the streets, the people stood with open mouths to eye him, and exclaimed, “What a handsome young man!” He addressed himself to the overseer of the *khan* for apartments, and was shewn some, which were covered with gold. Ibrahim took two *dínárs* out of his pocket which he gave to the overseer, saying, “Here is something by way of earnest.”—“You are welcome,” said the overseer of the *khan*, and thanked him. “Here is another *dínár*,” continued Ibrahim: “go and fetch me something for supper.” The

servant at the khan brought bread, roasted meat, vegetables, and sherbet. Ibrahim tasted but little of either, and then presented them to the overseer, who launched out in praise of his liberality. When the latter again entered the room, he perceived that the prince was in tears. “God dry your tears!” said the man, and kissed the prince’s feet. Ibrahim gave him five *dinárs*, and told him to fetch some wine, adding that, if he had no objection, they would spend the night in drinking.

Whilst the man of the khan was gone out to procure the wine, the prince sobbed in a dreadful manner; and when the man again returned, he found him quite bathed in tears. “Cheer up! cheer up!” said he, “your weeping makes me quite melancholy! Dry up your tears, and tell me what makes your heart so heavy?”—“Alas!” said the prince, “you do not know that I am the son of the sultan of Egypt, and that I am in love with the daughter of Abuleis, even to distraction.”—“Good God!” exclaimed the overseer: “silence, my son, for should

any one hear us, our heads are in danger. I pray you give up the foolish idea!" At these words the tears of the prince flowed faster and faster. "Poor child," said the man, "be assured I would risk my life for you, if it could be useful, or assist you in any way."

The next day Ibrahim went to the bath, and dressed himself with the greatest care. The overseer of the khan and his wife came to wish him good day. "We have found what you want," said they; "we have found out a humpbacked tailor who works for Jamilah. Go to him, and open your heart to him, probably he will be able to render you some service."

Ibrahim proceeded to the tailor's shop, and found the humpback surrounded by five of his men, who were as beautiful as the moon. "Sew this pocket up," said the prince, "which is unript." The tailor gave it two or three stitches and the prince presented him with five dinars. The next day he went again to the tailor's shop to have the same pocket stitched up, the

threads of which had given way, and this time he gave the man ten *dínárs*. “Such generosity,” said the tailor, “makes me suppose you must be in love. If you are, have confidence in me, for no one is more able to be of service to you than I am, from the connexion I have with most of the harems.”—“Alas !” said Ibrahim, “you are right: my story is a strange one; but this is not the place to tell it in.” The tailor rose, and led the prince into a cabinet at the back part of the shop, and there listened to the confession of his passion. “Alas, my son,” said the tailor, “be careful or you are lost if you open your mouth, for Jamilah cannot even bear to hear the name of man mentioned.” On this Ibrahim gave a loud cry, and sobbed violently. “Alas !” said he, “I have made so long a journey; I have left my father’s house; and I will rather endanger my life than renounce my plan.”

“My son,” said the tailor, “I have but one head to risk for you, but that head shall be ventured, if I can by so doing

render you a service; and to-morrow I promise you shall hear further from me."

The next day Ibrahim put on his best clothes, and betook himself to the tailor's shop, with a purse full of money in his hand, with which he determined to make the tailor merry. "Go," said the latter to him, "get a good breakfast prepared, and let it be carried with you. Hire a boat, and order your people to take you an hour's sail below Bassora. You will then come to a large garden which has a gate, to which you approach by a flight of steps: this is Jamilah's garden. On the steps you will find a man sitting who is humpbacked as I am. Tell him the state of your heart, perhaps he will be touched by your case, and may procure you an opportunity of seeing her at a distance; for if you should be perceived, your head, as well as the door-keeper's and my own, will be the forfeit."

Ibrahim proceeded to the bank of the Tigris, and awakened the very first boatman, whom he found sleeping. "Here,"

said he, “are ten *dínárs*, take me below the town.”—“Very well,” replied the boatman, “but on condition that I do not take you farther than an hour’s sail, for we are forbidden on pain of death to pass by the garden of Jamilah.” When the prince had arrived at the desired spot, he gave ten *dínárs* more to the man, who wished him success in his adventure. Ibrahim found every thing as the tailor had described. At the top of the steps he saw the hump-backed man sitting before the door with a red mace in his hand, and prostrated himself before him. “Who are you, my child?” said the humpbacked door-keeper, who was touched by the behaviour of the youth, but still more interested by his extreme beauty. “I am a poor, strange, unfortunate, and deserted youth,” replied Ibrahim. The humpbacked man dried his tears, and seated him on the couch. “Be easy, my son,” said he; “if thou hast debts, they shall be paid, and if thou hast aught else to afflict thee, it shall be removed.”—“I have,” replied Ibrahim, “neither debts nor

cares, for I have, praised be God, money enough, and youth and spirits.”—“ But what motive could then induce thee to risk thy life by coming to this spot?” Hereupon Ibrahim related to him circumstantially the whole of his story. “ The blessing of God be on my brother the tailor,” said the door-keeper, “ for giving you such good advice. By my faith ! if I did not wish you well merely from the interest I have taken in you, your head, his head, as well as those of the overseer of the khan and his wife, would be forfeited. Behold this garden. There is none equal to it in all the world : it is called the garden of pearls. As long as I can remember, no one ever entered it but the sultan and the beautiful Jamilah, to whom it now belongs. No one ever dared to ask permission of me to enter during the twenty-five years that I have been gardener here. Every forty days Jamilah comes hither; but she is hidden from every eye by a satin tent which completely covers her, and is borne by ten slaves. I have but one head to risk for you, but for you I

will risk that. Come, I will conduct **you** into the garden."

Prince Ibrahim kissed the earth which **the** humpback trod on, and followed him **into** the garden. He was amazed at the sight of the beautiful trees therein, which breathed forth perfumes of the sweetest kind, and **he** was enchanted with the silvery fountains, aviaries, and shrubberies. The gardener conducted him into a pleasure-house of gold and azure, which was approached by five steps. In the middle of this pavilion there was a basin, lined with plates of gold and silver, and surrounded by figures of animals. On the left was a window, which looked into a park, where antelopes, foxes, and other animals of the chase were seen sporting about. On the right was a court-yard filled with birds of every species, whose various songs produced a delightful harmony.

The gardener retired for a moment, and then returned with a dish full of roasted meat. "Eat," said he, "here are chickens, here is food fit for a prince. Eat as much

as you can, and preserve the remainder; for when Jamilah comes hither, I shall not be able to bring you any more." He then prepared an arbour of twigs in one of the palm-trees, and told Ibrahim he might hide himself therein without being observed, and that he might sit there and hear Jamilah sing. "To-morrow," added he, "is the day of her coming; until then you may walk about as you please."

The next morning very early Humpback came to the prince quite out of breath, and begged him to mount into his seat in the palm-tree immediately, for the first detachment of the female slaves, who were sent beforehand to make the necessary preparations for Jamilah's coming, had already arrived.

Ibrahim mounted the palm-tree, and the gardener withdrew, putting up prayers for his success. Almost immediately afterwards the prince beheld five most beautiful females enter the pavilion. They here took off part of their dress and washed the pavilion with rose-water, perfumed it with musk and am-

ber, and spread on the floor mats of gold. They were followed by five other female slaves, who were armed, and carried a tent of rich stuff, under which was Jamilah. When they had arrived at the door of the pavilion, they drew up the curtain of the tent with silver cords, and Jamilah stepped out of it and went into the pavilion, so that it was impossible for any one to catch the least glimpse of her figure.

The slaves began to prepare a sumptuous repast, and to sing and dance, playing on several instruments, which made an incomparable concert. The curtain which hung before the pavilion was now drawn up, and Jamilah came forth, smiling in all her beauty, and glittering with gold and diamonds. She had a diadem of pearls, and the buckle of her girdle was composed of two large emeralds.

When the prince beheld her his senses left him, and he had nearly fallen off the tree. The ten female slaves began to dance, and afterwards kissed the earth, prostrating themselves before Jamilah. "Madam,"

said they to her, "may we be so bold as to ask you for once to dance yourself? you seem in such excellent spirits to-day." She assented; and laying aside her robes, appeared clothed only in a dress woven of gold and purple. Ibrahim was quite dazzled with the loveliness of her face and the symmetry of her form. Indeed those words of the poet might be applied to her:

"She is created in the nicest proportions
"of beauty; she has no charm that can be
"improved. She seems formed of the wa-
"ter of pearls, and every member beams
"like a moon."

Ibrahim could not forbear descending from the tree, and at that moment Jamilah espied him. Her colour changed in an instant; she seized a dagger, and commanding her slaves to continue singing, she approached the spot where she saw the prince descending from his elevated seat; but, when she had come near enough to see how beautiful he was, the dagger fell out of her hand, and she exclaimed: "God be praised, who altereth the minds of men!" She then turned to

Ibrahim, and, smiling, said : " Young man, cheer up, I pardon you." Ibrahim wept, and she dried his tears. " Whence come you, and how did you get here?" asked she. The prince then related to her his story from beginning to end. " Good God !" cried she, " art thou Ibrahim, the son of Khash? It is on thy account that I have declared enmity against the male sex, for the report of thy beauty had reached my ears, and I immediately felt the strongest and tenderest passion for thee, and prayed to Heaven that I might once be permitted to see thee! Had it been any one else except thee, I would have had him hung on the first tree, together with the door-keeper, the tailor, the overseer, and his wife. I should like," continued she, " to eat with thee, were it possible, without going back to my slaves."—" You shall have what you desire," said Ibrahim, and drew out of a bag some food and bottles of wine. Jamilah was enchanted at this unexpected pleasure. She began eating and drinking, while her slaves continued dancing and singing.

Shortly after she had finished her repast, she parted with Ibrahim, lest she should be discovered by her slaves, and as she left him said : “ I quit the garden with the hope of seeing thee again to-morrow evening on this spot. Farewell, beloved of my soul.”

The slaves were surprised at the sudden command for departure. “ Why is it that we are to leave so early this time, when we were never wont to spend less than three days here ?” Jamilah told them that she felt herself unwell, and was fearful it was the forerunner of a severe illness : they therefore packed up every thing and departed. The humpbacked gardener was equally surprised, and hurried to the prince in a state of alarm to inquire whether he had been seen by Jamilah. Ibrahim swore he had not put his head out of the palm-tree. He took leave of the gardener, went back to the khan, where he told the overseer and his wife that fortune had not been favourable to him, and that pressing business obliged him to return home.

In the evening at twilight he was at the

eyes, and perceived that it was blood which had caused him to slip, and found it was a bloody towel which he had fallen. "There is no power nor might but from God!" exclaimed he, quite terrified. On closer examination of the corpse, he found that it was the body of a young girl, whose head was at some distance. At this moment the lieutenant of the police stepped into the street with ten of his followers to search for him. "Young man," said they, "did you kill this girl?"—"I call God to witness," exclaimed Ibrahim, "that I have not killed her, and that I know nothing of her death." But when the lieutenant of police saw Ibrahim's hands dyed with blood, he asked—"What further proof do we need? Strike off his head." On this the prince cried out loudly. Some of the followers of the lieutenant represented to him that this youth had not the appearance of a murderer. But the lieutenant would listen to nothing, and cried out, "Strike off his head!" They therefore made the prince kneel, bound his eyes, and the executioner

was on the point of striking the fatal blow, when a troop of horsemen approached at full gallop, crying out: "Stop! stop!" This was indeed the strangest concatenation of events which can be imagined, as we shall see.

When Khasib, the sultan of Egypt, had lost his son, he sent his first chamberlain to the Caliph Harun al Raschid, with the request that he would send home Ibrahim, in case he should be found in Bagdad, which was thought probable. The caliph caused the necessary inquiries to be made, and ascertained that he had proceeded to Bassora; he therefore furnished the chamberlain with a troop of horsemen, to accompany him as far as that town, and it was this very troop which came up at the moment of the execution; and as the chamberlain recognized the prince afar off, although he was blindfolded, he delivered him from the hands of the executioner, and called the lieutenant to account for daring to order a prince to be beheaded.

The lieutenant excused himself, saying

that appearances were on his side, but he was silenced when his officers brought forth the real murderer, whom they had found hid at the extremity of the bath. They then all proceeded to the court of the caliph, who commanded the murderer to be executed, and directed Ibrahim to relate his story from beginning to end. After this he sent officers in search of the painter Abul Kasmi Es-Sandelani. He was found in the act of ill-treating his poor cousin Jamilah, whom he had hanged up by the hair of her head, and who was nearly expiring from the blows he had inflicted on her. They were all brought before the caliph. Harun al Raschid commanded them to cut off the painter's hands and then to hang him, which judgment was immediately put in execution ; his property was then confiscated and transferred to Ibrahim. In the mean time Jamilah's father, Abuleis, came before the caliph to complain that Ibrahim, the son of Khasib, had carried off his daughter. Harun al Raschid told him he ought to esteem it a blessing that Ibrahim had found means

to obtain access to his daughter; "for," said he, "God knows what fatal mischief the revengeful spirit of that villain her cousin might have intended to you. Are you not ready to give your consent that the son of the sultan of Egypt should become your son-in-law?" Abuleis consented; the lawyer and the witnesses were called, the marriage-contract was concluded, and the marriage consummated with all possible formality.



TRUTH AND HONOUR OF A BEDOUIN.

THE Sharíf Hussain ibn Kian relates, that one day when the Caliph Omar was sitting in council with the companions of the prophet and great men of his time, two young men appeared before him leading a third, whose beauty attracted general attention. Omar gave them a sign to approach, and one of the two, who held the third, spoke to the following effect:—

“ We are two brothers, whose happiness it was to have a father who for his virtues was esteemed by the whole tribe. He was in the habit of walking in his garden to enjoy the air, and this young man killed him there. We have apprehended him, and brought him hither for the purpose of receiving from you the right of retaliation.” —“ Answer to this,” said Omar to the young man, who stood before him with the greatest

profuse perspiration. "I have," said he, "put my brother's money in safety; pardon me if the excessive heat has retarded me more than I expected."—"Commander of the faithful," said Abizar, "I have been security for this youth without ever having known any thing of him, and inspired with confidence in him solely through his honest countenance—behold him here! Let us no more say there is neither truth nor honour upon earth!"

All were astonished at the upright conduct of the youth, and the two brothers, who were equally affected, withdrew their accusation, and declared they pardoned him. Severe as Omar was, he accepted their pardon of the youth with great pleasure, and congratulated himself that there was so much truth and honour under his government, and among the Bedouins.

END OF VOL. I.

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NEW
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ENTERTAINMENTS,

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL ORIENTAL MS.

BY

JOS. VON HAMMER;

AND NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

THE REV. GEORGE LAMB.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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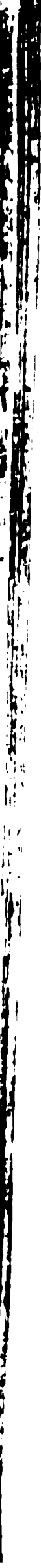
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HASSAN OF BASSORA.

VOL. II.

B



HASSAN OF BASSORA.

AN Egyptian tradesman, settled at Bassora, left at his death two sons, who divided equally between them the little property which he had to bequeath. One of them wrought in bronze, and the other was by profession a goldsmith.

The latter, named Hassan, was sitting one day in his shop, when a Persian going by stopped to look at the young man as he sat holding an old book in his hand, while all the passengers admired his beauty.

Towards evening, when the multitude dispersed, the Persian went to him and said, "My son, you are a very hopeful young man. You have no father, and I have no children. I understand an art that has not its equal in the world. Numbers of people

I have importuned me in vain to teach it them, but from a peculiar prepossession which I feel in your favour, I am resolved to instruct you in it, and thereby to spare you the labour of plying the hammer."—"When will you instruct me?" asked Hassan. "To-morrow," replied the Persian, "I will in your presence transmute copper into gold."

The young man was overjoyed at this promise, and communicated the matter to his mother. "Beware of this Persian," said she, "these are people who devote themselves to the pursuits of alchymy, that they may rob their fellow-men of their money." "But, mother," rejoined Hassan, "we are poor, and it would be a very bad speculation, if he had formed any scheme against the little we possess. Besides, this shaikh has all the appearance of a wealthy man." The mother said no more, and Hassan could not sleep the next night for joy. The following morning he rose very early and went to his shop. There he was soon joined by the Persian. Hassan would have kissed his hand, but he would not permit him. "Get

ready the melting-pot," said he; "make a fire and bring me a bit of copper." Hassan took a piece of an old dish, broke it into little bits, put them into a melting-pot, and blew the fire. The Persian drew from his turban a small paper containing a kind of powder. He opened the paper, and threw half a drachm of the powder into the melting-pot, where in the self-same moment the copper was changed into the purest gold. Hassan was beside himself with joy, and would have covered the hand of the Persian with kisses, if he had not prevented him. "Go," said he to Hassan, "and turn this gold into money." Hassan accordingly took it to the bazaar, and the first offer made to him for his lump of gold was ten thousand dinars. He finally disposed of it for fifteen thousand, with which he went home in the highest spirits to his mother. The good woman was quite astonished. "God is great," said he, "and there is none mighty and powerful but God!" Hassan thereupon took a large copper pot, and repaired with it to the shop where the Persian was. "Con-

vert this into gold for me," said he to him. "You must be out of your senses," replied the Persian; "would you go to the bazaar twice on the same day to excite the notice of the people and to bring yourself into a scrape? If you can perform this operation once a year you ought to be satisfied."—"You are right," said Hassan, "but teach me, nevertheless, this art."—"God is great," answered the Persian with a smile; "you are a fool, my son. Is this an art to be taught in the streets and public places, that the officious police may take cognizance of it, and turn our skill to profitable account? If you wish to learn it, my son, come home along with me."

Hassan shut up his shop and followed the Persian; but by the way he recollected the words of his mother: a thousand ideas darted across his mind, and at last he stood still without knowing what he did. "You are a fool," said the Persian; "I wish you very well, and still you hesitate: but if you prefer it, I will teach you my art in your own house."—"That will be better," said Hassan.

"Well, then, conduct me thither," replied the Persian. Hassan accordingly conducted him to his home, where he acquainted his mother with the occasion of this visit. She prepared a bed for her guest, and Hassan went out to fetch some refreshments. "Here," said he, "here is salt and bread; eat of it and remember that God severely punishes those who violate the rights which bread and salt confer."—"You are right," answered the Persian, smiling, "salt and bread are invaluable things." They then ate together, after which the Persian said: "Go and fetch some sweetmeats." Hassan went and fetched some from a neighbouring shop, and they ate of them. "Now," said the Persian, "bring me the requisite materials." No sooner did Hassan hear these words, than he ran like a horse that is going to pasture in spring, to fetch the necessary apparatus. "By the rights of salt and bread," said the Persian, "if I did not love you so dearly as I do, my son, I would never teach you this inestimable art. Look at this powder. If you put half a drachm of it to ten drachms

of copper, that is the just proportion for converting the copper into pure gold." When Hassan saw that it was a yellow powder, he asked what it was called and where it was to be met with. "Young man," said the Persian, "make trial of it before you ask any questions." Hassan immediately broke up a copper bowl, put the pieces into the melting-pot, and transformed them into gold. Whilst he was engaged in this operation, and beside himself with joy at the success of it, the Persian put an opiate of henbane, or nepenthe, on a piece of sweetmeat, which he handed to the young man. The latter took it without suspecting any thing amiss, as it came from the hand of his second father and benefactor.

The nepenthe instantaneously produced its effect, and as Hassan was deprived of the use of his senses, the Persian said, "Ha! thou Arabian dog, for more than a year have I been upon the watch for thee; now thou shalt not escape me." With these words, he bound his hands and feet, put him into a chest, together with all the gold and silver,

the produce of his two chemical operations, that were in the house, called a porter, and ordered him to carry the chest to the sea-shore, where there was a vessel just ready to sail. The captain, who had been waiting for the express purpose, caused the chest to be taken on board and the anchor weighed, and a favourable breeze swelled the sails.

When, in the mean time, Hassan's mother discovered that he was gone, together with his newly acquired riches, she broke out into doleful lamentations. She wept all night long, without once closing her eyes. Next morning her neighbours came and inquired the cause of her grief. She acquainted them with it, and then went forth and sought in every house to obtain intelligence of her son.

In one of these houses she saw inscribed on the wall the following lines :

“ A phantom comes in the night and glides about my bed ; but when I attempt to clasp it in my arms, I find the house deserted, and the time of the visit far distant.”

“Alas!” cried she, sobbing—“alas! my son, the house is deserted, and the time I shall see thee again is indeed far distant!” In vain did her neighbours strive to comfort the poor woman; her sorrow would admit of no consolation. In the middle of the house she erected a tomb, on which she inscribed the name of Hassan, and the day on which he disappeared, and here she wept incessantly day and night.

The name of the Persian, who had carried off young Hassan, was Behram. He was an execrable magician and a great alchymist, who had vowed eternal hatred to all Musulmans, and sacrificed one of them every year to his black projects. The vessel had weighed anchor with a very favourable wind. In a short time the Persian counteracted the effect of the opiate with vinegar and a worm, which he held to Hassan’s nose. When the latter opened his eyes, and found himself on board a vessel in the midst of the sea, he perceived that the misfortune against which he had been warned by his mother had befallen him. He imme-

diately said to himself, what every one in similar circumstances may say with advantage : “ There is none mighty and powerful but God. To him I will turn and pray for strength and fortitude under my afflictions.” He then addressed the magician : “ Father,” said he to him in a most submissive tone, “ what is the meaning of this ? Is it thus that you fulfil the promises which you made me over the bread and salt that we ate together ? ” — “ Dog ! ” replied the magician, “ thou art mending matters with a vengeance, to remind me of the bread and salt ; me, who have already sacrificed nine hundred and ninety-nine boys like thyself, and destined thee to make the thousandth.” He caused him thereupon to be unbound, in order to allow him to drink a little. — “ By the fire and the light,” he resumed, “ I did not imagine that thou wouldst fall into my net ; but thanks be to the fire, I have thee safe, and thou shalt have a nearer view of it than will be agreeable to thee.” — “ Violate not sacred hospitality, the rights of salt and bread ! ” said Hassan. Instead of a

reply, the magician gave him such a box on the ear that his teeth rattled. He then ordered a large fire to be made. "If thou wilt adore it as I do," said he to Hassan, "I will give thee half what I possess, and my daughter in marriage."—"Woe be to thee!" said Hassan; "thou art a magician, and in defiance of the great God, the creator of day and night, thou worshippst fire. What an abominable religion!" The Persian performed his devotions, and then commanded Hassan to be thrown down with his face to the ground and unmercifully beaten. In vain did Hassan cry for help, there was none that could have come to his assistance. He called forth all his patience and resignation, and commended himself to God. The magician caused water to be sprinkled over his face, and then gave him something to eat. In this manner he tortured him for three successive months, during which the vessel kept continually sailing on the sea.

At the expiration of three months a tremendous storm arose, and the raging ocean threatened to bury the ship in its

abysses. The captain and crew, who beheld in this tempest the hand of Providence punishing the cruelties exercised for three months together by the magician on this helpless youth—the captain and crew began to throw overboard the slaves of the magician. The latter, perceiving that his own life was now in danger, altered his language and his behaviour to Hassan. He caused him to be released from his bonds and new clothed, and promised to convey him back to his own country. “Look you, my son,” said he, “all this was for your good, and I merely wished to try your patience, by which you have secured for yourself a great reward in heaven.” The captain and crew rejoiced at the altered conduct of the Persian, and the tempest gradually subsided.

“Whither are we bound?” inquired Hassan: “To the Mountain of Clouds,” replied the Persian, “where the elixir, on which the essence of alchymy depends, is found.” The unsuspecting Hassan believed him and was pacified. In this manner they kept sailing on three whole months longer.

When these were past, the ship anchored off a coast, which consisted of a mere barren desert, and the sand of which was of different colours. "Lo," said the magician, "here we are at the end of our voyage: we will disembark." They accordingly went on shore in the desert, and the Persian drew forth a little drum and a board inscribed with magic characters from his pocket. He then began to beat the drum, and a dust instantly rose on all sides. Hassan turned pale, and already repented having gone on shore with the Persian. "Be not afraid," said the magician. "Had I not wanted you, I should not have made you leave the ship. You will soon see what an important benefit this dust will procure us." The cloud of dust cleared away, and there appeared three horses: the magician mounted one of them, Hassan another, and the third was laden with their provisions. After they had travelled for seven days in the desert, they came to a dome supported by four golden pillars. Here they alighted to take refreshment. "Shall we not go into this pavilion?"

asked Hassan. "No," answered the Persian, "it is inhabited by my enemies, demons and devils, whose history I will relate to you another time: now let us continue our journey." He beat the drum, the horses came running up, and so they travelled on for seven more days.

"What do you see?" said the Persian to young Hassan on the eighth day. "I see," he answered, "a prodigious cloud, extending from east to west."—"It is not a cloud," said the Persian, "but a mountain, the summit of which is elevated far above the region of the clouds. That is the end of our journey, and for its sake I took you with me." These words seemed to young Hassan to be an inauspicious omen. "Tell me then, I conjure you," said he, "why you have brought me hither?"—"The alchymist," answered the Persian, "needs for his operations an herb, which grows no where but on this mountain, in the elevated region above the clouds. It is this herb that you are to seek for me."—"Yes," said Hassan in a submissive tone; but at the same time he was

filled with despair, and gave himself up for lost. He thought with pain of his mother and his own country, and as often as he thought of them he began to weep bitterly.

When they had arrived at the foot of the mountain they alighted. "Here," said the Persian, "here dwell the genii, goules and demons." He thereupon embraced young Hassan and said to him: "Bear no grudge against me in your heart, my son, on account of what has passed between us, and promise that you will punctually perform what I shall desire you." Hassan promised that he would. The Persian thereupon took flour out of a sack, and made with it three small loaves; he then summoned the horses by the sound of the drum, killed one of them and offered it in sacrifice.

"Now my son," said he, "wrap this hide about you, and I will sew it together. The birds will come and lift you up into the air, and set you down upon the plain on the top of the mountain. On your arrival there cut open the hide with this knife. The birds will fly away; you will then call to me

from the top of the mountain, and I will tell you what you have to do."

He accordingly sewed up young Hassan in the hide, and all the provision with which he furnished him consisted of the three loaves and a pitcher of water. A bird of the *rokh* species came past, lifted him up, and deposited him on the top of the mountain. There Hassan crept forth from his hide and called to the magician, who danced with joy when he found that he had arrived safe. "What do you see above there?" asked the Persian. "I see nothing," replied Hassan, "but a great quantity of faggots." "Very well," rejoined the magician, "that is just what I want; take six of these faggots, and throw them down to me, my son, my dear Hassan!" Hassan threw them down, but no sooner was the magician in possession of them, than he cried: "Now, dog, live or die, whichever thou wilt; I have got what I want, and care not what becomes of thee." So saying, he departed. "There is none mighty and powerful but God!" ejaculated

poor Hassan, and then resigned himself quietly to the fate which divine Providence had destined for him.

He then began to traverse the plain formed by the summit of the mountain, and having reached the opposite margin, he perceived the sea, the waves of which washed its base on that side. Hassan, either out of despair or confidence, threw himself into the sea, committing his fate to the mercy of the waves, which easily bore him up, as he was an excellent swimmer. After he had kept swimming in this manner for a considerable time—how many hours is not recorded—he landed in an unknown country. He began to explore it, and came to the same palace, which he had passed on horseback with the magician, and which the latter had refused to enter, alleging that it was inhabited by his enemies. “By heaven!” said Hassan, “I must go into this place; perhaps I may here find some consolation for my misfortune.”

The door was open, and he entered. In the fore-court he saw two damsels seated on

a sofa playing at chess. One of them turned her head, and perceiving Hassan, set up a shout of joy and said: "Ah! that is the young man whom Behram, the magician, carried off this year!"—"Yes, madam," said Hassan, "I am that poor young man."—"I call God to witness, sister," said the younger to the elder, "that I take this young man for my brother, and will share with him joy and sorrow."—She thereupon embraced him, took him by the hand, and conducted him into the interior of the palace, where, in the first place, she made him exchange his rags for sumptuous apparel. The two sisters then sat down to table with him, and begged him to relate his adventures, promising to acquaint him in return with their history, that he might learn to beware another time of the abominable magician. Hassan complied with their wish, and after some exclamations, in which the two damsels vowed the death of the magician, the younger began to relate their history in the following words:—

"You must know, brother, that we are

princesses, and that our father is a mighty king among the genii, and rules over the Maruts and many other nations. Heaven blessed him with seven daughters by one wife, but, from a singular whim, which, in my opinion is extremely blameable, he swore a solemn oath, that none of his daughters should ever marry. He assembled his viziers and asked them if they did not know the place, which, though cultivated, was but little frequented by men or genii, and would therefore be a suitable abode for the seven princesses. 'The place which you seek is found,' replied the vizier. 'It is the Mountain of Clouds, which was once the residence of one of the chief genii belonging to the court of King Solomon. Ever since that time it has been desert and uninhabited, but it has wood and fruit in abundance, and excellent water, cool as ice and sweet as honey.' Our father immediately sent us hither, under a strong escort. Our five sisters are just now gone a-hunting, and are traversing the country, and we have been praying to God day and night to send

us a man to bear us company. You have come to us at a lucky moment, brother, and you may now be perfectly easy." To these flattering words she added a quantity of rich stuffs, of which she made him a present.

Soon afterwards the other five sisters returned; they too were overjoyed to behold a human being, and welcomed him in the kindest manner. And so Hassan staid with them, and accompanied them in their hunting parties and excursions; and from the good living which he enjoyed, he improved amazingly in appearance. At the same time he daily ingratiated himself more and more with the seven princesses. They made him relate his history more than once, and as often as they heard that the magician, when asked who lived in this palace, declared that it was inhabited by demons and devils, they swore anew to revenge this affront by the death of the magician.

In this manner a year had elapsed, when Hassan one morning espied Behram, the magician, driving a young man before him, and teasing and tormenting him in a thousand

ways. “Sisters,” said Hassan to the seven princesses, “assist me to release this young man and to kill the magician; you will thereby entitle yourselves to a high reward both in this world and the next.”—“Most willingly,” replied the seven princesses, grasping their arms. They equipped themselves in armour from head to foot, and furnished young Hassan also with a complete suit of armour and a beautiful horse. Thus they set out with him in pursuit of the magician, and came up with him at the very moment when he was about to sew up the young man in the hide. Hassan fell upon him, crying: “Ah! villain, accursed magician, slave of fire, spawn of darkness! have I met with thee at last?”—“Who released thee then, my son?” asked the magician. “He who this moment gives thee into my hands,” replied Hassan, “thou infamous traitor against bread and salt!” and as he pronounced these words, he struck off his head, so that it flew to a considerable distance. The princesses, who had been thus far distant spectators, now hastened up to com-

pliment young Hassan on his courage and intrepidity—they then returned to the palace. All at once they perceived a great cloud of dust. “Conceal yourself,” said the princesses to Hassan, “in the pavilion in the garden; for we know not what can be the meaning of this cloud of dust.” It soon cleared away, and the precaution of the princesses was justified, for it was a flying troop of genii, sent by their father, with directions to fetch the princesses to attend certain festivities which he was about to give to some foreign kings. They repaired to the pavilion where Hassan was, gave him notice of their departure, and begged him to await their return at the palace, of which he might consider himself as the absolute master. “Here are the keys,” said the youngest, “but I conjure thee by all that is sacred, not to open the door which I will shew thee.”

Hassan promised that he would not: they took leave of him, and he sunk into a profound melancholy on account of their absence. He strove to divert himself with the

chace, and sometimes explored the palace, the beauties and treasures of which he admired. But every thing soon became indifferent to him, in comparison with that door which he had been forbidden to open. "I must know," said he, "what is within, even though it should cost me my life." He therefore opened the door, and found in the apartment nothing but a ladder, which was used for mounting to the terrace of the palace. "Aha!" said he; "so, it is to deprive me of the pleasure of a delicious prospect that I have been forbidden to enter this place!" He ascended the ladder to the terrace, which was planted exactly like a garden, and commanded an enchanting view. He thereupon began to walk about the spacious gardens, and came at last to a pavilion, the walls of which were a mosaic work of the finest diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. In the centre of this pavilion was a basin of water, and near it a throne of aloewood, wrought in gold and decorated with other costly embellishments. Multitudes of birds fluttered

round about, and sang in all sorts of strains the praises of the Most High. Hassan was motionless with astonishment, when he beheld all these wonders of the terrace. As he thus stood, he descried, at a distance, ten birds directing their flight towards the pavilion. Hassan, apprehensive of being betrayed, concealed himself, as well as he could, behind a clump of trees, to watch what should happen. He saw that among these ten birds there was one to which all the rest paid obedience and respect. They alighted near the basin, stripped off their feathers, and, to his inexpressible amazement, he beheld ten young maidens of supernatural beauty, who went into the water to bathe. One of them kept all the others at a respectful distance, and poor Hassan's head was turned at the sight of her charms. "Ah!" said he, "now I comprehend why my dear sister forbade me to open that door. My peace is destroyed for ever!"

The maidens, after a while, came forth out of the water; and Hassan, whose eyes were fixed exclusively on the fairest of the fair,

now discovered charms which completely robbed him of the small portion of his wits that was still left him. He beheld—ah! what did he not behold!—and even the chemise of green gauze, which she presently put on, concealed nothing from his view. Here we might employ the words of the poet who says —

“ A maiden, from whose cheeks the sun
“ norrows his beams, came to me in a green
“ chemise. She resembled a blooming rose-
“ bush, with which the zephyrs alone have a
“ right to sport ”

When the damsels had put on their clothes again, they began to chat and joke with one another. Hassan never took his eyes off the fairest of the fair, whose beauty surpassed even his imagination. He saw a mouth shaped like Solomon's seal; hair, long and black, like a tempestuous winter night. Her eyes vied with the eyes of the catelope, and her cheeks eclipsed the colour of anemones. Her teeth were pearls set in a coral mosaic, and her bosom displayed two oranges white as snow and firm as wax. Her

elegant and graceful body, which resembled a branch of the tree Myrobalan, rested on hips that in plumpness and whiteness surpassed those of the ostrich. Here were to be seen, according to the description of the poet:—

“ A white and round arm like wax mixed
“ with honey; eyes black and more pene-
“ trating than an Indian sword. People
“ ventured to compare her cheeks with the
“ rose, but she was angry at the simile. ‘ Is
“ the colour of the rose,’ said she, ‘ equal to
“ mine? Should the pomegranate presume
“ to vie with the apples of my bosom? In
“ the garden there are roses and pomegra-
“ nates for those who wish for them. But
“ who would dare to desire the roses and
“ pomegranates of my garden?’ ”

In this manner she passed several hours in sport and talk with her companions, till evening approached. “ Princesses,” said she to them, “ it is time for us to dress ourselves again.” Hereupon they put on their feather garments and flew away, while poor Hassan looked after them in despair. Tears gushed

from his eyes, and he breathed forth **the** vehemence of his passion in the following words:—

“ How can sleep ever revisit mine **eyes**, since they no longer behold thee? **Where** can I find rest now that thou art far from me? But no! come, O sleep, and **settle** upon my eyelids! perhaps I shall **have** the felicity to behold her at least in **my** dreams.”

He thereupon descended the ladder into the forbidden chamber, locked the door, and then remained, without eating or drinking, absorbed in an ocean of reveries. He spent the night in sighs, and from time to time gave utterance to the inspirations of his passion.

The next morning by sun-rise he again ascended to the terrace, and staid till towards evening in the pavilion, waiting to see whether the birds would return. Finding himself disappointed in this expectation he swooned from excess of grief, and passed the next night also without meat, drink, or sleep. He was in that intoxication of

passion which a poet describes when he says :

“ Ah, when will that day break for me,
“ when by thy return thou wilt extinguish the
“ fire which consumes my intestines—that
“ happy day when we shall again embrace,
“ when my cheek shall once more rest against
“ thine ?”

Who will presume to say that love has its sweets? Alas ! its bitters are more nauseous than the myrtle.

Thus was Hassan consumed by the fire of hopeless passion for an unknown object, till the return of the seven princesses. One day they appeared all on a sudden, alighted at the palace and laid aside their arms. The youngest alone hastened to seek her brother, before she put off her armour. She found him in a retired closet. He was quite altered, and want of food and excess of passion had so reduced him that he was nothing but skin and bone. She was deeply moved when she saw him in this deplorable state. “ What ails you, brother ?” said she : “ what has happened to you ? Open your heart to a sister,

who is ready to sacrifice herself to assist you." Hassan replied in the following extempore effusion, which was every moment interrupted by his sobs.

"Beware! ah, beware! Do ye not perceive in these signs either death or passion? Do ye not discover the symptoms of mortal paleness and the exhaustion of the vital spirits? In human life are not death and the vehement passions in so far alike, that we begin with talking of them and finish with profound meditation?"

"How is this, brother?" said the princess, "how comes it that you make verses? You were used to speak only in prose. What has befallen you? I conjure you, by the sacred ties that unite us, to tell me?"

Hassan's tears flowed in torrents. "Ah, sister," said he, "what can it avail if I tell you? You will still leave me to die."—"No, brother," replied the princess, "I will relieve you, even though it should cost me my life. Only speak." He thereupon related to her what he had seen in the pavilion, and how he had since that time passed more than ten

days without eating or drinking. The princess was affected by his narrative and his tears, and she felt pity for his despair. "Brother," said she, "be of good cheer; I will endeavour to save you, even though it were with the sacrifice of myself. But you must promise me the most inviolable secrecy. When my sisters ask you if you have opened the forbidden door, say no, and assure them that in the solitude of this palace you have almost pined away in anxiety for their return." Hereupon she left him, and with tearful eyes rejoined her sisters. "My poor brother," said she, "is very ill: for these ten days past he has eaten nothing; our absence has reduced him to despair. We left him alone, without friend, without companion: the poor young man became the prey of *enma*, and his thoughts reverted to his parents and country. We must have pity on him." The princesses immediately hastened to comfort their brother. They strove by their presence to revive his spirits, and related to him the extraordinary things which they had witnessed at the court of

their father. For a whole month they visited him every day in this manner, without any decrease of his sufferings, and they wept heartily on account of them. At the expiration of this month they one day left the palace to go out a-hunting; the youngest alone offered to stay at home to attend the patient, and her sisters cordially thanked her for this attention to their guest. When they had gone a great way from the palace, the youngest said to Hassan, "Now show me the place where you saw your charmer." Hassan endeavoured to crawl to the forbidden apartment, but his strength failed him. His sister was obliged to take him on her back, and so mount the ladder with him to the terrace. "In which of the pavilions," she then asked, "did you see her? for each of them belongs to a different princess who from time to time comes hither to take the air." Hassan pointed out that tower which he had been concealed. "Good God!" cried she, turning quite pale, "was that it then?"—"Why do you change colour?" asked Hassan. "Ah! unhappy

Hassan," she replied, " that bath belongs to the daughter of the king of kings over the genii, who rules immense regions, and has a multitude of sovereigns under his dominion. My father himself is only one of his lieutenants and vassals. It takes a whole year to travel hence to his territories, and they are moreover surrounded by a river which neither men nor genii are able to cross. He has seven daughters, and his body-guard consists of twenty-five thousand virgins, each of whom, when she goes forth armed, can disperse a force of a thousand men in battle array. The seven princesses are all excellent horsewomen ; but the youngest, to whom this pavilion belongs, surpasses them all in valour, cunning, military skill, and the magic art. The damsels whom you saw with her are daughters of the grandees of the kingdom, and the feather-garments, which they stripped off before you, belong to the magic wardrobe of the genii. The only way by which you can secure her person is to get possession of this garment. Wait here then till she returns, for she comes

every new moon. Conceal yourself carefully, and while she is in the bath take away her clothes and hide them. Her attendants will put on their own feather-robcs again and fly away. Be sure not to restore her garment to her, or you are undone. Seize her by the hair and pull her to you. She will obey you; but beware of giving her back her feather-robe."

Hassan, at these words, felt inspired with new life. He embraced his sister, and thanked her for her kindness. They descended the ladder to the palace, and returned the following day, which happened to be precisely the day of the new moon, to the terrace. The birds came, stripped off their feather-garments, and went into the basin. While they were chatting and laughing, Hassan was fortunate enough to steal away the robe of the fairest of the fair, without being observed. When she missed it, on quitting the bath, she gave a loud cry, and beat her face and bosom. Her attendants sought it in vain till quite dark, when they flew away and left her alone

on the terrace. Hassan immediately mustered all his courage, rushed from his hiding-place, seized the maiden by the hair, dragged her away with him to his chamber, and there locked her up, without regarding her cries and her despair. He then hastened away to acquaint his sister with the success of the enterprize. The latter immediately repaired to the closet, and threw herself at the feet of the princess, in token of her respect. "Is it thus, then," said the fairest of the fair, "is it thus, then, that the children of men treat the daughters of kings? Thou knowest the power of my father; thou knowest that the kings of the genii are his vassals, and that he has at his command innumerable legions of spirits and demons, and yet you daring wretches presume to harbour men, for the purpose of betraying the daughters of your sovereign! How did this man find the way to my pavilion?"

Hassan's sister thereupon described circumstantially the sufferings of her brother, and that in language perfectly calculated to

touch the heart of the fair lady, who thence clearly saw that, for the moment, she must relinquish all hope of escape. Hassan's sister brought her the most sumptuous garments to put on, and then some refreshment, and strove to console her with all sorts of soothing words; but yet she did nothing that whole night but weep. Towards morning she became somewhat more composed, and said: "I see clearly that it is written upon my brow that I must be separated from my father and my family; I must submit to the decrees of fate." Hassan's sister kept talking to her in this manner, and with such success, that the tears of the princess ceased to flow, and she seemed to have made up her mind. The sister then called Hassan. "Now, go to thy fair lady," said she to him; "respectfully kiss her hands and feet, and then her forehead, and say to her: 'Light of my soul, delight of my eyes, be easy about your fate; I have not detained you with any evil design, but for the sole purpose of being your faithful slave, as my sister is your obedient servant. I

have no other intention than to marry you honourably, and to conduct you to Bagdad, where I will purchase slaves for you, and procure you a residence befitting your rank. Bagdad is a most beautiful place, and its inhabitants are the best people in the world.' ”

Hassan was just engaged in repeating this lesson, word for word, to the fairest of the fair, who made no reply to it, when some one knocked at the door. It was the princesses, who had returned from hunting. Hassan went to meet them, and they were transported to see him in such good health. They thereupon went each to her own apartment, and having finished their toilet, ordered the produce of the chace to be brought before them. There were antelopes, and foxes, and hares, and bullocks, and wild cows, without number. Hassan killed them, and superintended the cooking. The princesses, when they saw this, were ashamed. “ Brother,” said they, “ it is extremely indecorous in us to give you so much trouble.” Hassan, moved by their kindness, replied only with tears. “ What

mean these tears?" asked the princesses ; " and who can embitter the joy of this day ? Are you desirous to return to the bosom of your family ? Only speak. Are you not our brother ?" Hassan kept silence, but the youngest of the princesses spoke for him. " He is a prey," said she, " to the delirium of passion ; forgive him for weeping." The princesses then urged him to communicate his sentiments to them. Hassan solicited the youngest to speak for him : she did so, and related to her sisters Hassan's adventure, from beginning to end. The princesses immediately repaired to the closet, in which was the fairest of the fair, and kissed the ground before her. " Great princess," said they, " your adventure is very extraordinary, and we swear to you by the great God that we knew nothing of it. This young man, however, is not unworthy of your kindness : but God forbid that he should desire any thing contrary to your honour and reputation. He has burned the feather-garment, and it is, therefore, quite impossible to recover it." In this

manner they comforted her by degrees, and at length persuaded her to marry Hassan. Universal joy prevailed on the wedding-day, and Hassan, who had now attained the summit of his wishes, expressed the sense of his happiness in stanzas to the following purport :—

“ Of what exquisite mixture hath Nature
“ formed thee ! Half of thy body is of rubies,
“ a third is of pearls, a fifth of musk,
“ and a sixth of amber.

“ Neither among the daughters of Eve,
“ nor among the beauties who inhabit the
“ celestial abodes, is there one that can
“ compare with thee.

“ Wilt thou kill me ? thou need'st but to
“ withdraw thyself : wilt thou recall me to
“ life ? only come near to me.

“ Ornament of the world ! object of my
“ wishes ! who can remain unmoved when
“ he beholds thy face ?”

“ Well,” said the seven princesses to the fairest of the fair, “ will you still find fault with us for having brought you a man who speaks so exquisitely the language

of the gods?"—"Indeed!" she replied; "does he make verses?"—"Yes," answered the princesses, "he will make a thousand, in which the same energy of expression prevails, without the least difficulty."—This talent of Hassan's at length won him the heart of the fairest of the fair. They both passed forty days together in the delights which the happiness of a mutual love affords. The seven princesses strove every day to devise new pleasures for them, and to render their abode in the palace as agreeable as possible. At the end of forty days, Hassan in a dream saw his mother, who reproached him with having forgotten her, while she wept day and night beside the tomb which she had erected for him in her house. Hassan awoke with streaming eyes. When, therefore, the seven princesses came to wish him a good morning, they asked the fairest of the fair what ailed her husband. "I know not," said she; "but I will inquire." Hassan related his dream, and his tears flowed twice as fast as before. "We will not prevent your return home,"

said the seven princesses, "if you will only not forget us. We merely beg you to come once a year to see us." Hereupon they immediately set about preparations for the journey, and provided a splendid equipment for Hassan's wife. At the sound of the drum, horses came running up from all points of the horizon. The princesses ordered them to be laden with provisions and necessaries, and accompanied the caravan for three days, during which they travelled a distance equal to a journey of three months.

The parting was affecting, particularly from the youngest of the sisters, who shed bitter tears on account of the departure of her brother; and gave him, as a memorial, the drum of the magician, which he needed but to beat in order to furnish himself with horses, that is to say, whenever he had a mind to return to the palace.

Hassan and his consort travelled day and night, over hills and dales, and fields and deserts, till they arrived in perfect health at the city of Bassora, where Hassan's mother

resided. At the door he heard her weeping, and in doleful accents bewailing his absence. The tears started into his eyes; he knocked at the door; his mother opened it, and he threw himself into her arms. After the first effusions of tenderness, Hassan related his adventures to his mother, and presented his wife to her. “God be praised!” said the mother, “who hath conducted you back so happily and in such good company. My son,” continued she, “it is impossible that, with the riches you have brought with you, we can live any longer in Bassora, where we are known to have been but poor people, and where we should be suspected of alchymy. It is better to remove to Bagdad, and there live quietly under the shadow of the caliph’s protection.”—“You are right,” said Hassan, and immediately went to hire a vessel, which he loaded with his treasures, and in which he embarked with his whole family.

When Hassan arrived at Bagdad, he first took up his quarters at a *khan*. But the following day he applied to a broker of the

city, and purchased a spacious handsome house, which had formerly belonged to a vizier, and furnished it very elegantly. Here he lived quietly with his wife for three whole years: during that time she bore him two children, one of whom he named Nasir and the other Mansur. At the expiration of this time, he bethought him of his seven sisters, and felt a vehement desire to see them again. He caused a great quantity of provisions, and the most costly stuffs that could be found in the city of Bagdad, to be purchased; and thereupon communicated his intended journey to his mother. "All that I have to recommend to you during my absence, mother," said he, "is to take special care of the feather-garment of my wife, which I have buried in such and such a place in the house. If my wife could but get possession of this garment, that very moment she would fly away with her children. Take good care of it then; and, besides, my wife must not be permitted to show herself either at the door, or at the window, 'or on the terrace, for I

am jealous of the very breeze that blows upon her dress, and I would put an end to my life, if I should have the misfortune to lose her.”—“God forbid!” replied the mother: “am I then such a simpleton, my son, as that thou needest lay such a charge as this upon me? Go, my son, pursue thy journey, thou shalt find thy wife at thy return just as thou leavest her, but stay not too long from home.” Hassan hereupon beat the drum; the horses appeared, and were loaded; Hassan took leave of his mother and his wife, and after he had left many a hill and many a dale behind him, arrived, on the eleventh day after his departure, at the palace of the seven princesses. The youngest sister was exceedingly rejoiced at his coming. She hung the whole palace with garlands of flowers, and for three months together there was nothing but a succession of festivities and fishing and hunting parties.

Meanwhile his wife, who had unluckily overheard his last conversation with his mother, meditated day and night on the means

of recovering possession of her feather-garment. "Thanks be to Heaven!" said she, the day after her husband's departure, "I have now been here three years, and in that time I have not once bathed; I must absolutely go to the bath."—"Daughter," replied her mother-in-law, "we are strangers here, and thy husband is absent. It would not be prudent, under these circumstances, to venture out of the house. Let us rather prepare a warm bath here for thee, my daughter, and I will wash thee myself."—"Oh!" replied the fairest of the fair, "even a maid-servant would not relish such a proposal, and would rather leave the house than submit to such slavery. You know, mother, that all the apprehensions of men are ridiculous, and that a woman, who is bent on deceiving them, will accomplish her purpose, in spite of all possible precautions." She thereupon began to weep. When Hassan's mother saw that she could not with propriety prevent her daughter going to the bath, she at length gave her consent and accompanied her thither. All

the women who happened to be at the bath at the same time were struck with the beauty of the stranger. The report of it soon spread over the whole neighbourhood, and in a short time the bath was full of females, attracted by curiosity to see this miracle of beauty. Among them was a slave of the caliph's, named 'Tofetulawadah, who chanced to be passing at the moment, and observing such a crowd of women at the door of the bath, likewise went in to see what was the occasion of it. She approached the fairest of the fair, and could not turn her eyes from her. The latter now stepped forth from the bath, went into the dressing-room, and put on her clothes, which only served to heighten her charms. "Praise be to God!" said the women, who were quite astounded by her beauty, "praise be to God, who hath made such enchanting creatures!"

Tofetulawadah quitted the bath at the same time as she, and followed her to learn where she lived. She then quickened her pace and returned to the palace of her mis-

tress, the Princess Zobeide, the wife and cousin of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid. On her arrival there, she kissed the ground before the princess, and when the latter asked her why she had staid out so long, she entered into a circumstantial description of the supernatural beauty of the stranger, whom she had just seen at the bath, accompanied by two children who rivalled in loveliness the rising moon. "I fear," said she to her, "that if the caliph should set eyes on this fascinating creature, he will seek to possess her at any price, and order her husband to be put to death. Her husband is a merchant, named Hassan of Bassora, and he lives in the old palace of the viziers with the two doors, one of which opens towards the city, and the other leads to the river."—"What!" said Zobeide, "dost thou deem her then so beautiful, that the caliph might for her sake be induced to violate the laws of justice, and to attempt the life of her husband? If she is such a miracle of beauty, I must see her; but I tell thee before-hand, that I will have

thy head struck off if I find her to be less beautiful than thou hast described her to me. Consider well, therefore, what thou sayest. In the caliph's harem there are three hundred and sixty slaves, one for every day in the year ; dost thou assert that, among them all, there is not one who can be compared to her for beauty?"—"Not one," replied the slave; "she has not her equal either in Bagdad, or in Dilem, or in all Persia; in short, God has not created any thing that can vie with her charms."

At these words Zobeide lost all patience. She sent for Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs and superintendent of the harem. "Go," said she to him, "this instant, to the old palace of the viziers with the two doors, one of which opens towards the city, and the other leads to the river, and bring to me the mistress of the house with her two children, and the old woman who lives with her."—"I understand and obey," answered Mesrour, kissing the ground. He repaired accordingly to Hassan's residence, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?"

cried a voice from within. "Mesrour, the servant of the caliph," was the reply. The door was opened, and after Mesrour had saluted Hassan's mother, he said: "The Princess Zobeide, daughter of Cassim, and wife of the commander of the faithful, Haroun al Rashid, son of Abbas and cousin of the Prophet, to whom God be gracious and merciful, commands you to repair with your daughter-in-law and her two children to the palace."—"Sir," answered Hassan's mother, "we are strangers here; my son is gone on a journey, and has forbidden his wife to stir out during his absence. I fear this beauty will yet cost my son his head: tell me the plain truth, I beseech you."—"Fear nothing," replied Mesrour, "the princess wishes to see your daughter-in-law with her own eyes, merely to convince herself that rumour has not exaggerated her beauty. This is not the first commission of the kind that I have received, and I will bring you back to your house, if it please God, safe and sound."

As all resistance in this case would have

been unavailing, Hassan's mother and her daughter-in-law dressed themselves, and followed Mesrour, who conducted them to the Princess Zobeide. "Unveil!" said she. Hassan's wife threw back her veil, and Zobeide was quite dazzled by the brilliancy of her charms. The whole saloon seemed to be illumined, as it were, by the radiance of her countenance, and the sight of her turned the heads of all the slaves. Zobeide desired her to sit down on the sofa by her side; she ordered the apartment to be decorated with garlands of flowers, and rich stuffs and strings of pearls to be brought, and she made a present of them to the fairest of the fair. "I am pleased with you," said she to her, "and I see that in what I was told respecting your beauty, there was no exaggeration. But wherein consist your talents, and in what art do you excel?"—"I am acquainted," answered she, "with but one very curious art, by means of which I can perform a thousand diverting tricks, when I put on my feather-dress."—"And where is this dress?" asked Zobeide. "At my mother's,"

replied the fairest of the fair. "My good old lady," resumed Zobeide, turning to Hassan's mother, "fetch us this robe, that we may see in what manner your daughter-in-law employs it."—"She knows not what she says," rejoined the old woman; "did any one ever hear of a robe of feathers? The birds alone have such garments."—"I swear by my life," said the wife of Hassan, "that this garment is in a chest, which is buried in the ground in our house."—"Here, my good old woman," said Zobeide, putting round the neck of Hassan's mother a necklace of pearls, surpassing every thing of the kind that the emperors of Greece and Persia had ever possessed, "fetch us the feather-robe." Hassan's mother protested, in reply, that she had never heard a syllable about it. Zobeide then became angry, and ordered Mesrour to search Hassan's house for the feather-garment, which was buried there in the ground. Mesrour took the key to execute the order of the princess, and the old woman wept with grief that she had

ever allowed her daughter-in-law to go to the bath.

Mesrour brought the feather-robe; the fairest of the fair put it on, and when she found that it fitted as well as ever, she began, to the great amazement of the court, to fly about in the apartment. Presently, taking her two children under her arm, she flew upon the roof of the palace. There, settling on one of the pinnacles, she began to address the Princess and her mother-in-law in verses, in order to take leave of them. “Will you not then come down again?” asked Zobeide. “princess,” replied she, “I return you the warmest thanks for your kindness;” and then she turned to Hassan’s mother: “I am exceedingly sorry, on your son’s account,” said she to her; “the days of separation will lie heavy upon his heart; but if he desires to shorten them, he needs but come to the Wakwak Islands.” With these words she soared aloft, and soon disappeared with her children in the clouds.

Hassan’s mother tore her face, and was near swooning with agony. “Had you told

me at first," said the princess, "that she would have made such use of her robe, I would never have given it to her; but how could I know that she was one of the genii? You must allow that I am not to blame." —"Yes," replied the old woman, "I alone am in fault;" and she thereupon returned, weeping still more bitterly, to her house, where she erected three tombs, beside which she passed her days and nights in lamentation. "Oh, my son!" cried she, "thine image is incessantly before my eyes, and thy name hovers continually on my lips. The love which I feel for thee runs through my bones, as the rain trickles down the branches of the trees. My bosom is oppressed. When will the joy of again beholding thee alleviate my sorrows! O God of mercy, have pity on my sufferings!"

Meanwhile Hassan, after spending three months with the seven princesses, began to prepare for his return. They presented him with ten camel loads, five of which consisted of gold and five of silver, and they made him promise to come soon to see them

again. Each of the seven sisters embraced him, and in a few affectionate words, suggested by the occasion, expressed the pain she felt at his departure. Hassan answered them in the following manner :

“ My tears flow in streams on the day of parting. They are pearls, and I offer you whole necklaces of them. How shall I tear myself from the arms of friendship ! I have not strength to sit firmly in the stirrups, and to guide the reins. My body leaves you, but my spirit remains behind. By heaven ! yes, by heaven ! the parting from what we love is like the parting of soul and body.”

Hassan arrived safe at his house in Bagdad ; but his mother was so altered that he scarcely knew her again, emaciated as she was with fasting, watching and weeping. “ Where is my wife, and where are my children ? ” asked Hassan. His mother answered with sobs. Hassan immediately searched the whole house, and when he came to the spot where the chest had been buried, he perceived that it was no longer there. He then first discovered the whole extent of

his misery. Quite beside himself, he rushed like a madman on his mother, with his sword in his hand, threatening to dispatch her on the spot, if she would not confess the truth. The old woman thereupon related all that had happened, from the visit to the bath down to the last words of the fairest of the fair; in which, when perched on the pinnacle of the palace, she mentioned that her husband might find her in the Wakwak Islands.

Hassan, hereupon, gave a terrible shriek, and fell into a swoon which lasted till sunset. When he came again to himself, he crawled and writhed about on the ground like a serpent. Towards midnight he became somewhat more composed. "Behold," he exclaimed, "behold the state to which thy flight has reduced me! knowest thou the torments of separation? knowest thou that they are worse than death, which is only child's-play in comparison with my sufferings?" He then began to run up and down the house like a maniac, and continued to do so for five successive days, during

which his mother could not prevail upon him to take the least nourishment. Sleep never visited his eyes; but when from time to time excessive weariness closed his eyelids, he fancied that he beheld his wife weeping and wailing like himself. "Ah!" he would then cry, "thine image never quits me for a single moment; it is fixed in my heart, and when I close my eyes, I do it only that I may see thee!"

With great difficulty his mother at last prevailed upon him to take some food; but he passed upwards of a month in a kind of mental derangement. At the expiration of that time, the idea that he ought to pay a visit to his sisters flashed like lightning through his soul. He beat the drum, the horses appeared, and he set out, commending to the care of his mother the house, out of which he took every thing that he had brought to it since his marriage. He reached, without accident, the palace of the Mountain of Clouds, and his sisters could not find terms strong enough to express the transport they felt at seeing him again.

“ Ah !” said he, “ I am ill, very ill, and am going to the only physician that can cure me ; I apply to you to gain intelligence of her whom I love—I address myself to the winds and ask them if they cannot waft her fragrance to me.”

As he finished this extemporaneous effusion, he gave a loud scream and sunk to the ground. The princesses stood around him and wept. Seven times he endeavoured to rise, at the same time expressing the tortures of his passion in verse, and seven times he fell to the ground. At length, after a long swoon, he opened his eyes and fixed them on his seven sisters, who had brought him again to himself, by sprinkling him not only with rose-water, but also with their tears. He related to them what had happened. Long did they look in silence at one another, and droop their heads : at last they all said at once, “ Lift up your hands to heaven, for it will be much easier to ascend to heaven than to reach the place where your wife at present resides.” At these words

the waters rolled like a torrent, till all were overwhelmed with them.

The ladies were so affected at this, that they could find no one to administer to their necessities. "Cheer up," said the ladies, "the princesses to Hassan!" In a state of patience. Thou hast said that thou says that "Patience is a virtue." Take courage, and say with us till we are more comforted. I will write thee again soon, my dear friend."

She continued to weep, comforted by kind words and promises of his grief: but her grief was too deep. She felt so deeply that she could not get over her brother: she went to the apartment where she placed them to aid her grief by which her brother had found his way to the Wakanda, and they all promised to attend to her: but more than a

year elapsed without their discovering any means of assisting Hassan, who meanwhile wept without ceasing.

The seven sisters had an uncle by the father's side, who visited them regularly once a year. His name was Abdul-Rodus, and the eldest of the seven sisters was pre-eminently his favourite. The last time he came to see them, he had given her a little bag full of incense, and told her that she needed only to throw a little of this incense into the fire, if she should ever be in a situation to require assistance. It was not till the princesses were quite at their wits' end for plans and projects, that the eldest hit upon the idea that her uncle might, perhaps, have it in his power to help poor Hassan out of his dilemma. She threw some incense into the fire, and at the same time called her uncle. She instantly saw a cloud of dust rise up at a distance, and presently Abdul-Rodus appeared, riding on a white elephant. "I have just smelt," said he, "the odour of the incense which I gave to thee. What can I do for thee, niece?" She thereupon

related to him the history of Hassan, who was already advantageously known to him ; for his niece had, on a former occasion, told him how Hassan had slain the magician.

Abdul-Rodus bowed his head to the ground, made certain figures upon it with his fingers, and after he had long kept silence, he said : “ Your favourite torments himself to no purpose ; it is impossible for him to get to the Wakwak Islands.” When the seven sisters heard these words, they called Hassan. “ Hear,” said they to him, “ what our uncle advises you.”—“ My child,” said Abdul-Rodus to him, “ cease to torment yourself in vain. It is quite impossible for you to reach the Wakwak Islands, even though the cavalry of the genii and the seven planets were at your disposal. It is impossible, I tell you ; between you and those islands there are seven valleys, seven seas, and seven mountains. How would you pass these ? Relinquish your design, and return home ; that is the wiser course.” At these words, Hassan gave a loud shriek, and

fainted. The seven sisters sobbed aloud, and the youngest tore her clothes and beat her brow. This scene moved the old uncle, and he felt pity for his nieces and Hassan. "Cease your lamentations," said he : "cheer up, Hassan; with the blessing of God, I will put your business in a better train. Arise, and follow me." Hassan rose, as if invigorated with fresh strength. Abdul-Rodus made him mount behind him on the elephant, which hastened on for three days and three nights, with the rapidity of lightning. They then came to a blue mountain, where all the objects round about were of the same colour. In the midst of this mountain was a grotto, the entrance to which was by a door of blue steel. The shaikh Abdul-Rodus knocked at this door : it opened, and out came a slave of a dark blue complexion, holding in one hand a blue Damascus sword, and in the other a shield of the same colour. The shaikh, with incredible address, struck the arms out of his hands, and went with Hassan into the grotto, the door of which the slave locked

again after them. They thereupon proceeded about a mile, in a very spacious passage, at the end of which they came to two large doors of bronze. Abdul-Rodus opened one of them, and told Hassan to sit down on the threshold, and wait till he returned. In about an hour the shaikh came back, with a black horse saddled and caparisoned, which he desired Hassan to mount; he then opened the second door, and fetched out a horse, exactly like the other, for himself. "Now," said the shaikh, when they were once more out of the grotto, "now, my child, take this book in your hand; and let the horse carry you which way soever he pleases: he will stop before a grotto resembling this; then dismount, fasten the bridle to the pommel of the saddle, and let the animal go into the grotto alone. At the end of five days, an aged black will come out, dressed entirely in black, and black all over, excepting a long white beard, hanging down to his knees. Kiss his hands, lift the hem of his garment to your head, and endeavour to gain his favour, for he alone can

assist you. Give him this book; he will take it without uttering a word, and return into the grotto. Then wait for him at the door five more days, without losing your patience. But should one of his slaves come forth during this time, be upon your guard, for he will come with the intention to kill you. It is a dangerous enterprize, my child, that I tell you beforehand; and you would perhaps do better to return to my nieces, who will endeavour to comfort you."

Hassan replied to these exhortations in verses to this effect, that he would rather risk his life a thousand times than longer endure the torments of separation. When the shaikh saw that it was impossible to dissuade young Hassan from his purpose, he proceeded to give him the following information :

"The islands, called Wakwak, my child, are seven islands, inhabited by amazons, genii, and demons of all kinds. No one ever yet came back from these islands; therefore I conjure thee once more, my

child, to return home. 'Thy wife is the daughter of the king of these seven islands. What probability, then, is there that thou wilt ever be able to steal her away from her vigilant father? No, my child, abandon this design, and God will perhaps provide thee some other consolation in this world.'—
—"I cannot," replied Hassan, "I cannot renounce my wife and children, even though I were to be cut into a thousand pieces."—
—"You are firmly resolved, then, to proceed?" asked Abdul-Rodus. "Yes," answered Hassan, "and I merely commend myself to your prayers." He then burst forth into the following apostrophe:—

"O thou, my wife, thou art the end of all my wishes and all my efforts! Thou dwellest continually in my heart, and yet thou art far distant from me. Though rich in my love, still, alas! I am most poor and most pitiable. I pass the night in counting the stars, as the shepherd counts his flock. O wind, when thou passest by her, waft to her my sighs, and whisper unto her the grief which consumeth me!"

“ My child,” said the shaikh, “ have you not a mother, who will weep for you as long as you are absent? Go back to her and comfort her.”—“ Ah ! I cannot go back to her without my wife,” cried Hassan, in a voice which pierced through marrow and bone. “ Well, if that is the case,” said the shaikh, “ go, in the name of God. Here is the book which I give you by way of an address to Ali Abu’l Rish (or Father of Feathers), who is my old friend and master, and to whom all the genii pay obedience out of fear and respect.” Hassan thereupon took leave of Abdul-Rodus, and let his horse go for ten successive days whithersoever he pleased. At length he came to a large black mountain, which extended from east to west. When he approached this mountain, his horse began to neigh, and immediately young blacks without number hastened forward from all sides, and seemed disposed to obstruct the passage of his horse. Hassan was afraid of them, but he pursued his way to the door of the grotto, which the shaikh Abdul-Rodus had described to him.

Here he alighted, fastened the bridle of his horse to the pommel of the saddle, let the horse go into the grotto, and sat down on the threshold, as the shaikh had directed. Five days did he thus sit absorbed in the profoundest grief, and from time to time poured forth such effusions as these :—

“ How shall I heal the wounds of my heart, when it flees from me ? how close my eyes when streams of tears are incessantly gushing from them ? Separation ! sorrow ! desire ! distance from one’s country and all that one loves ! How can I bear up under so many afflictions that oppress me at once ! ”

Thus was Hassan breathing forth the accents of his grief, when Ali Abu’l Rish, the son of Balkis, came out of the grotto. He was wholly black from head to foot, with the exception of his long white beard. Hassan threw himself at his feet, and delivered to him the book which Abdul-Rodus had given him. Abu’l Rish took the book ~~without~~ saying a word, and went back into Hassan wept during the next

five days more vehemently than ever. He said:—

“ My eyes are like the sources of rivers : the source of tears is for me the water of youth.

“ The birds, moved by my sorrow, weep with me : the wild beasts, the clouds of heaven weep. I weep when the sun sets behind these sand-hills, and when it rises I see my tears in the dews of morning.”

And behold, on the morning of the sixth day, the shaikh Abu'l Rish came back out of the grotto ; but this time he was completely clothed in white. He gave Hassan a sign to follow him, and he did follow him weeping for joy. When they had proceeded till about noon, they came to a spacious arched ante-room, where the shaikh opened a steel door. It conducted to a gallery, the floor of which was composed of stones of different colours, and this gallery led to a place, planted like a garden with all sorts of trees, in which birds of various kinds had built their nests. In the four corners of this spacious place stood four pavilions, and in

each pavilion there was a basin of water, in the middle of which couched a golden lion. Near each basin was a sofa, on which sat a venerable old man, before whom lay a vast heap of books with a golden censer. About each of these old men were a number of shaikhs reading in some of these books. When Abu'l Rish entered, the whole assembly rose to salute him. The four venerable men on the four sofas came and sat down beside him, and when they were all seated, Abu'l Rish commanded Hassan to relate his history to these assembled sages. Hassan at first wept exceedingly, but at length he checked the torrent of his tears, and related his adventures from beginning to end. The shaikhs did not interrupt him, but when he had finished his narrative, they all exclaimed at once: "Ah, this is the young man who escaped from the hands of Behram, the magician, and from the Mountain of Clouds, where he must have seen very extraordinary things."—"Relate to them then," said Abu'l Rish, "the extraordinary things which you saw there." Hereupon Hassan gave

a very circumstantial account of his adventure on the Mountain of Clouds, to the great gratification of the whole assembly. When he had finished, the shaikhs said to Abu'l Rish, "Venerable father, this young man deserves pity, and perhaps we can contribute something to the liberation of his wife."—"My venerable brethren," answered Abu'l Rish, "that is an important affair, and ye know better than I how difficult it is to land in the islands of Wakwak, and how much more difficult it is to get away again from those islands. You are acquainted with the power of the demons and genii which guard them. How would Hassan ever be able to penetrate to the eldest daughter of their great king?"—"Venerable father," rejoined the shaikhs, this young man is recommended to you by your brother Abdul-Rodus, and you cannot well avoid doing honour to his recommendation." Hassan threw himself at his feet, placed the hem of his garment on his head, and conjured him to unite him again with his wife and children. All the shaikhs seconded his

request, and begged Abu'l Rish to have pity on this poor young man. "Ah!" said he, "he knows not what he desires—poor Hassan! but, in short, I will assist him to the utmost of my power." Hassan, overjoyed, kissed his hand and the hands of the whole company. Abu'l Rish then asked for paper, pen and ink, wrote a letter, and gave it to young Hassan, together with a censer and incense. "Whenever you find yourself in urgent necessity," said he to him, "throw some of this incense into the fire and call me, that I may deliver you from the danger with which you are threatened." At the same time he ordered one of the isrits, or flying genii, to be summoned. "What is thy name?" he asked him. "Jensh Ben Faktas," was the answer. "Come hither." The isrit, stooping, put his ear to the mouth of the shaikh, who whispered a few words in it: the isrit, replied, with a nod. "Mount," said Abu'l Rish to Hassan, "mount upon his back; he will carry you up to the clouds—but take good care, when you hear the angels singing, not to join in

their song. In this case you would both be irretrievably lost." — "No," said Hassan, "I will not utter a syllable, let them sing as lustily as they please."

"On the second day," continued the shaikh, "the isrit will set you down in a country that is as white as camphor. When you have there travelled on alone for ten days, you will come to the gates of a city. Go in; ask for the king; deliver this letter to him, and do what he shall direct you."

Hassan once more kissed the hand of Abu'l Rish, took leave of the assembled sages, thanked them for their kindness, and was then borne aloft into the air on the back of the isrit. The latter carried him into the region of the clouds, where he heard the songs of the angels, and next day he set him down in the country that was white like camphor. After a journey of ten days, he reached the city, to the king of which he delivered the letter of recommendation, at the same time kissing the ground at his feet. "Conduct this stranger into the palace, and let him want for nothing," said the king,

After he had read the latter, and considered its contents.

Accordingly, Hassan was sumptuously entertained for three days and three nights in the palace, and on the fourth again conducted to the king. "My child," said he to him, "according to the letter of the venerable shaikh Abu'l Rish, thou purposest to penetrate into the islands which are called the Islands of Wakwak. This requires much consideration and preparation. I am the king of the Cush or Land, and have at my command innumerable armies, which have more than once attempted to land on the Wakwak Islands. Nevertheless, my child, I will endeavour, out of regard for the recommendation of the shaikh of shaikhs, the venerable Abu'l Rish, to make impossibility possible. I cannot do any other than attend to his wishes. In a few days ships will arrive here from the Wakwak Islands. When they ask thee who thou art, give thyself out to be only my son-in-law. When thou hast reached the Wakwak Islands, thou wilt see the whole country covered with booths or

shops : sit down in one of these booths and wait there till dark. About this time, the **amazons** to whom these booths belong, will come to them. Every thing will then depend on this point—whether the owner of the booth which thou hast selected is favourably disposed, and behaves kindly to thee, or not. In the former case she can conduct thee to thy wife : but if she does not cheerfully agree to it, thou wilt be in the most imminent danger of perishing in this enterprise ; and I counsel thee, my child, rather to return even now, than to hazard thy life in this manner. This is all that I can do for thee ; the rest is in the hand of God, and to his protection I commend thee.”

Two more months elapsed before the arrival of the ships from the Wakwak Islands, which are in the habit of coming only once every year. During these two months, Hassan was sumptuously entertained, as the guest of the king. The ships at length arrived : they had on board a great number of men, and anchored at a considerable distance from the shore. Barges were em-

played in conveying the merchandize to the city, and carrying back other commodities to the ships. The king sent for one of the captains, and privately requested him to take with him this young man, his son-in-law, who had a strong desire to see the Wakwak Islands. The captain promised to comply, and the king once more impressed upon young Hassan the absolute necessity of keeping his secret to himself, or he would be irrecoverably lost. Hassan thanked the king for his kindness, and was carried on board in a chest.

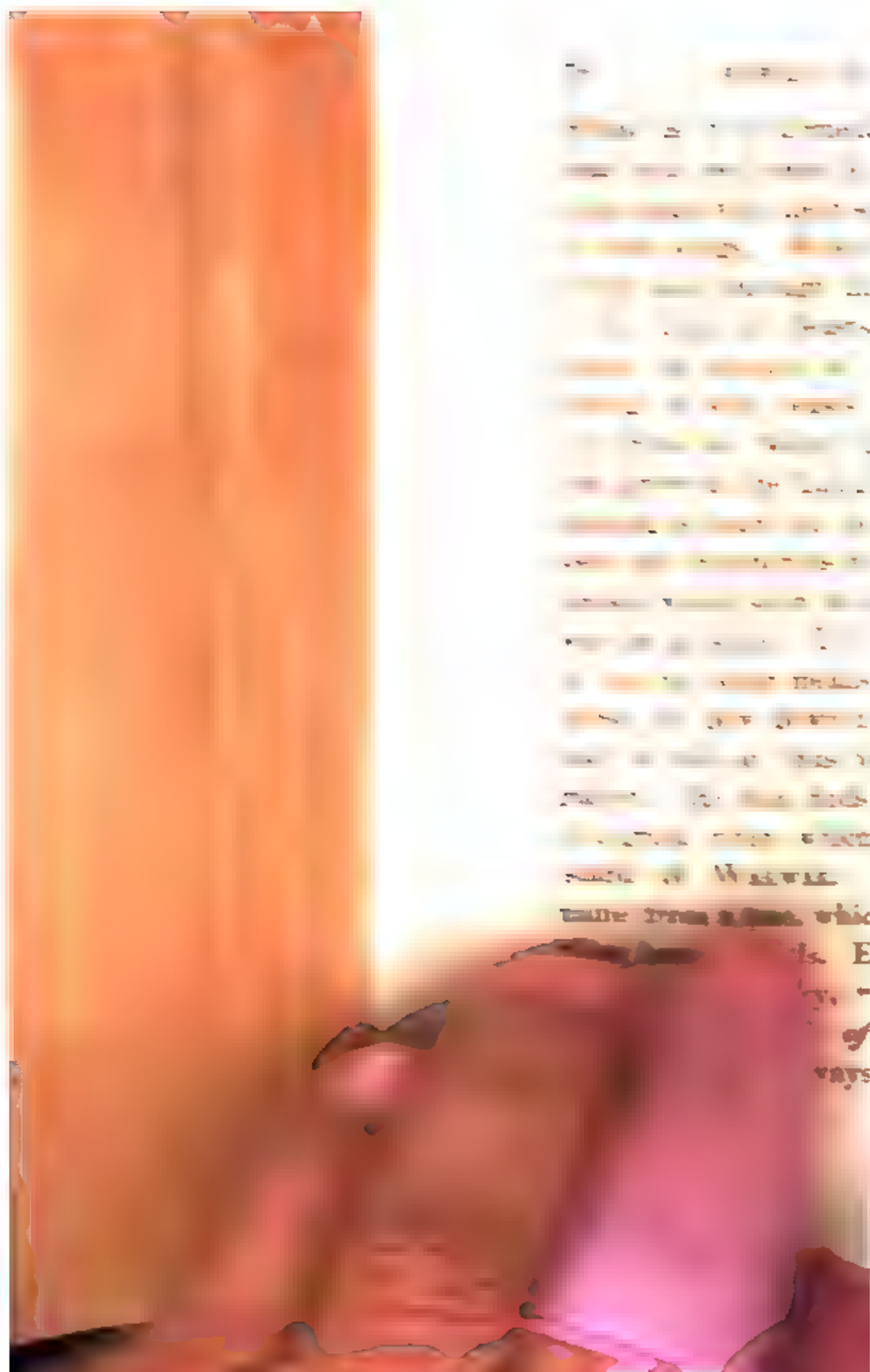
After a voyage of ten days, Hassan was landed, and sat down in one of the booths, with which he saw the whole country covered. Towards evening he heard a great noise, like that made by a whole army upon a march: it was in fact an army of women, who were all armed with emerald cuirasses. Hassan threw himself at the feet of her who entered the booth which he had selected, and bedewed the skirt of her garment with his tears. "Lady of this island," said he, "take pity on an unfortunate man, who is

torn from the arms of his wife and children. Take pity on me, and by so doing you will merit heaven. If you were to kill me, you would gain nothing by that but the torments of hell. I conjure you by the great God to conceal me here!" The amazon, who, like all her companions in the emerald cuirasses, was occupied at the same time with war and commerce, was moved by Hassan's tears. "Let your eyes rejoice and your heart be of good cheer!" said she; "keep yourself concealed here to-night; in the morning I will see what can be done for you."

Hassan passed the whole of the following day in weeping in the booth. Towards evening, the lady brought him a cuirass, a sword, a lance and a helmet, but went away again immediately. Hassan armed himself, and waited, not without frequently calling upon the name of God, in expectation of what was to happen. All at once he beheld torches and lights borne before an army that was on its march. He joined it, as though he belonged to it, and by break of

day arrived at the camp. He endeavoured to discover by the sign communicated to him the tent of the amazon who had received him into her booth, and having found it out he entered. His martial friend was already there, and just at that moment engaged in putting off her armour. Till then Hassan had only seen her with the helmet on her head and the visor down: she now raised the visor, and Hassan was disagreeably surprised when he beheld an old woman who was a monster of ugliness. "How didst thou come hither?" inquired she. Hassan fell at her feet, and that he might not be necessitated to look her in the face, he covered his own with the lower part of her garment, and implored her pity. The old woman was moved by his humble demeanour, and permitted him to relate his history; and he did relate it to her from beginning to end, without omitting the slightest circumstance. "Cheer up," said she, "you are at the end of your wishes: I will now give the requisite orders—meanwhile conceal yourself." The old woman thereupon clapped her hands, her aides-de-

camp appeared, and she gave orders that the whole army should march to a certain spot, which she appointed for the place of rendezvous. Hassan perceived from this order that his good luck had conducted him to the commander-in-chief of the army. The general, Shewahee, then desired Hassan to relate his history over again, admonishing him at the same time to say nothing but what was strictly true. Hassan obeyed, and repeated the narrative of his adventures exactly as he had related them the first time. "God be praised," said she, "that your good fortune has conducted you precisely to me and not to another! You would have been irretrievably lost. I see that you cordially love your wife and children, and this constancy and attachment have saved you; for it is owing to them alone that you have found favour in my sight. But your wife, my child, is in the seventh island, which is the largest of all, and called, by way of eminence, Wakwak. It takes seven months to get thither from this place. The first country to which you come by the way is the Land of



has risen. The very same thing occurs at sunset. For the rest, the inhabitants of that island are, as here, women, who do not suffer any men to live among them. They are subject to the great king of the genii, who has under his command an innumerable host of genii, demons, devils and goblins of all sorts. Now consider, whether you had not better go back the way you have come; but if you positively persist in your design, I will aid you to the utmost of my ability, that you may attain your aim, if it please God!"—"Ah!" said Hassan, "I have nothing to consider: I must absolutely see my wife again." And thereupon he covered the hands and feet of the old general with tears and kisses.

Next day every thing was ready for his departure, and Umm al Kebahet (Mother of Ugliness) accompanied him in his journey. They came to the first island, which was the Island of Birds. Hassan was almost distracted by the noise produced by the songs of the multitude of birds, and the flapping of their wings. He was quite pale with
ht. "What will become of you in the

Island of Beasts," said Umm al Keba
"if the birds terrify you to such a degree
They travelled, however, without accide
through the Land of Beasts and the L
of Genu, and arrived safe on the ban
the river, where Umm al Kebahet cau
■ magnificent pavilion, made of ivory
decorated with gold and pearls, to be c
structed for Hassan. It was this spot
the general had appointed to be the plac
rendezvous for the army. The amaz
came in great numbers to bathe, and tak
young Hassan for a princess, they strip
off their garments without hesitation,
the purpose of bathing themselves in
river. Umm al Kebahet issued orders
the whole army should bathe, hoping
Hassan's wife might perhaps be among
bathers. How beautiful soever the obj
which here presented themselves to Hass
view, he was insensible to them all, for
wife was not among them. He fanc
however, for a moment, that he recogni
her in a lady who, attended by ten waiti
women and thirty slaves, approached

bank of the river. These attendants wore garments of an admirable texture, which were entirely the work of the genii. "Ah!" cried Hassan, "how strongly all this reminds me of the ten birds which came to bathe at the palace of my sisters!"—"May it not perhaps be your wife?" asked Umm al Kebahet.—"Oh, no! madam," replied Hassan, "there is not one of all these beauties that is worthy of being compared to her."—"But then mention some marks by which I may know her," rejoined the old woman; "as I am commander-in-chief of the Wakwak Islands, I know all the women and damsels that are here, and I should be able at last to discover your wife among them."—"My wife," replied Hassan, "has a very elegant shape, plump cheeks, prominent bosom, black hair, white teeth, a sweet voice, a mole on her right cheek—her face shines like the full moon, her mouth is small and lovely——"—"Pshaw!" cried the Mother of Ugliness, interrupting him; "have you not yet finished your description?"—"Ah!" replied Hassan, "I should never

finish, were I to attempt to describe all beauties. Small and lovely, too, is her face, but her neck is long, her countenance smiling, her complexion of the colour of anemone—her breasts have the shape of oranges, and are white as snow and firm as wax. Solomon's seal is stamped upon her mouth, which is the abode of wisdom and pleasure."

"Ah, Hassan, cried the old woman, as she had heard this description, "what do you tell me? The person whom you have just described is the youngest daughter of the great king of the seven islands. Away from your dream; go home, my child; and do not into certain destruction, and drag me not along with you into the abyss,"—these words Hassan again swooned, and wept vehemently. "What!" cried he in his despair—"what! must I return, after I have come so far? And have you not yet told me, that you are the commandant-in-chief of the seven islands, and that these females are under your orders?" "Yes, my child," said she; "choose on

these amazons, and I will give her to you with pleasure, instead of your wife; but relinquish this foolish scheme, which will throw you into the hands of the king. Return; otherwise your destruction and mine are inevitable."

To this salutary advice Hassan opposed only tears and fresh bursts of passion. The old woman was moved by his sufferings:—"But," said she, "what can I do for you? When it is discovered that I have permitted you to land on the island where the princess resides, it will be all over with me. Never would they forgive me for having allowed you to see all my warriors stripped to bathe." Hassan protested that he had seen nothing.—"No, my child," said she, "turn back, I conjure you; I will furnish you with the requisite supply of provisions, and give you an escort—only depart." Hassan embraced her knees, and writhed at her feet. "My benefactress, my mistress!" he exclaimed, in a tone of humble supplication, "how can I turn back, after I have advanced so far? How can I think of returning without seeing

her for whose sake I have come from such distance hither? And perhaps it is decreed by fate that I shall find her again, after have endured so many afflictions." At these remonstrances, which were accompanied with tears, he added some other stanzas suggested by his passion, by which he was now tossed to and fro. In short, he said such exquisite things, that the old gentleman moved to the bottom of her heart—whether by his prose or his verses is not exactly known—promised to try all possible means for the accomplishment of his wishes. Hassan felt himself cheered by this promise, and chatted away the rest of that day with Umm al Kebahet.

At night-fall the Amazons dispersed, part of them going to their tents, while the others repaired to the palace in the city. Umm Kebahet took young Hassan with her, the purpose of conducting him to the city and concealing him there till the queen of this island, who was one of the daughters of the great king of the genii, should be made acquainted with the affair—though she could

not herself tell which of the princesses was the queen; she merely knew her name—Nur al Niran (Light of Lights). The old general solicited and obtained an audience: the queen received her veiled, and desired to know the motive which had brought her thither. Umm al Kebahet, well aware that she had no chance of saving herself and Hassan but by a frank confession of the truth, related his history in the most circumstantial manner, and described the vehemence of his passion. During the narration of these adventures the queen flew into the most violent rage. “Infamous hag!” cried she, “how darest thou admit men into the Wakwak Islands? Fearest thou not my vengeance?” By the head of my father, the great king of the genii, I know not what prevents me from ordering thee to instant execution, as a warning and guide to future travellers. Bring hither this moment the presumptuous wretch who has ventured to penetrate into our islands!” Umm al Kebahet thereupon went back to Hassan, and told him that his last hour was undoubtedly come. Hassan

commended himself to God, and accompanied the old general to the palace. The queen received him, as she had before received the general, veiled. She asked his name and the names of his wife and children.—“Queen of the world!” said Hassan, “your slave is called Hassan of Bassora; the real name of my wife is not known to me; but, as to my children, I have none;—Nasir and Mansur.” She then asked him when he had last seen his wife, what she had said when she quitted Bassora. Hassan related to her every thing point for point, and word for word. “They are idle tales,” said the queen, “if thy wife had wished to see thee again, she would have failed to go to meet thee.” Hassan affirmed, with the most solemn oaths, that these were really the last words which his wife had spoken. “Well,” said the queen, “I will listen to the voice of mercy, and restore thy wife to thee, if thou canst deliver her among the ladies of this island which, according to thy account, she resides in; but if thou dost not find her again, I

cause thee to be hanged without further ceremony on the gates of the palace."—"By the great God, to whom belongs all power and might," replied Hassan, "I am content!"

The queen then ordered all the ladies of the city and palace to be summoned; but among the whole number Hassan did not find his wife. The queen thereupon flew into the most violent passion. "Drag him to the scaffold!" said she, "to cure any travellers, who might hereafter be disposed to insinuate themselves deceitfully into our islands, of their curiosity." Hassan was accordingly seized; his hands and legs were bound together, and the sword, drawn out of the scabbard, awaited only the last decisive word to sever Hassan's head from his body. At this critical moment, Umm al Kebabet threw herself at the feet of the queen. "Great queen!" said she, "let thy heart be moved in behalf of this stranger, and spare his life; his death would be an everlasting blot in the annals of your reign, and rumour would not fail to proclaim, far and wide, an act so derogatory to the rights of

hospitality. It will be more magnanimous, and more worthy of you, to pardon him, on account of the passion which has led him into this error; and out of regard also to his love for his children, and his talent of extempore composition. Would it not be infinitely more glorious for you, if he were to spread your fame wherever he goes? He would even deserve the felicity of beholding you face to face, that his poetic vein might be able to do complete justice to your beauty?" "Who am I, and who is he," said the queen, "that he should aspire to the honour of beholding me unveiled?" As she uttered these words, she threw back her veil. At this sight Hassan gave such a violent shriek as shook the very palace, and then swooned. The old general had the greatest difficulty to bring him to himself again. "What ails you, my child?" said she to him. "Ah!" replied he, "the queen herself is my wife, or she is at least as like her as one drop of water is to another!"—"The man is out of his wits," said the queen. "Forgive him," rejoined Umm al

Kebahet, "his passion has bereft him of them." — The queen then turned to Hassan; "Be of good cheer, my dear," said she to him, "collect your scattered spirits and forget your sorrows."—"Mistress of queens!" said Hassan, "it is the sight of you that has robbed me of my reason; for, either you are my wife or you exactly resemble her."—"And in what respect, then, do I resemble her?" asked the queen. "In the elegance of your shape," answered Hassan, "in the delicacy of your complexion, and in the sweetness of your voice."—"Take him away," said the queen to Umm al Kebahet, "till he has recovered his senses; then come again to me and we will see what is to be done."

Umm al Kebahet accordingly took young Hassan away with her, committed him to the care of her slaves, and then went back to the queen. "Go," said the latter to her, "with a thousand horses to the residence of my father, salute my sister Nur al Nissa, and beg her to send to me her two children, for I have a great desire to see them; but beware of dropping a syllable relative to Has-

san's adventure. Tell her also that it would afford me much pleasure if I could see her too: but at all events, you must come before her with the children. If they really like Hassan and he is their father, will by no means oppose his carrying his sister away with him. I can easily accept of his mistaking my person, for I was always told that I was as like my youngest sister Nur al Nissa, as one drop of water is another."

When Umm al Kebabhet repeated to Hassan this conversation with the princess, he was beside himself with joy. He covered the hands and brow of the old woman with kisses. "Softly! softly!" said she, "let me first execute my commission, and then you may kiss my brow as much as you please. Meanwhile be of good cheer, and comfort yourself."

Umm al Kebabhet thereupon took a team of sand horses and repaired to the city, where the Princess Nur al Nissa resided; it was a three days' journey from that of which Princess Nur al Niran was queen.

punctually performed her errand, and expatiated on the desire which her sister felt to see the princess again as well as her children. "My sister is right," said Nur al Nissa, "I have long owed her a visit." And she immediately ordered preparations to be made for the journey.

The great king of the genii was just walking on the terraces of his palace, when he perceived tents pitched on the glacis of the city. When he was informed that it was the Princess Nur al Nissa, who was going to pay a visit to her eldest sister, Nur al Niran, he issued orders that she should be supplied out of the treasury with the richest presents, and whatsoever she might need for the journey. The great king, as we have several times had occasion to remark, had seven daughters. The eldest was called Light of Light; the second, Morning-Star; the third, the Resplendent; the fourth, Pearl-Wreath; the fifth, Heart's-Ease; the sixth, Flower of the Sex; and the seventh, Ladies' Light. This last was the wife of Hassan. Umm al Kebahet solicited permission to

travel on before with the two children, that she might thus carry to her sister the agreeable intelligence of her coming. At the proposal Nur al Nissa changed colour. "Hitherto," said she, "I have never trusted my children to any one, and the very breezes of heaven fill me with apprehensions on their account."—"You are right, princess," replied the old woman, "you are very right, to be careful of your children; but to whom is it, then, that you entrust them?" "It is to your own sister that you entrust them, and I will take care of them during the journey. I will watch over them as over my own eyes; they shall want for nothing; I will put them to bed and dress them myself. On this point, then, you may be perfectly easy, and free from anxiety. Your sister would like to put them in two little cuirasses which she had made for them." In short, Umm al Kelhet spoke with such eloquence, that Princess Nur al Nissa entrusted her with the two children, after she had washed them, and put on them the cuirasses which their aunt

Nur al Niran had made for them. The latter was overjoyed when she saw the children, and set one of them on her right knee and the other on the left. "Now," said she, "fetch Hassan; his fate shall be decided in a moment."—"Yes," replied Umm al Kebahet, "but in case these are not his children, will you not send him back with an escort?"—"Accursed hag," cried the queen, "wilt thou then never cease to take the part of this audacious stranger? Dost thou desire that he should be permitted to set foot on the island with impunity, if he has been guilty of a lie; and that he should have it in his power to boast that he has penetrated through the land of magicians, birds, beasts, and genii, to the very Wakwak Islands? No! I swear by God, the creator of the heavens, that I will have him executed without mercy, if these are not his children!" She thereupon ordered twenty mamelukes to accompany the old woman, and to bring Hassan into her presence.

"Did I not warn you," said the old woman to Hassan, when she acquainted him

with the command of the princess, "did I not advise you to return home, rather than expose yourself to certain death, which this arbitrary princess has sworn to inflict on you? Now follow me."

Hassan gave himself up for lost, commended his soul to God, and followed the old woman and the twenty mamelukes, who conducted him to the queen. As soon as he set eyes on his children, he gave a loud shriek, and fell to the ground. The two children, who knew him, sprung from the knees of the queen, and ran to him, crying, "Father! father!" Umm al Kebahet wept, and so did all who witnessed this scene. Hassan clasped the children in his arms, and thus gave vent to his feelings:—

"Alas, beloved ones, since ye left me my heart has not known one tranquil hour. Your image, which every night appeared to me, promised me each time for the ensuing day the happiness of again beholding you. Alas! since I was parted from you, sleep has not visited mine eyes!"

Though the queen had given the most

solemn assurance that she would set Hassan at liberty, if these children were really his, she was nevertheless vehemently enraged, when convinced that this was actually the case. Either from jealousy or indignation, on account of the unequal match made by her sister with a mortal man, she could no longer endure the sight of Hassan, and ordered him to be removed from her presence. Umm al Kebahet was filled with despair, and poor Hassan went forth, without knowing whither. Earth and heaven seemed to him to be too confined for the feelings that racked his bosom. He had seen his children, but only to be parted from them again. This was the first time that he repented having come to these islands. He poured forth the tempests of his passion in verse, and went sighing and declaiming towards the river, which flowed past the city.

Let him go: we will meanwhile see what became of Nur al Nissa.

At the very moment when she was about to set off, one of her father's chamberlains

and she bowed before her feet, and
 then the name of her father, to
 the king's court; the king desired
 to see her, and said to her :
 " I had last night a dream,
 which filled me with apprehensions on
 your behalf. — " What was it,
 said she, " my dream, father ?"
 " I went into the trea-
 sury, and found the riches of
 the kingdom before me. I ad-
 vanced, and saw especially
 seven pearls. I selected only the
 first, and the rest was at the same
 instant consumed by the most bril-
 liant fire that ever my hand. I quit-
 ted the treasury, and of an extraor-
 dinary splendour has never yet been
 seen. I then turned suddenly upon
 my bed, and found me in my grasp, and
 I was then in my country, leaving me
 in the profoundest grief.
 " I then sent for my dream-inter-
 preter, and he told me that the seven
 pearls were my seven daughters, the

youngest of whom would be carried off from me by force. My paternal heart is therefore exceedingly concerned on account of thy journey; and thou wouldst do better, my daughter, to postpone thy visit."

At this proposal Nur al Nissa instantly thought of her children, and her maternal affection would not permit her to leave them any longer in the hands of strangers. She resolved, therefore, to follow them, and thus replied: "Great king and mighty sovereign, my sister, Nur al Niran, has provided an entertainment for me, and expects me from hour to hour. For four years past I have owed her a visit, and she has good reason to be angry with me. I shall be absent a month at farthest, and at the expiration of that time I will return, if it please God. Besides, what enemy could possibly penetrate into the Wakwak Islands? Who could traverse the white land and the black mountain to the Camphor Island? Who could then pass through the countries of the magicians, birds, beasts, and genii, without losing his life a thousand times?

He took good cheer then, father, and give
 no uneasiness about the visit which
 I was going to pay to my sister." The king
 consented with great reluctance; he
 granted his daughter an escort of a thousand
 soldiers, signified his wish that she should
 stay a few days with her sister. She
 complied, took her leave, and de-
 parted. She was in great tribulation about
 her father, to whom she applied her
 eyes. On her arrival at her sister's
 her children were the first objects
 in her view. They were crying, and
 calling for their father. Nur al Nissa was
 moved by their tears, and felt herself a
 little to see her husband again after so
 long absence. She strove, therefore, to
 comfort the children, though she was unac-
 quainted with the precise occasion of this
 scene.

When Nur al Niran remarked this weak-
 ness in her sister, she was violently enraged.
 From the arrival of the children she would
 never believe that rumour, which gave two
 children to her sister, spoke truth; and it

was for the purpose of ascertaining this point that she sent Umm al Kebahet with the present of the two cuirasses, to deceive her sister in regard to her real sentiments ; and, as we have seen, Nur al Nissa unfortunately fell into the snare which her sister had laid for her. Nur al Niran now threw off the mask, and was no longer at the pains to disguise her indignation at the conduct of her sister. She loaded her with the most furious reproaches. “Base wretch !” said she to her, “by whom hast thou these children ? Hast thou led a life of lewdness, or hast thou presumed to marry without the consent of thy father and thy family ? In the former case thou hast deserved death ; and if we assume the latter, why hast thou forsaken thy husband and deprived him of his children ? Dost thou imagine that all this could remain concealed, and thy honour unimpeached ? This stain must be washed out with thy blood.”

She thereupon commanded the genii to bind the princess and to scourge her till she bled. They executed this order without

He briefly repeats the substance of his letter to the young man, and then proceeds to a more detailed account of the events of the day. He describes the scene of the battle, the valor of the warriors, and the fate of the captives. He then turns to a description of the young man's journey, and the various adventures he encountered. The narrative is interspersed with reflections on the nature of war, the value of honor, and the importance of duty. The chapter concludes with a description of the young man's arrival at his destination, and the beginning of his new life.

orable Princess, Nur al Niran, caused a wooden ladder to be brought, on which she ordered her sister to be extended, and her head and hands bound fast to it with her hair. "Ah sister!" cried Nur al Nissa, amid all these torments, "if you have no feeling for me, at least take pity on my poor children!" These words only served to incense the cruel Princess Nur al Niran still more. She loaded her again with abuse, and said, "that God himself would not forgive those who could pardon the crime of violated honour."—"Sister," replied Nur al Nissa, "I am innocent in the sight of God and man; I have not violated the laws of honour, and the bonds of matrimony have sanctioned our union. Make more particular inquiries on this subject, and if I have not spoken the truth let me die by the most excruciating tortures."

Nur al Niran returned no other answer to this humble address than blows, with which she disfigured her sister's face. "Ah!" ejaculated Nur al Nissa, "if I have done wrong, my fault is succeeded at least by long

city, without knowing whither his limbs carried him. In this state he came to a tree on which he saw a paper with an inscription ; it was as follows:—

“ Let things take their natural course ; you cannot change it : and when misfortunes impend over you, leave to Fate the care of diverting them from your head.”

This wise precept imparted to him new strength : he continued as before to wander on alone, and felt around him nought save the breath of the wind, to which he addressed himself, saying:—

“ When thou skimkest over the country that contains my beloved ones, greet them in my name. Perhaps they may inhale thee, and thou mayst cool their glowing bosoms.”

As he walked towards the river, he met with two little boys, children of magicians, who were fighting with one another. Before them lay a rod, which was a talisman and covered with magic characters, and a leathern cap, on which were written mysterious words and incantations. The boys were fighting for the possession of these

talismans. Hassan parted them, and then inquired the cause of their quarrel: at the same time he offered to be their umpire, they would tell him what was the point of dispute between them. The boys thereupon related, that their father, a great magician, was just dead, and the only property he had left them was this rod and this cap, and that each of them wished to have the rod and to leave the cap to the other. "I really," said Hassan, "I see no reason for quarrelling: the cap is worth quite as much as the rod, and the rod as the cap."—"You may think," replied the boys, "because you are not acquainted with the properties of this rod."—"Perhaps so," answered Hassan, "but tell me then wherein they consist."—"Our father," resumed the boys, "who died very lately at the age of one hundred and fifty years, was a great magician and performed incredible things by means of this cap and rod: for the cap has the property of rendering any person who puts on his head invisible; and the rod gives the possessor supreme authority over sev-

species of genii and spirits. He needs but to strike the ground with it, and all the kings of the earth are implicitly obedient to his will."

"By Heaven!" said Hassan to himself, "this would be an acquisition, of which I might avail myself to set at liberty my wife and children. Providence hath destined this article expressly for me. My boys," said he, "before I can adjudge the rod to one of you, I must know your strength, for it is right that it should belong to the stronger. I will throw a stone into the air, and he who brings it to me shall have the rod." The boys were content with this proposal; Hassan threw a stone—they ran after it, and Hassan put the cap on his head to convince himself of the truth of their story. Presently afterwards the boys returned, and as they saw nothing of their umpire, they loaded one another with abuse—each charging to the fault of the other the loss of their patrimonial inheritance.

Hassan meanwhile returned to the city with the cap on his head and the rod in his

He first went to the apartment
 Umm al Kabihah, where he found
 the old and old foot. To ascertain what
 he was invisible, he threw down a g
 vessel, which stood upon a shelf, over
 head. The latter imagined that it wa
 des sent by the Princess Nur al Ni
 which made this noise. "God knows w
 it is, what is it," said she: "if she treats
 us so cruelly, what will become of r
 who are not akin to her?" She thereup
 strove to drive away the devil. "I conj
 ure," said she, "by the almighty name
 of God, and by the characters graven on t
 of great Solomon, the son of David, spe
 and answer me—" "I am not a devil," r
 swered a voice. "I am the poor unfortun
 Hassan." Hassan thereupon to
 the captives his head, rendered hims
 visible, and made himself known to the
 woman. "Woe betide you!" exclaimed sh
 "how have you come hither, and what woe
 you do here?" That inhuman despot is p
 ting your wife to death with the most drea
 ful tortures. She repents having set you

liberty; she has dispatched spirits in all directions, and vowed to have you executed as well as your children. A hundred weight of gold is the price which she has set upon your head. Be gone, then, and make your escape." She thereupon related to him with streaming eyes the treatment which she had herself experienced. "What!" cried Hassan, "doubt you that I can deliver my wife and children from the hands of this cruel murderess? Look here! here is a cap and a rod which Heaven has destined expressly for me. Assist me with your counsel."—"Praise be to God!" said Umm al Kebahet, "praise be to God, who can re-animate even mouldering bones! I despaired of the deliverance of your wife, and of your children, and of my own deliverance; but now, God be thanked, I believe that we are all saved. I know this rod and this cap: they belonged to the shaikh, who was my instructor in magic. One hundred and fifty years was he contriving how to make these two articles, and as soon as he had finished them he was overtaken by death. He bequeathed them

to his children as their inheritance, and the same time predicted that they would be deprived of this treasure by a stranger and beside myself with joy that these things have fallen precisely into your hands: now you may exert yourself with success for the release of your wife. As for me I am under no concern. I will immediately leave this island, and repair to the Land of Meccans, where I mean to pass the rest of my life. Do you, my son, put the cap on your head and take the rod in your hand; re- turn to the place where your wife is confined, strike the ground and say: 'Appear ye spirits, in the name of these characters.' The spirits, which are the servants of God, will then do whatsoever you shall command them."

Hassan accordingly proceeded to the prison, and there found his wife bound by her hands to the ladder and lacerated with wounds. The children were playing under the ladder and Nur al Nissa, watching them with a languid look, sobbed and sighed. At this cruel sight Hassan's senses forsook him

some moments. He then took off his cap and rendered himself visible. The children cried: "Father! father!" and ran to him and embraced his knees. The mother was roused by this exclamation, which well nigh broke her heart; and she exerted all her strength to turn her head and say, "Where are ye, and where is your father?" Torrents of tears gushed from her eyes, and she forgot for a moment the agonies of the torture, to express the painful sensations that rent her bosom. "Where is your father?" said she to the children, and then poured forth this extempore effusion:—

"The moon is set, the night is dark. O
"mine eyes, let your tears flow profusely!
"My beloved is afar off—whence then shall I
"derive fortitude? Fortitude and my heart
"have fled with him. O fugitive! thy image
"is engraven in my heart: when will the
"hour of thy return arrive? Flow ye
"streams of tears from my eyes—still ye
"will not extinguish the fire that consumes
"my vitals.—Ah! is my beloved returned

“to me? Then cease, my tears—ye have flowed enough.”

Hassan could not forbear throwing himself upon her. “Ah!” cried she, when she beheld him, “how camest thou hither? Hast thou descended from heaven, or dost thou come from the earth?—But be that as it may, this is no time either for weeping or talking. Fate hath determined, the eternal pen hath recorded its decrees, and we must implicitly submit to them. Return, then, as thou camest, before any one observe thee, and before thou fallest a victim, I mean, to the atrocious cruelty of my sister.” “I am come, my beloved,” said Hassan, “to deliver thee, and to conduct thee home again with our children, in spite of this human sister.”—“Ah!” said she, after she had kept silence for some time, “deliverance for me is out of the question. Go as thou hast come, and augment not my sufferings by time.”—“Light of mine eyes,” replied Hassan, “I will not leave this place but in thy company and that of my children.” “And how is that possible?” asked she.

“By the aid of the cap and the rod which thou here seest.”

While Hassan was thus conversing with his wife, the queen entered, and Hassan instantly made himself invisible. “With whom wast thou speaking just now, abandoned wretch?” said the queen to Nur al Nissa.” “Only with my children,” was her reply. The queen then took up a whip to beat her sister, and Hassan was obliged to be a melancholy witness of this fresh cruelty. At length, Nur al Niran gave orders that her sister should be removed to another place. Hassan followed her thither, and, as soon as the slaves had retired, he again took off his cap. “Dost thou still witness this inhuman treatment?” said his wife to him. “And all this I suffer, because I forsook thee, because I went out of doors without thy permission. O my husband! spare me the reproaches which I have deserved, and know that a wife does not learn till then to appreciate the worth of a husband. I beg pardon of you, and likewise pray to God to forgive me this sin.”—These words rent the

heart of her husband. " Ah, my dear wife," cried he, " the fault is not yours, but mine for having quitted you and left you at home alone. Beloved of my heart, light of my eyes, wilt thou return with me and our children to my country ?"—" Will I ?" she exclaimed, shedding a flood of tears ; " none but God, the ruler of heaven, can work this miracle. Go, go ; and return home alone."

The female slaves, then on duty, entered to see with whom she was conversing. They found her weeping with her children, saw no person else. They wept with the princess, and at nightfall returned to their posts. Hassan then unbound his wife, embraced her, and clasped her to his bosom. O, excess of transport, after so long a separation !

Hassan thereupon took the elder of his children by the hand, and Nur al Nissa the younger, and thus passed unobserved through the guards, till they reached the gate of the palace, which they found locked. " What is to be done now ?" said Has-

“ here we are in a new dilemma.”—“ Our efforts are useless,” said Nur al Nissa ; “ we are absolutely doomed never to get out of this prison.”

While they were thus speaking, they heard a voice which cried—“ Who is there ? I shall not open the door for you, unless you promise to do what I desire you.”—Hassan and his wife were frightened, for they supposed that they were discovered. They kept silence, and were on the point of creeping back again to the prison. “ Why do ye not speak ?” said the voice. They then knew from the tone of the voice that it was Umm al Kebahet. “ What is your desire, my good mother ?” said Hassan to her ; “ let us out.”—“ By Heaven !” she rejoined, “ I will not let you out, unless you promise to take me along with you, that I may not be sacrificed to the fury of this inhuman queen.”—“ Every thing you wish, my good mother,” replied Hassan and his wife. The Mother of Ugliness opened the door, and they went forth.

When they had quitted the city, Hassan

struck the earth with his rod, and called the spirits who were subject to it. The earth immediately opened, and seven genii appeared. They sank up to the knees in the earth—they were so heavy; and with their heads they touched the clouds. Thrice did they prostrate themselves and kiss the ground, and then they all said with one voice: “What is your pleasure, lord and master? Command, and we will obey; order, and we will fulfil your wish. At your orders we will dry up seas and remove mountains.”

Hassan was overjoyed when he found that the spirits were so prompt in their replies, and so ready to obey. “Who are ye?” asked he: “what are your names, and to what tribe do ye belong?—for I know that ye are all divided into nations, tribes, and families.” Thrice did they thereupon kiss the ground, and they all answered, with one voice: “We are seven kings, each of whom reigns over one of the seven tribes: Genii; Sheitans (that is Satans); Mareds; Annes (that is Fauns); Gouls (that is Cyclops);

Ifrits (that is Satyrs); and Goblins of every kind, that dwell in the air, the sea, the desert, and hell. We are, at the same time, your obedient servants, and the slaves of any one who is owner of the rod to which we are subject."

Hassan, his wife, and Umm al Kebahet were highly delighted by this information. "I should like," said Hassan to the seven genii, "I should like to see the seven tribes which are subject to your authority."—"We are apprehensive," replied they, "we are apprehensive, sir, lest we should affright you by the infinite multitude of our subjects, and the extraordinary shapes which they would present to your view. You would see among them heads without bodies, and bodies without heads; some are in the shape of beasts and others in the shape of monsters. You may examine them at your leisure, whenever you please, sir; but what are now your commands?"—"I command you," said Hassan, "to carry me, with my wife and children and this excellent woman, forthwith to the city of Bagdad." The

genii bowed their heads for a moment without making any reply. "Why do ye bow your heads?" asked Hassan. They raised them again and said with one voice: "Lord and master, since the time of Solomon, that mighty emperor, we have not carried any mortal either on our backs or in our arms: but we will furnish you with genii-horses, which shall convey you immediately into your country."—"How far is it from this place to Bagdad?" asked Hassan. "A horseman, who rides sharply, takes seven years to perform the journey."—"And how happens it then that I came hither in less than a year?"—"That was because God disposed the hearts of holy men in your favour, and by their aid you travelled a great distance in a short time. In this manner you performed, in company of that holy man, the shaikh Abdul-Rodus, a journey which takes three years, in the space of three days; and you travelled a like distance with the venerable shaikh Abu'l Rish, in four and twenty hours. But that was a peculiar favour conferred by God on those

holy men. For Abu'l Rish is descended in a direct line from Assaf, the son of Berakhia, who was Solomon's vizier, and he knows all the names of God. It requires a year to come from Bagdad to the palace of the seven princesses in the Mountain of Clouds, and seven years from that place hither."—"Praise be to God!" said Hassan, "who maketh that easy which is difficult, who bringeth together that which is far distant, and who hath enabled me to find my wife and children again after so long a separation. And in what time," said Hassan, addressing the genii, "will the genii-horses carry us to Bagdad?"—"In less than a year," answered the genii, "if it please God, in spite of the frightful deserts through which you will have to pass. What we most apprehend on your account, is the vengeance of the great king of these islands and his magicians, who may overtake you by the way; but He who hath permitted you to reach this country safe and sound, can in like manner conduct you back into your own. Put your trust in God alone, and fear

nothing: we are always at your service.”
—“ Accept our thanks,” replied Hassan,
“and now let us have our horses.”

The seven genii stamped on the ground, from which instantly came forth three horses saddled and bridled, carrying a sack of provisions and a skin filled with water. Hassan mounted the first horse and took one of his children before him; his wife did the like with the second, and Umm al Kebahet took the third. In this manner they travelled the rest of that night and the whole ensuing day, along the foot of a chain of mountains, and this time, which they beguiled with chat, passed very agreeably. All at once Hassan saw before him something which resembled an immense column of smoke floating between heaven and earth. He immediately repeated some prayers from the Coran, for the purpose of exorcising this devil. On approaching nearer he perceived that it was a prodigious demon, with a head like a dome, a mouth like a cavern, teeth like pillars of rock, and legs like immense columns. He prostrated him-

self before Hassan, and said: "Be not afraid; I am the warder of this peninsula, which is the first of the Wakwak Islands. I belong to the true believers, fear God, and have long cherished the wish to forsake the society of these magicians and genii and to retire to a distant country, that I may there live in holy seclusion. I will now accompany you, and serve you for a guide, till you are past the frontiers of the seven Wakwak Islands. Be not afraid—I am at least as good a Musulman as yourself."

Hassan was much rejoiced that he should have a companion in this genius, and wished him prosperity in the journey which they were about to perform together. He conversed with him and his wife on the subject of his previous adventures, and the horses ran on like lightning the whole night. The next morning they breakfasted on the provisions which they had with them, and then pursued their route—constantly following the genius, who conducted them from one track into another, through deserts and wild valleys, along the sea-shore. On the

thirty-first day of their journey, a cloud of dust arose behind them. Hassan turned pale when he heard the confused shouts which proceeded from this cloud of dust. "Why do you delay?" said Umm al Keba-het: "these are the troops of Wakwak, who are in pursuit of us. Strike the ground with your rod." Hassan did so; the seven kings appeared and kissed the earth. "Be not afraid!" said they: "halt upon this hill, and meanwhile we will bestir ourselves here below for you—for we know that you have right on your side."

Hassan accordingly halted on the hill, and the army of the Princess Nur al Niran covered all the country. The genii then began to vomit forth fire and smoke, which enveloped the enemy on all sides. The sword was plied, blood flowed in torrents, and night alone parted the combatants. The seven genii came and kissed the ground before Hassan, and reported to him the result of the battle. They related that they had killed a prodigious number of the enemy,

and taken more than two thousand prisoners.

Next morning the fight was renewed with redoubled fury—the army of the seven islands was cut in pieces, and the queen, Nur al Niran, made prisoner, together with all the generals and grandees of her court. The same morning the genii set up two beds, which were in the form of thrones, and were composed of ivory inlaid with gold. These beds were for Hassan and his wife, and a third state-bed was destined for Umm al Kebahet. The prisoners were then brought forth, and among them was the queen, bound hand and foot. The old general, Umm al Kebahet, then addressed her in the following words : “ Atrocious, execrable princess ! you shall be bound to the tails of horses, and dragged to the sea shore, where the dogs shall fight for the mangled relics of your carcase. Cruel despot ! wherefore treat thy sister, who had married with all honour and decorum, according to the divine precepts and the injunctions of the Prophet, where-

fore treat her thus? For what else were women created but to marry men?"

Hassan had, meanwhile, issued orders that all the prisoners, without exception, should be put to death. Nur al Niran filled the air with her lamentations, and implored mercy of her sister. The latter forgave her, and interceded with her husband to save the lives of her sister and the other prisoners. At the intreaty of his wife Hassan set them at liberty. Nur al Nissa also made peace between her sister and the old general. Hassan dismissed the army of the genii, and thanked them for their services; and the two sisters now conversed familiarly together, like the best friends in the world.

The following morning Hassan procured, by means of the genii, another saddle-horse for the Princess Nur al Niran. They took leave of each other. The queen and the general, Umm al Kebahet, returned to the seven islands, and Hassan continued his journey with his wife and children. After they had thus pursued their route for a

month, they came to a large city, which was surrounded by a wood, where they halted for the purpose of resting themselves. Some horsemen appeared, and Hassan recognized among them the king of the Camphor island and the Land of Birds. He dismounted as soon as he saw Hassan, and expressed his joy at his safe return. He then conducted him into the city, and three days were passed in feasting and diversions. The king then accompanied him ten days' journey, to the frontiers of his dominions.

At the expiration of another month our travellers arrived at a spacious grotto with a gilt door. "Seest thou this grotto, my love?" said Hassan to his wife; "this is the residence of the venerable shaikh Abu'l Rish, to whom I am under infinite obligation, for it was he who procured me the acquaintance of the king of Camphor-land." At that moment the door of the grotto opened, and Abu'l Rish came forth. Hassan immediately alighted from his horse, and kissed his hands. The shaikh expressed his joy at Hassan's happy return, and conducted

him into the grotto, where Hassan recapitulated his adventures from beginning to end. All at once some one knocked at the door: who should it be but Abdul-Rodus, seated on an elephant black as night. Abu'l Rish hastened out to assist him to dismount from the elephant, and the two shaikhs embraced. Abdul-Rodus expressed the greatest joy at seeing Hassan once more, and the latter was obliged to begin his story over again from the beginning. "My child," said Abdul-Rodus, "this venerable father and I have furnished thee with the means of penetrating into the Wakwak Islands and recovering thy wife; now that thou hast accomplished thy purpose, and hast no more need of the cap and the rod, thou wouldst greatly oblige us by making us a present of them." Though Hassan was at bottom averse to parting with this treasure, still, on the other hand, he was ashamed to refuse the request of his benefactors. "With pleasure," said he, after a moment's pause; "but I am still under apprehension of the vengeance of my father-in law, the great

king of the genii.”—“Fear not,” replied the shaikhs, “we are constantly on duty here at the outposts, and answer for it that you shall not be molested.” Hassan, to whom these words imparted courage, accordingly gave the cap to Abu’l Rish; “and to you,” said he, addressing himself to Abdul-Rodus, “to you I give the rod, if you will accompany me home.” The two shaikhs were perfectly satisfied, and the requisite preparations were then made for pursuing their journey. Abdul-Rodus mounted a great elephant, and rode before them till they came to inhabited countries with which Hassan was acquainted. He soon descried the Mountain of Clouds, and saw the green dome of the palace of his sisters. “Rejoice,” said Abdul-Rodus, “this night ye shall sleep in the palace of my nieces.”

As they approached the palace, the seven sisters came forth to meet them. “See, my nieces,” cried the shaikh to them, “see if I have not done the business properly; here I have brought you your brother and his wife.”

The seven princesses were beside themselves with joy; they knew not whom first to embrace, their brother or his wife. This day was like a festival to all of them, but especially to the youngest, who was pre-eminently Hassan's sister, and she wept for joy when she spoke of the distress which her brother's absence had occasioned her. "Since thy departure," said she, "I have seen none in whom I did not fancy that I beheld thy form; even when I closed mine eyes I still saw thee, and it was as if thou hadst taken up thy abode between my eye-lids and the pupils of my eyes."—"Sister," replied Hassan, "in this whole affair I owe to no person greater obligations than to thee; it is to thee that I am indebted for my deliverance." He then related circumstantially to her all that had befallen him since he had left the palace; how his wife had well nigh perished through the cruelty of her sister, and how he had saved himself and her by means of the cap and rod. When he had finished his narrative, the youngest of the sisters pressed the Princess Nur al Nissa and

her children to her bosom. "Great princess!" said she to her, "did you not then feel in your heart some emotions of pity, on leaving your husband in that manner with his children?"—"It was so decreed by Fate," replied Nur al Nisa, with a smile, "and there are no sweets without bitters."

Ten successive days were spent in festivities, entertainments, and excursions. At length the day of departure arrived: the separation was painful to Hassan as well as to the princesses, and especially to the youngest. Abdul-Rodus then took leave of Hassan, and thanked him cordially for the present which he had made him of the rod. The seven princesses accompanied Hassan and his wife part of the way. Our travellers then journeyed on two months and ten days before they arrived at Bagdad. Hassan would not enter at the great door of his house, but made a circuit, and knocked at the private door leading to the fields. His mother had long been afflicted with illness, occasioned by the absence of her son; she could neither sleep nor eat, but wept day

and night, because she despaired that her son would ever return. Hassan, as he stood at the door, heard her weeping and lamenting. "O mother!" he exclaimed, "Fate will make thee amends for its cruelty." At these words his old mother hastened up, and knew not whether she might trust her ears, or whether it was a mere illusion. She opened the door, beheld her son with his wife and children, uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless to the ground. Hassan recalled her to life by his tears, and warmed her in his arms. Nur al Nissa ran up and covered her hands, her feet, and her head with kisses. "Daughter of the great king," said Hassan's mother to her, "forgive me if I formed a wrong opinion of you."—"But, my son," she resumed, "how happens it that you have been so long absent?" Hassan thereupon related all the extraordinary and incredible things which had befallen him since he left his mother. "It is a pity, my son," she then said, "that thou hast not kept the cap and the rod; thou mightst then have made the whole earth

subject to thee. But God be praised that I see thee again safe and sound with thy wife and children."

Next day Hassan purchased all that was needful to furnish the palace which he inhabited in the most sumptuous manner, together with apparel, utensils, and slaves, of all sorts; and so they lived happy and content, and in the enjoyment of life and the goods of this world, till they were summoned by the king of kings and lord of lords, the ever-living God, to the enjoyment of eternal felicity.

**MESROUR AND HIS MISTRESS,
ZEINAL-MEWASSIF.**

MESROUR AND HIS MISTRESS, ZEINAL-MEWASSIF.

IN the good old times there lived a merchant named Mesrour, who was in easy circumstances, and fond of good living, amusement, and pleasure. He dreamt one night that he was in a garden, with four birds, and a dove of a brilliant white. With this dove he was particularly delighted : but a large bird pounced down upon it, to snatch it away from him.

Next morning Mesrour went out to seek some person who could interpret this dream for him ; but not finding any one, he was returning home, when he heard a plaintive voice, in a great house by which he passed, singing as follows :—

“ The fragrant perfume of morning re-
 “ freshes the sick heart. I said to her : ‘ I
 “ ‘ conjure thee, by God, hast thou ever
 “ ‘ seen any passion that equals mine ? A
 “ ‘ gazelle of delicate shape hath captivated
 “ ‘ my reason. The elegance of her figure
 “ ‘ surpasses that of the branches of the
 “ ‘ tree Myrobalan.’ ”

Mesrour peeped inquisitively in at the door, which stood half open, and beheld a superb garden, where, on scarlet carpets, surrounded by four slaves, was seated a beauty of fourteen. Her eyes were piercing, her eyebrows glossy, and her mouth was shaped like Solomon’s ring. Attracted by her charms, Mesrour approached and saluted her. With inexpressible suavity she returned his salutation. Mesrour looked round, and perceived nothing but beds of flowers, shady bowers of jessamine and roses, and small arbours. It was necessary to pass through three colonnades before one could reach the house itself, which was situated on the other side of the garden. Over

the first of these colonnades was this inscription:—

“ May sorrow never enter this house, to afflict its master ! May this house never be too small to receive friends ! ”

Over the second was inscribed what follows:—

“ May happiness attend thee, O house, so long as the branches of the trees resound with the harmonious songs of birds ! May thine inmates be happy while the stars continue to shine. ”

Over the third was to be read the following:—

“ Mayst thou, O house, be continually honoured, as well when thy walls reflect the brilliance of the sun, as when they are wrapped in the shades of night. ”

After Mesrour had surveyed all this, the fair one said to him. “ What has induced you to enter a house that is not your own ? ”

“ I was attracted, ” answered Mesrour, “ by the beauty of this garden, which I beheld through the half-open door ; permit me to take a closer survey of its wonders. ”—

“ Most willingly,” replied she, in an exquisitely sweet tone. Enraptured by her charms, he burst forth into the following extempore effusion ;—

“ I have beheld the young moon hidden
 “ behind the jessamines and the fragrant
 “ shrubs of the garden.

“ I have seen the myrtle spray, concealed
 “ among violets, diffuse its perfume far
 “ around.

“ O garden ! her beauty eclipses thine !
 “ all the flowers bend their heads before
 “ her.”

When Zeinal-mewassif (for that was the name of the fair lady) heard this declaration of love, moved to the bottom of her soul, she answered in verses which gave Mesrour hopes : though, according to the words, they expressed the very reverse. Mesrour ate and chatted with her till the night was far advanced. “ Mesrour,” said she, “ I want some amusement—will you play a game at chess with me ?” A chess-board, inlaid with ebony and ivory, was brought, and the chessmen to which were of gold and silver. “ Will

you have the red or the white !” she asked. “ Take the red, madam,” replied Mesrour ; “ red is the colour of the gazelle, which suits you in so many respects.”—“ It may be so,” rejoined she, and began to arrange her men.

During the game, Mesrour was quite beside himself when he observed the beauty of her fingers. Such well-proportioned and delicately-shaped hands he had never yet beheld in all his life. “ Ah !” he exclaimed, “ how dangerous it is to play chess against such fingers !”—“ Take care,” said she to him, “ or you will lose the game. Check the king !—check the king ! You’re check-mate !”

When the lady saw that her visitor had not the command over himself, she said to him : “ We must play a game for a specific sum, that you may be more attentive. If you lose, you shall pay me ten dinars ; if you win, you shall get nothing.”—“ So be it,” replied Mesrour, and they again arranged their men. A veil, made of stuff of gold, covered the face of Zeinal-mewassif : she now lifted it up, and exhibited herself to

Mesrour's view, resplendent as a pillar of light. Mesrour could not turn his eyes from her face; he no longer knew what he was about, and took the golden chessmen, instead of the silver ones which were his. He lost game after game. "Oh!" said Zeinal-mewassif, "I must teach you to be attentive: after this time the game shall be for one hundred dinars." Mesrour, however, played no better for that; he kept continually losing till morning, when he took his leave for the purpose of fetching money. On his return he begged his fair antagonist to give him a chance of retrieving his fortune: and when his money was all gone, he staked and lost his house, his gardens, his slaves—in short, all he was worth, to the last farthing.

"Mesrour," hereupon said Zeinal-mewassif to him, "I should not like you to repent having made my acquaintance. Here is all your property again; you shall not feel regret on my account."—"I repent it not," answered Mesrour; "mistress of my soul: if you were to require my life, I

should deem myself too happy to sacrifice it for you."—"Go, then," rejoined Zeinal-mewassif, "and fetch a notary, that he may draw up in due form of law a deed of gift of your property." Mesrour went and fetched a notary. No sooner had the latter set eyes on the beautiful fingers of the fair Zeinal-mewassif, than the pen well nigh dropped from his hand. At length, however, he finished the deed of gift, to which two witnesses affixed their seals.

"Now," said Zeinal-mewassif, "now you may go." Mesrour poured forth a long effusion, which, in fact, was but a poetic narrative of his own adventure. "Let rhyming alone," said Zeinal-mewassif, "and now get yourself a little plain prosaic common sense. You have completely ruined yourself at chess; now go home."—"Only one game more!" cried Mesrour. "And how are you to pay?" objected Zeinal-mewassif. "I have friends," replied Mesrour, "who will lend me money."—"But do you know," rejoined the lady, "that the game which you are desirous of playing with me must

be for a high stake. I shall not play for less than four bags of musk, four pounds of amber, four hundred dinars, and four hundred pieces of rich stuffs. Bring me these, and then we will talk about another game."

Mesrour instantly withdrew to collect these treasures. Zeinal-mewassif, who doubted that he would still obtain credit in the market, sent her female slave Hubub after him to watch his proceedings. Mesrour perceived her, and inquired why she followed him. She confessed the truth: and he, on his part, acknowledged to her that he despaired of being able to procure by any means what was required of him. The slave was moved by his tears, and promised to do her utmost to enable him to accomplish his purpose with Zeinal-mewassif.

On her return to her mistress, she began to speak in behalf of Mesrour, and represented that it was right he should not be dismissed so unceremoniously, after he had been plundered of his all. Zeinal-mewassif considered for a moment, then called for ink and paper, and wrote to Mesrour, desiring

him not to give himself any more trouble about the stake for the game ; to come in the evening, when she would give him back his whole property, and play a game with him into the bargain.

Hubub was the bearer of this note. She found Mesrour in tears, and bewailing his wretched fate. He now passed in a moment from extreme grief to extreme joy.

Zeinal-mewassif was meanwhile engaged at her toilet. She put on a tunic made entirely of cloth of gold ; on her head she wore a silver plate, over which was placed a diadem of pearls, that was tied behind, and the two ends of the riband hung down over her shoulders, and at the extremity of each there was a ruby of prodigious size. Her hair was perfumed with musk, aloe, and amber. “ God preserve you thus, and keep you from the eye of the seducer !” said Hubub, her waiting-woman, to her ; and at the same time she paid her several other compliments in verse, for which her mistress thanked her, and then went to receive Mesrour, who had already arrived.

“Is it she?” he exclaimed, “or is it one of the houris of paradise?” She then ordered the table to be laid. A table was brought, the top composed of a single piece of silver, on which were engraven various inscriptions in verse. They ate together, and after they had finished eating they began to sing and to drink. “Mesrour,” said Zeinal-mewassif, “you have just eaten of my bread and my salt: you are my guest, fear not that I will rob you of the smallest trifle: I will give you back all your money.”—“By heaven,” said her slave Hammad, “it is high time that you should begin to be somewhat more just: and if you continue to conduct yourself as you have hitherto done, I swear to you that I will not stay another night in your house.”—“Very well, very well!” replied Zeinal-mewassif, “I will do what thou desirest, my dear Hammad; but now go and fetch us some fresh porters.”

They then fell to drinking again, and Mesrour declaimed a long extempore piece, which was a continuation of his versified nar-

rative of his adventures. Zeinal-mewassif was so enchanted with these verses, that she led Mesrour into her cabinet, and there—played with him the game she had promised. “My dear Mesrour,” said she, “my person and my property belong justly to you, henceforward we possess every thing in common. Here is your deed of gift—take all back again. I was only curious to see your garden if you possess one.”—“I certainly have one,” replied Mesrour, “and what a beautiful garden!” He therefore took her with her slaves to the house, where fresh feasting and merrimaking ensued. Here Zeinal-mewassif sang, while she accompanied herself upon the lute, the following words:—

“The harmony of the voice and of the
“lute embellishes the familiar interviews
“of lovers, as the breeze of morning em-
“bellishes the commencement of a fine
“day. Harmony penetrates the heart and
“rends all veils. The signification of
“words is reflected in the tones of music, as

“ the sun is reflected by the luminary of
 “ night.”

“ Now let us hear something of yours !”
 said Zeinal-mewassif to Mesrour. He there-
 upon began :—

“ We enjoy ourselves over the bottle and
 “ the late in the midst of the garden. The
 “ notes of the turtle-doves accompany our
 “ songs : the branches of the trees bow down
 “ and lend us an attentive ear.”

He then abandoned himself to his poetic
 inspiration, and the verses poured in pro-
 fusion till morning from his lips.

“ Mesrour,” at length said the lady, “ I
 see the tint of dawn already on the horizon :
 it is time for me to depart, that I may not
 furnish occasion for scandal.” With these
 words she rose, and Mesrour attended her
 home.

In this manner they led for some time a
 most delicious life, till Zeinal-mewassif re-
 ceived a letter from her husband—for she
 was married—in which he announced his
 speedy return. “ What’s to be done, Mes-
 rour ?” said she, “ here is my dolt of a

husband coming home to spoil all our sport. What course shall we pursue?"—"That I leave you to devise," said Mesrour; "in cunning and stratagem women are always more than a match for men."—"He is a mean, jealous wretch," she continued, "and I see no other method for you to obtain access to our house, but to give yourself out for a dealer in colours and perfumes, which you must offer him for sale. But take particular care not to contradict him."

The husband came, and was exceedingly astonished to find that his wife was turned quite yellow. The fact was, that she had made herself yellow by washing herself with saffron and other colouring matters. "My anxiety about you since you have been gone," said she to him, "has thrown me into an illness, which threatens to destroy me. O my dear husband!" she continued, in a whining tone, but without shedding a tear, "do not travel again without an attendant, that I may not be in such continual uneasiness respecting you."—"You are right, my dearest wife," replied the husband; "cheer

up, and be assured that in future I will do nothing but what I know to be agreeable to thee." He thereupon embraced her, and went to his shop. Here Mesrour was already waiting to introduce himself to his acquaintance, and to offer him colours at a low price. Zeinal-mewassif's husband, won by his prepossessing manner, proposed, a few days afterwards, to take him into partnership, if he could advance a sufficient capital. Mesrour replied, that this proposal coincided with his wishes, and they thereupon concluded a contract to that effect. Towards evening Zeinal-mewassif's husband took his new partner to his house, and announced him as such to his wife. The latter was delighted at this (for she knew that it could be no other than her gallant), and immediately made preparations for supper. "Now come with me," said her husband to her, "and pay thy compliments to my partner."—"What!" replied she, "would you have me shew myself to a stranger? God forbid! I would rather submit to be cut into a thousand pieces."—"Thou carriest thy delicacy

to excess," rejoined the husband: "he is a Christian, and we are Jews."—"What is it that thou requirest of me? To shew my face to a stranger!—I, who am ashamed even to shew myself to you!" The husband was overjoyed that he had so chaste and so reserved a wife; and Zeinal-mewassif made him drag her by force to greet his new partner. The latter, too, counterfeited innocence, cast down his eyes, and did not once venture to raise them to his mistress. They ate together, and after supper Mesrour retired, full of secret vexation at being obliged to leave his mistress alone with her husband. The latter, however, soon began to conceive some suspicion. There was a bird in the house, which had manifested great fondness for Mesrour as an old acquaintance, but took no notice whatever of its master, who had, from long absence, become quite a stranger to it. This made the Jew thoughtful, and he became still more so when he heard his wife, who slept in the same bed with him, talk in her sleep of nothing but Mesrour. Without betraying his suspicion,

he asked his partner, the following day, to take soup with him. He conducted him to his house, and called his wife to come and salute her guest. "I beg thee to excuse me," replied she; "what have I to do with this stranger?" In short, he was obliged to bring her almost by force to dinner.

The bird caressed Mesrour, without seeming to recognize its old master. The suspicions of the latter were confirmed by this circumstance, and still more by the tender looks which he caught the lovers exchanging with each other. "I will go out for a moment," said he, "and call my kinsmen, in order to introduce you to them as my partner." With these words he retired: but instead of going out, he slipped up by a private staircase to a closet that had a lattice window, which overlooked the apartment where he had left the lovers, and whence he could see all that passed without being seen himself. Zeinal-mewassif called her slave, and ordered her to lock the door, and to give her notice when her husband was returning. She thereupon took a bowl,

in which she dissolved musk in rose-water, and rising, drank to the health of Mesrour. "The dew of thy lips," said she, "is more delicious than this drink." She then sprinkled him with rose-water from head to foot. The husband, who saw all this, was ready to burst with jealousy and rage. He instantly went down stairs, and appeared at the door of the room, which he found locked. The slave came and opened it, and the deluded husband entered with a smiling countenance, concealing his chagrin as well as he could, and very politely begged Mesrour to come soon to see him again. He could not make up his mind how to act in this affair. Should he affect to know nothing about the matter? Should he tell his wife that he had discovered her tricks? Both these modes of proceeding would have great inconveniences. At length he resolved to remove her out of the way by a journey. He produced a forged letter, in which some of his kinsmen urgently intreated him to come to them in person, for the purpose of bringing an important business to a conclusion. "How long then

shalt thou be absent, my dear husband?" said she to him. "Twelve days at farthest," replied he. "Ah! what a long time that is!" she rejoined; "these journeys of thine will yet drive me to despair."—"No, my love, that they shall not: thou mayst go with me if thou hast a mind. I have already given all the necessary directions to that effect."

This intelligence was a thunder-clap to Zeinal-mewassif. She immediately sent to inform Mesrour of it, and communicated to him her apprehensions that her husband had probably formed a plan for separating them for ever. At the same time she did her utmost to get excused from the journey: but finding it impossible to accomplish her end, she caused her things to be packed up, and as she had no opportunity of speaking to Mesrour, she took a pen and covered the walls, and more especially the doors of the house, with inscriptions in verse, which were so many fond lamentations addressed to Mesrour.

As she mounted her camel she apostro-

phized the house, by way, as it were, of bidding adieu to it. "Take not leave of our house," said her husband to her, "thou shalt soon see it again, God willing." Zeinal-mewassif was nevertheless fully aware how little she could rely on these words, and she saw but too clearly that she was to be parted for ever from her lover.

The latter was meanwhile thrown into despair, by the intelligence which his mistress gave him of her approaching departure. He hoped to get a sight of her once more, but when he reached her house she was already gone. He walked through the apartments of the house, and fainted on reading the various inscriptions on every door.

When he had come to himself again, he hastened after the camel that carried his mistress, and actually overtook the train, at the head of which rode Zeinal-mewassif's husband, while she was the last of the caravan. Mesrour embraced the chair in which she sat, and laying fast hold of it, he gave vent to the most impetuous ebullitions of his passion. "For heaven's sake," said Zeinal-

mewassif, “ turn back, before my crabbed husband sets eyes upon thee !” These words made no impression on Mesrour ; he continued to walk along by her chair, and breathed forth the ardour of his passion in burning verses to the following effect :

“ The crier of the caravan gave the signal for departure in the obscurity of night,
 “ before the breath of morning animated the vales. The camels fall on their knees ; they
 “ are loaded with the baggage ; the travellers
 “ mount their beasts. Alas ! they are gone,
 “ and have left me behind to trace their footsteps ! I follow them afar off, and bedew
 “ the dust with my tears.”

At length Zeinal-mewassif by her tears and intreaties prevailed on Mesrour to return home, and not needlessly expose himself to the vengeance of her husband. He covered her hand with kisses and tears, and when he tore himself away from her chair he fell into a long swoon.

When he had come to himself again, and no longer beheld the caravan, nor could perceive any thing round about him but the

wind, which blew from the direction in which it had gone, he exclaimed :

“ Come, O night, and cool my burning
“ cheeks ! Come and re-animate the flame of
“ my heart !

“ She is gone, but my heart is with her ;
“ it is transfixed by the spurs which goad the
“ camels.

“ O breath of morning, thou art mingled
“ with her breath ! Hath she not commanded
“ thee to dry my tears, and to warm my
“ limbs, congealed to ice by her departure !”

At the first stage, Zeinal-mewassif wrote to Mesrour, to comfort and assure him of her everlasting love. She dispatched this letter by one of her female slaves, who brought back the answer. The husband remarking this correspondence, deemed it advisable to remove his wife to a still greater distance from her lover. The place where he at first intended to settle was only ten days' journey from that where Mesrour resided : he therefore travelled twenty days' journey farther, so that there was a distance of a month's journey between them.

Mesrour had meanwhile no rest, either night or day. His mistress appeared to him in a dream—he was happy with her; but when he awoke, and the illusion was dispelled, he would exclaim:

“ Hail, phantom that visitest me in the
 “ darkness of night, and coolest the fire of
 “ my passion !

“ I awake weeping, and the dear delusion
 “ vanishes.

“ Ah ! dreams are a real felicity for un-
 “ fortunate lovers ; they sooth under the
 “ torments of passion.

“ She spoke with me, she smiled on me,
 “ she scolded me, she caressed me—I printed
 “ a kiss upon her checks.

“ She raises me by her highest favour to
 “ the pinnacle of happiness, and, alas ! I
 “ awake bathed in tears !”

He mostly spent the day in the house of his mistress. As it was deserted, the solitude by which he was surrounded served only to augment his grief, for he was here reminded of all the pleasures which he had enjoyed within those walls. Absorbed in

such melancholy reflections, he heard a raven which had built its nest on the roof of the house, and immediately exclaimed :

“ O raven, what wouldst thou do in the
“ house of my beloved ! Wilt thou in thy
“ doleful notes deplore my unhappy pas-
“ sion ?

“ Ah ! ah ! a fire consumes me. Echo !
“ and thy harsh voice, incessantly repeat,
“ Ah ! ah ! ”

One day he found in the house the sister of Zeinal-mewassif, to whom the intrigue of the latter with Mesrour was not unknown. She strove to comfort him—but her words, instead of drying his tears, caused them to flow still more profusely. “ How can you,” said he to her, “ how can you desire me to be of good cheer ? Ah ! why am I not a bird, that I might fly away to her ! ”—“ Nevertheless,” said the sister, “ the only remedy you have left is patience.” Mesrour begged her to take charge of a letter to Zeinal-mewassif: the sister promised she would, and Mesrour wrote a most affecting epistle. The sister sealed the letter with a

seal, which was impressed upon a wafer made of musk and amber, and then gave it to a merchant, requesting him to deliver it either to Zeinal-mewassif herself or to her trusty slave.

When Zeinal-mewassif received this letter she pressed it to her eyes, bedewed it with her tears, and wrote an answer that was not less tender. When, however, her husband discovered that the correspondence was kept up, in spite of the increase of the distance to a month's journey, he resolved to remove still farther, and gave orders for packing up. "But how much farther shall we travel?" asked Zeinal-mewassif. "To the world's end, if needful," answered her husband, "that a stop may be put to your charming correspondence. We will see whether Mesrour will come to thy assistance, strumpet as thou art. But in the first place I will secure thee and thy slaves, who are no better than their mistress. Ho, there! fetch a blacksmith!" He thereupon stripped his wife of her costly apparel, and after he had put on her the ordinary garb of a slave, he

desired the blacksmith to come in. "Put me," said the husband to him, "put me chains about the legs of these three women."—"How have they deserved this punishment?" asked the smith. "They are three roguish slaves," answered the Jew, "who robbed me and then ran away."

The smith bit his fingers when he saw how beautiful Zeinal-mewassif was. He fastened a small ring round each leg, and put her, as well as the two slaves, in fetters. The beauty of Zeinal-mewassif made, however, such an impression upon him, that he thus expressed himself:

"Would that these chains might press
"you who have presumed to load such lovely
"legs with them. Were you to do right, you
"would encircle them with rings of gold and
"not of iron.

"How great soever her fault, I am convinced that she will be solemnly acquitted
"when she appears before the judge of
"judges."

The house of the judge of this town was situated close to that of the blacksmith; and

when the judge heard the smith singing these verses, he sent for him and asked him the meaning of them. The smith then entered into a very circumstantial description of the beauty of Zeinal-mewassif, and the torments inflicted on her by her brutal husband. The judge ordered the beautiful slave to be brought before him, that justice might be done her. The blacksmith cheerfully undertook this commission, and went back to the house of the Jew: but he found it locked up, as the Jew was just gone out. He heard Zeinal-mewassif, who was in the house, singing. "Open the door!" cried he, at the same time knocking at it. "How can I open it?" replied she, "the Jew has taken the key with him."—"I will open the door with a picklock," replied the smith, "and then I will take you to the judge."—"How can I appear before the judge," rejoined Zeinal-mewassif, "in this hair garment, which stinks of brimstone?"—"Nonsense!" cried the smith: "the judge will not care for that; only come along!"

He thereupon opened the door, broke the

irons that he had put about her legs, and conducted her to the judge. There she stripped off her hair garment, went into the bath to wash herself, and thus take away the smell and colour of the brimstone, with which her husband had out of malice impregnated the garment, and put on a fine silk dress. Her husband, most fortunately for her, was that very day invited to the house of one of his friends, a merchant, and she had the finest opportunity to bathe, to make her toilet, and to go to the judge, who received her very favourably. She acquainted him with the base behaviour of the Jew, and the noble conduct of the smith. The judge thereupon asked whether the Jew was her husband, and what religion she professed. She replied that she was not married to him, and that she professed the Mahometan religion. She was then required to repeat her creed to the judge, who afterwards asked what could have induced her to pass her juvenile years with a Jew. "You must know, judge of the faithful," replied she, "that my father put fifteen

thousand dinars into the hands of this Jew, for the purpose of carrying on trade jointly with him. When my father died, the Jew endeavoured to compel me to embrace his religion and to marry him. Offended by my stedfast refusal, he disappeared suddenly with the money which was entrusted to his care. I inquired him out, and at length found him in the town of Aden. I desired him to account to me for my money. He answered that it was employed in his business, and at the same time he secured my person, put me in irons, and has never ceased since to torment me." The judge thereupon asked the slave, Hubub, whether Zeinal-mewassif was her mistress, and whether she had told the truth. The latter confirmed it all, and the judge swore that he would release her from the base Jew, and force him to refund her money. Transported with her charms, he offered her at the same time his hand; she took good care not to refuse it, and promised that every thing should be settled on the morrow.

Zeinal-mewassif, as soon as she was out

of the judge's house, went to the judge of another quarter of the city, told him the same story, and promised him likewise her hand, which, fascinated by her beauty, he also solicited. She did the same with two other judges, and appointed them all to come in the morning to her house. The four judges accordingly repaired with their clerks at the appointed hour to the residence of Zeinal-mewassif, who received them with inexpressible suavity. Each of them strove to establish his claim to her hand ; in this manner nothing was settled, and they all went away just as they came. Zeinal-mewassif then ordered pen and ink to be brought, and related to Mesrour in a poetic epistle all that had happened. " Take care of this letter," said she to Hubub, " till we find a good opportunity for sending it off."

While she was thus speaking, the Jew, who had slept the preceding night at another house in the city, returned. " Aha!" said he, " you are right merry, and in high spirits ; I suppose you have had intelligence from Mesrour, which has taken some of the

wrinkles out of your brow. We shall see how he will help you.”—“We expect help from God alone,” answered Zeinal-mewassif: “it is he who has released me from these fetters, and who will deliver me from all the fetters which you can put on me. To-morrow we must both appear before the judge.”

The Jew went out to order new fetters, and Zeinal-mewassif hastened to the judge to implore his protection. The judge sent four messengers to apprehend the Jew, and they presently returned with him, after they had beaten him soundly by the way. “Woe betide thee, enemy of God!” said the judge to him. “So, then, thou hast attempted to drive this woman out of her native country, and to plunge her into the errors of unbelief, after thou hast cheated her out of her whole fortune?”—“My lord judge,” answered the Jew, that is my wife.”—“Beat him,” cried the judge. The messengers then threw him on the ground, tore his silk garments, and bastinadoed him in the severest manner.

The Jew appealed from the first judge to the second, and from the second to the third, and from the third to the fourth: but all of them pronounced him guilty, and sentenced him to be hanged, but first to have his hands and legs cut off. “But what is it that you would really have of me, my lords judges?” asked the Jew. “Confess,” said one of them, “that this fair lady is not thy wife; that the treasures of which thou hast possessed thyself belonged to her, and that it is for the purpose of seducing her that thou hast carried her out of her own country.”—“Oho!” said the Jew, “needs there no more than that to save my life? Well, then, I confess that this woman is not my wife; these treasures belong to her; and it was for the purpose of seducing her that I carried her out of her own country.”

The four judges thereupon reduced this confession to writing, and each of them hoped that Zeinal-mewassif would finally declare in his favour. She thanked them for their pains, coquetted with each of

them, just as much as was necessary to inspire him with hope, hurried home, and packed up. At nightfall she set out with the riches of the Jew and her trusty slave.

Next day the four judges sent to inquire after their beloved Zeinal-mewassif, and hearing that she was not at home, they mounted their mules and rode out of the city in quest of her. As chance would have it, all four met, and their reciprocal questions soon convinced them that they were all four deceived. All four of them, therefore, returned home, and all four went to bed ill with vexation. The first sent for the smith, and threatened to have him bastinadoed to death unless he procured some intelligence of the lady. The smith swore that he knew nothing more concerning her, and this only aggravated the complaint of the judge and his colleagues. The most skilful physicians of the city came forward, with a view to ascertain the precise nature of the illness of the judges, and to seek to discover a remedy for it; but they could find no remedy for this extraordinary dis-

ease. The four judges were continually declaiming in their delirium; and after they had been raving mad for some days, they all four expired of the love-fever.

Meanwhile Zeinal-mewassif and her slave pursued their journey with all possible expedition. One day they came to a convent, inhabited by forty monks and a grand-patriarch, named Damis. The grand-patriarch happened just at the moment to be in front of the convent, taking the air, when the two fair ladies passed: he immediately begged them to alight, and stop a few days at the convent, to rest themselves a little from the fatigues of the journey. He was captivated at first sight with the beauty of Zeinal-mewassif: but as he was ashamed to make the first declaration of passion himself, he commissioned one monk after another to do it in his stead. But the forty monks, who were themselves unable to resist the charms of the stranger, took good care not to mention the name of the patriarch—each of them spoke only in his own behalf, but met with no encouragement. The patriarch

recollected the proverb, which says: “ ’Tis best to scratch one’s-self with one’s own nails, and to walk with one’s own legs ;” he resolved, therefore, to lay siege to the fortress in person. It was just the ninth day, for eight had already been wasted in treacherous negotiations. The grand-patriarch ordered a sumptuous dinner to be prepared, and then went himself to the stranger, and greeted her in the name of God. “ In the name of God, the gracious and merciful,” answered she. The patriarch made his declaration of love in verse, and Zeinal-mewassif in like manner replied in verses, the purport of which was, that he had nothing to hope from her. The grand-patriarch, therefore, sneaked back again to his cell with his tail between his legs. As evening approached, Zeinal-mewassif said to her slave: “ Let us quit this convent, where forty monks and their patriarch are assailing me at once.” Accordingly they set off unobserved, hastened forward the whole night long, and towards morning fell in with a caravan coming from the city of Aden,

which they had just quitted. The people belonging to this caravan were at the moment entertaining one another with the most recent news of their native town. They related that four judges had died of love, and that the Jew had been set at liberty. "Dost thou hear?" said Zeinal-mewassif to her slave. "I no longer wonder," replied the latter, "that patriarchs who have seen you should be dying for love; how could I be surprised at it, when the judges are in the same predicament?"

But let us see what, meanwhile, occurred in the convent. Just as the bell rung for matins, the departure of Zeinal-mewassif was discovered. The monks assembled in the choir, but instead of singing psalms, they set up the most singular strains imaginable.

"*Congregamini!*" began the first; "Assemble, my brethren, before I leave you, for my last hour is come. The fire of love consumes my bones, and my reins are parched with the ardour of my passion."

“ I burn for a beauty who is come to our
 “ country to discharge all sorts of deadly
 “ arrows at us from her eye.”

“ *Vias tuas demonstra mihi,*” said the
 second: “ O ye who travel upon the high-
 “ way, why have ye not taken me along with
 “ you for your companion ?

“ Ye are gone, and with you my peace.
 “ Would to Heaven that it were to return
 “ with you !”

“ *Dominus illuminatio,*” began the third.
 “ Her image enlighteneth mine eyes, filleth
 “ my soul, and hath fixed its abode in my
 “ heart.

“ The remembrance of thee is sweeter in
 “ my mouth than honey; thy teeth are keener
 “ than the sword of Israel.

“ Thou hast passed by us like a shadow ;
 “ thou hast darted a flame between our ribs.

“ When thou passest in a dream by my
 “ bed, thou wilt find it wet with my tears.”

“ *Custodi linguam,*” responded the fourth.
 “ Watch over your tongues and speak no
 “ superfluous words, for they are painful to
 “ the heart that is sick. O moon, that hast

“poured forth thy rays over my darkness,
“my love to thee hath no bounds!”

“*Unam petii a domino,*” sang the fifth.
“My desire is my beloved, who surpasseth
“the moon in beauty. The dew of her lips is
“delicious wine, and the plumpness of her
“hips praiseth their maker.

“My heart is consumed by the fire of my
“love to her, and my tears trickle like onyx-
“drops from my cheeks.”

“*Nec adspiciat me visus,*” answered the sixth. “O star of beauty, that hast risen
“above our horizon! thine influence is
“fatal; thou slayest men without weapons,
“merely by thy looks.”

“*Turbatus est a furore oculus meus,*” sang the seventh. “Mine eyes are filled with
“tears, my passion waxes more fierce, and
“my patience diminishes.

“Her innate sweetness transports us,
“but passion waxes more fierce and patience
“diminishes.”

Damis, the patriarch, interrupted him with this antiphon:

“*Anima mea turbata est valde.* My soul

“ is full of trouble ; I have lost my patience ;
“ since I love her I am become a stranger to
“ peace.

“ Sleep hath forsaken my eyelids, and
“ sorrow hath settled upon them. I complain
“ to the Lord of my sufferings, and my body
“ wastes away to a shadow.”

When this singular litany was finished, and no one could furnish tidings of Zeinal-mewassif, the monks resolved to have her portrait painted, and to place it over the altar in the church. But they had not time to execute their design, for they were overtaken by death, which put an end to their torments, after they had dug their own graves in the convent.

While the beauty of Zeinal-mewassif was making such havoc among these holy recluses, she had herself arrived safe at her own home. Her sister was exceedingly rejoiced to see her again. She prepared for her forthwith a couch, which was provided with curtains, and perfumed with musk and amber. Here Zeinal-mewassif, attired in the most gorgeous apparel, softly reclined

to rest herself. To such of her slaves as had not accompanied her, she related all the extraordinary adventures that had befallen her, from the beginning to the end of her journey. After she had finished, she ordered supper to be served; and when that was over she despatched her trusty slave Hubub to inquire after Mesrour: for, with women, narrating and eating are the most important of all points, to which they first attend, even in preference to their lovers. Poor Mesrour, who had passed his time in weeping and composing extempore verses, had dreamt that his mistress was returned, and being a believer in dreams, ran straightway to Zeinal-mewassif's house, to see whether his dream had deceived him or not. He was still distant from the house, when he smelt the perfume of the musk and amber which the wind wafted to his nostrils. But what was his joy when he found at the house-door the faithful Hubub, who acquainted him with the safe arrival of his mistress! He threw himself into the arms

of his fair one, and both spent the remainder of the day in long embraces.

To strengthen herself, Zeinal-mewassif ordered Hubub to bring sugar, lemons and water, with which she prepared a liquor that was equally refreshing and invigorating. The night was passed in a mutual recital of their sufferings. Zeinal-mewassif related to Mestour how she had become a Moslem, whereupon Mestour also embraced the Mohammedan religion.

Next day they sent for a judge and witnesses and the marriage contract was executed with all the requisite forms of law.

Meanwhile Zeinal-mewassif received information that her former husband, the Jew, was only three days' journey from the city, and would soon arrive. To extricate herself from the dilemma, she resolved to quit the house of the Jew and remove to Mestour's residence. At the same time she ordered her trusty Hubub to give out to her husband, when he returned, that she was dead. For this purpose she caused a grave to be thrown up that was quite fresh,

and covered with odoriferous herbs. Over the grave was an inscription, purporting that she had fallen a victim to the barbarity of her husband.

The Jew arrived, and when Hubub conducted him to the grave, he threw himself down on the ground beside it, and amid convulsions and extempore elegiac effusions gave up the ghost. Zeinal-mewassif, on the other hand, led a most agreeable life with her beloved Mesroun, till she too in due time descended to the tomb.

**NUREDDIN AND MARIA, THE
GIRDLE MAKER.**

NUREDDIN AND MARIA, THE GIRDLE-MAKER.

THERE was once, a long time ago, in Egypt, a very rich merchant, named Tajeddin (which signifies *Crown of the Faith*). He was a man who had travelled and seen the world; he was master of immense wealth, and had a prodigious number of servants and slaves: in short, he was the greatest merchant of his time. His stable, his wardrobe, his harem, vied in grandeur and magnificence with the splendour of royalty itself. He possessed horses, and camels, and mules, without number, and garments from Maredin, and mantles from Barbary, and Turkish Mamlukes, and female slaves from Abyssinia, and Egyptian boys, and Greek

girls who were arrayed in silks and stuffs of gold. In a word, he was the merchant of merchants of the age in which he lived.

He had a son fourteen years old, who was beautiful as the moon when she has attained her fourteenth day. His name was Nureddin (*Light of the Faith*). He was distinguished by a glistening brow, rosy cheeks and hair that shot up like the young herbage in spring. To him these words of the poet might be aptly applied:—

“The mole on his cheek resembles a spot
 on a tablet on a table of white marble. The
 shadows of his eyelashes proclaim the mili-
 tary law of passion.”

When he was one day chatting in the bazaar with the sons of the other merchants, youths of his own age, they proposed to him to go to a garden belonging to one of them, for the purpose of amusing himself. “I will go,” said Nureddin, “and ask leave of my father.” Just at that moment he himself came up. Tafeddin made no objection; he granted the desired permission, and gave him money into the bargain.

The youths, mounted on mules and asses, repaired to the place, which is called the Isle of Elephants, and forms part of Cairo. There they entered a garden, containing every thing that can serve to gratify the eye and the palate. A spacious arched gateway formed the entrance. The work about this arch consisted of stones of various colours, red, blue, white, and black. The garden itself abounded in fruit of all sorts, especially black and purple grapes, a fruit which is extremely rare in Egypt. Of this garden one might say with the poet:—

“ The hand of God waters this garden,
“ and the branches of the trees raise their
“ heads to catch the liquid gold which
“ trickles from the clouds.”

Or with another poet:—

“ Enter here, ye who would enjoy the
“ beauties of a garden. Behold the riches
“ which Nature hath conferred on it ! The
“ zephyr kisses the hem of its garment, on
“ which flowers flourish.”

Silver streams intersected, in every direc-

tion, the enamelled lawns and the orchards resplendent with fruit.

Here it might justly be said :—

“ The east wind leaves the branches of
“ the trees to sport with the waters of the
“ brook that come to meet it; and quits
“ them again to press the waves of the lake
“ to its bosom.”

Here were exquisite pomegranates, the delicate rind of which, to use the language of the poet, on bursting, displayed rubies enchased in silver.

Here were apples, sweet as sugar and scented like musk, such as Hassan, the poet, describes, when he says :

“ The apple smiles when it shews us, in
“ its red and yellow colour, the colour of
“ happy and unhappy lovers. It combines
“ the colour of modesty and that of passion
“ languishing without return.”

The almonds, which were round like little suns, and exhaled the odour of camphor, resembled, if we may believe the poet, the heart of the fair who affect cruelty to their

lovers. Without they are hard, but soft within.

The fig-trees bore red and green fruit. A man, who is master of the subject, compares green figs with Greek faces, and black ones with Ethiopian, and says:

“Beware, ye sons of Greece, of these
“black faces which are close to you. Sleep
“cautiously.”

Here were green and yellow large and melting pears, which an amateur of another kind compares with girls who wait with impatience to give themselves up to the first comer.

Here were peaches, the red and yellow colour of which led a poet to say, that they were balls of gold which had been rolled in blood.

Green almonds, of inexpressible sweetness, were enclosed in their rind, like pearls in the oyster. The poets compare them with chaste virgins enveloped and guarded by a triple veil.

The fruit of the lotus (*sidrah*) was, to use the expression of the poet, suspended in

garlands of flowers like the golden bells attached to the rings which encircle the ancles of the fair.

Here were oranges which reminded the spectator of the praise bestowed on them by Hassan, the poet, when he says :

“ Balls of fire inclose within themselves
“ the coolness of snow. Wonderful snow
“ that melteth not in the fire ! Wonderful
“ fire that hath no flames !”

Here were citrons which the same poet thus describes :

“ Seest thou not how the citrons load the
“ tree and threaten to break it down ?
“ They are like masses of gold which bend
“ the branches towards the ground.”

Here were limes, half white and half yellow, of which the same poet speaks when he says :

“ Seest thou the lime which is beginning
“ to ripen ? It is snow tinged with saffron.
“ It is the transformation of silver into gold.”

We should never have done were we to attempt to enumerate all the flowers and

odoriferous plants which in a manner embalmed this garden with their perfumes. Here were jasmines, hyacinths, myrtles, and roses, of hundreds of thousands of sorts. In short, this garden was a real paradise, and it was the more worthy of the name, inas-much as the keeper of it was named, just like the keeper of Paradise, Riswan.

The company proceeded to a tent, and seated themselves round a basin of water: Nureddin sat upon a mat made of the sort of leather called *taif*, and reclined against a wall hung with the finest stuffs. In one hand he held a fan composed of ostrich feathers, on which was the following inscription :

“ The fan collects the fragrant breath of zephyr, and wafts it to the face of the young and generous man to whom it belongs.”

The youths took off their turbans, and talked and chatted together, keeping their eyes constantly fixed on Nureddin. Dinner was served up, and it was a very plentiful one, for each of the company had caused several dishes to be brought from his house.

Here were fowls and chickens, geese and goslings, partridges and quails, without number.

After dinner they washed their hands with soap which was mixed with musk, and wiped them on silk handkerchiefs embroidered with gold. Coffee was brought, and the owner of the garden came with a basket full of roses. "What think you," said he, "of the beauty and fragrance of these roses?"—"They are beautiful, indeed!" said the youths; "give us some of them."—"Softly! softly!" replied he, "in this country it is customary to give roses to those only who have deserved them by some witty sally or ingenious thought, or by any idea that contributes to heighten the interest of the conversation."

"Only give us some this way," said one of the youths, "we will sing you the praises of the rose." The youths were ten in number, and the first began to sing as follows:

"I love and esteem the rose as the first of plants. It is the queen of flowers, whose

“ coming proclaims the triumph of the fine
“ season.”

The second proceeded thus :

“ It diffuses the perfume of musk, and
“ like a tender virgin hides its blushing face
“ in the bud !”

The third continued as follows :

“ The sight of it rejoices the heart : it
“ contains the quintessence of the most ex-
“ quisite odours ; its bud resembles lips pre-
“ paring for a kiss !”

The fourth said :

“ Behold the rose-bush and its blossoms !
“ Are they not so many rubies mingled with
“ emeralds, enchased in gold ?”

The fifth expressed himself in the follow-
ing manner :

“ The rose resembles in the colour of its
“ leaves and pistils, the cheeks of the be-
“ loved one, which are adorned with ze-
“ quins !” *

The sixth said :

“ ‘ Thy thorns,’ said some one to the rose;

* It is an eastern custom to put zequins on the
forehead or cheeks of favourite boys.

“ ‘wound all who touch thee.’—‘The fragrant herbs,’ replied she, ‘are my troops; I am their queen, and the thorns are my weapons.’ ”

The seventh thus spake:

“ God hath conferred on the rose the brilliance of the most valuable metals, and the choicest perfume of aromatic productions !”

The eighth followed to this effect:—

“ O miracle of nature ! The silver dew which nourishes the rose is transformed on the surface of the flower into gold.”

Then said the ninth:

“ I compare the red and yellow leaves of the rose, and its green thorns, with a golden quiver and emerald arrows.”

The tenth and last concluded thus:

“ It displays the rich colours of the dawn, and puzzles the wisest of men. For they cannot determine whether the purple bowl, crowned with roses, communicates its hue to them or receives it from them.”

The young man to whom the garden be-

longed emptied the basket, and covered his guests with roses. He then filled a bowl with wine and made it pass round. When it came to Nureddin he declined drinking, alleging that wine was a prohibited liquor. "Ah," said the owner of the garden, "if nothing else deters you from drinking than the idea of the sin which you commit, let me tell you that God is great, gracious, and merciful, and willingly pardons these petty faults. Recollect only what one of our poets says:—

“ ‘ Do what is agreeable to you, and make
‘ no scruples. But beware only of two
‘ things : give God no equal, and do no
‘ injury to men.’ ”

Nureddin still refused for some time, but all the youths rose and besought him to drink. He was then ashamed to hold out, and drained the bowl to the last drop.

“ It would have been very wrong of you, Nureddin,” said the proprietor of the garden, “had you refused this elixir, to the virtues and admirable qualities of which you are an utter stranger. It is a specific under

every affliction, a panacea for the pains of body and soul; it gives wealth to the poor, courage to the coward, and to the weak the power of enjoyment. I should never have done were I to attempt to speak all its praise." He thereupon opened one of the cupboards in the tent, took out a large lump of sugar-candy, gave it to Nureddin, and said: "Take this and put it into your glass, to give a milder taste to the wine in case you find it too harsh." Nureddin accordingly continued drinking, encouraged by the universal applause of his comrades, who kept constantly repeating: "Nureddin, we are thy servants, thy slaves, thy brethren. Nureddin, dispose of us as thou wilt."

Nureddin, who had never before tasted wine in all his life, was soon overpowered by it. He could scarcely speak and hold himself erect. He nevertheless made shift to say: "This is excellent! But what pleasure is there in drinking without singing and music? Know ye not the advice of the poet:—'Let the bowl circulate, but let it
' not fail to be accompanied with the har-

‘mony of sweet sounds. Take a pattern
‘from the horses, which neigh when they
‘drink.’”

The young man to whom the garden belonged immediately took a mule, mounted it, and presently returned with an Egyptian girl of exquisite beauty. White as pure silver in the mine, or as an almond, she eclipsed the sun by the brightness of her eyes. Her eyebrows resemble bows, her teeth pearls; her bosom was like ivory, and her hips as if wrought in marble. “Night had,” as the poet says, “imparted to her hair a prodigious portion of its own darkness. The fire which burned on her cheeks caught the heart. When the beauties of this age behold her, they will fall prostrate before her, and she will walk upon their heads.”

She was dressed in blue, with a green veil upon her head. In her azure drapery she resembled, as the poet expresses it, “the summer moon amidst a winter night.”

“Fairest of the fair! Morning-Star!” said the owner of the garden, “we have fetched

thee, merely to gratify our guest and friend Nureddin, who has, for the first time, done us the honour to spend the day with us, and is exceedingly fond of music."

"Had you but told me of this before," said she, "I would have brought my instrument with me."—"I will go for it, forthwith," said the master of the garden; "only give me a token, to show that I am commissioned by you." She gave him her handkerchief, and he soon returned with a green satin bag. The fair one took out of it thirty-two pieces of wood, which she put together, and at length composed with them a beautiful Indian lute. She pressed it to her bosom, like a mother embracing her child, and began to sound it. The lute, animated by her lovely fingers, began to acquire consciousness, and to recollect its origin and its fortunes. It remembered the countries where it had been planted as a tree, the waters by which it had been irrigated, the wood-cutter who had felled it, the artists who had wrought it, the ships which had carried it, and all the different hands

through which it had passed. Touched by the fingers of the beautiful girl, it responded, in harmonious tones, to the following effect :

“ I was once a tree, on which dwelt
“ nightingales, who first imparted to me a
“ relish for harmony. I bent down my
“ branches and silenced my leaves, that I
“ might listen to, and learn their strains.
“ A cruel hand cut me, though uncon-
“ scious of any fault, into pieces, and trans-
“ formed me, as thou seest, into a lute. The
“ fingers touch me, but I bear with patience
“ the blows of a fair hand. As a reward
“ for my submission, I enchant by my notes
“ all those who have a relish for the amuse-
“ ments of a charming company. I repose
“ on the bosom of the fair, and the arms of
“ houris entwine my neck.”

After the lute had thus spoken of itself, during the prelude of the singer, she obliged it to proceed in the same strain, in order to give the stronger effect to the following words, which she sang :—

“ The nightingale upon the tree breathes
“ forth its transports like an enraptured

“ lover. Awake ! arise ! these lovely moon-
“ lit nights invite us to enjoyment. We fear
“ not the envious, and give ourselves up to
“ pleasure without restraint. Seest thou
“ not that thou possessest the four ingre-
“ dients which are indispensably requisite
“ to make pleasure perfect—myrtles and
“ roses, wine and a fair female ! What
“ needs there more for the enjoyment of
“ life ?”

These words quite turned Nureddin's head. He darted amorous glances at the fair one, who, on her part, did not fail to reply to them, for she was a good judge of young men, and saw from the first Nureddin shone among his companions like the moon among the inferior luminaries. She again took up the lute, and in the following touches drew a picture of her beloved :

“ I swear it, by the whiteness of his brow
“ and by the darkness of his hair ; by his
“ eye-brows, which, like watchmen stationed
“ above his eyes, extend their hands to each
“ other ; by the locks which fall over his
“ temples, and which resemble the scor-

“ pions, whose look alone was fatal to lo-
“ vers ; by the roses of his complexion ; by
“ the myrtles of his shooting hair ; by the
“ rubies of his lips ; by the pearls of his
“ teeth ; by the elegance of his shape ; by
“ the bloom of his bosom ; by the grace of
“ his motions, and the majesty of his repose—
“ I swear that from him musk has borrowed
“ its fragrance, the sun his splendour, and
“ the moon her soft light.”

Nureddin, intoxicated with love and wine, knew not what to say, and was overcome with the rapture of the new sensations which he experienced. The beauty who shared these sensations with him, apprehensive that his silence was an unfavourable omen, again seized the lute, and accompanied herself in the following song :

“ He reproves me because I have pre-
“ sumed to raise my eyes so high as to him.

“ He banishes me from his presence.

“ My life too is in his hand.

“ He knows what is passing in my heart :
“ the god that animates me hath already
“ revealed it to him. O my heart, where-

“fore tremblest thou ! Art thou not afraid
“of the envious ?”

Nureddin was transported with the charms of her singing and her verses, the flow of her poetic vein, and the sweetness of her voice. He was no longer master of himself. Hurried away by a resistless impulse, he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes. Presently he began to venture upon a different sort of caresses but some of the youths who rose to retire, apparently that their presence might not be a restraint upon him, brought him to his senses. He drew back his hands. The fair one again took up the lute, and proceeded in the same strain as before :

“A torrent of tears gushes from my eyes
“when my beloved goes away from me ! O
“ye who censure my passion for him, con-
“sider that his beauty is everlasting and that
“it kills me !”

Nureddin, penetrated with love, likewise expressed himself to this effect :

“O sun ! wilt thou not flee before this
“sun from the firmament ?

“ O moon ! wilt thou not hide thy face
“ in the presence of this moon ?

“ My tears flow, from desire to see her,
“ like the Nile. All I possess is her's. If
“ thou askest me whether I sacrifice my
“ sleep also unto her, I answer, yes ; and
“ my eyes into the bargain.”

Thus did they mutually lavish on each other the tenderest expressions and caresses. “ Beloved of my heart, light of my eyes ! ” said she, embracing him, “ knowst thou the proverb which says, that man is worth what he holds in his hands ? Put thy hands then in mine, that I may possess the greatest treasure in the world.” Nureddin gave her both his hands, and she covered them with her kisses.

While they were thus engaged, the stars began to glisten in the firmament, and the breath of God arose in the breeze of night. Nureddin would have retired, but the fair-one conjured him to stay, and the sons of the merchants joined their intreaties to her's, that Nureddin would sleep this one night with them ; but he thanked them, mounted

and returned to his father's house. His mother had been greatly alarmed at his absence. "Where hast thou been my son?" she said, clasting him in her arms. Perceiving her smile of wine. "What," she said, "hast thou been doing, my son? What has induced thee to violate the command of God?"—"My head aches," said Nurdulin. "I must go." Presently afterwards his father came. Seeing his son in a state of intoxication, he loaded him with reproaches. Notwithstanding what he did, raised his fist against his father, and gave him a blow on the right eye, which extended to the forehead. In rising, he swore a solemn oath, that the very next day he would cut off the mother of so undutiful a son, and his right hand cut off.

When she heard this terrible oath, she fled, for her husband was retired in anger to his bed. Towards morning she perceived the bed of her son, who had slept off the effects of the wine, and reproached him bitterly for his unnatural beha-

vieur. Nureddin, who knew nothing of what had occurred during his intoxication, was tortured with remorse when informed of his misconduct and the oath of his father. "Now," said his mother, "repentance is of no avail; the only thing you can do is to rise, to quit this house, and, to stay away until matters can be brought into a better train. Meanwhile, here is a purse of one hundred dínárs. When that is spent, send for another, and I will not fail to inform you how things are going on at home."

Nureddin wept exceedingly, took leave of his mother, and rose to depart. In going away he remarked, that in the chest from which his mother had taken the small purse of one hundred dínárs, she had left a large one containing a thousand. He took this also, secured both underneath his girdle, and set out for Boulak (the harbour of Cairo). Here he found a vessel on the point of sailing for Alexandria. He went on board her, after purchasing in the market the requisite supply of provisions.

In two days they arrived at Rosetta,

where Nureddin hired a boat, in which he passed the shoals of the Nile, and reached in safety the bridge of Kantaret ul Jami, and the gate of Alexandria called Sidret.

He saw that Alexandria was a very fine city, and the residence there, as well in regard to the climate as the inhabitants, very agreeable. He beheld regular streets, gardens abounding in flowers and fruit, and well-stocked bazaars. He went to the bazaar of the cabinet-makers, bankers, fruiterers, and dealers in colours. In the latter, a man advanced in years, who was just shutting up his shop, observed Nureddin, accosted him, and invited him to his house. He conducted him into a very fine street, where blew a refreshing breeze, that was cooled by passing over the water with which this street was kept continually wet. At first this street was only trodden earth, but the rest was paved with marble. In the middle of it there was a spacious house. The old man went into it with Nureddin, and after they had supped, he said : “ Nureddin, I conjure you, while you remain in

this town, seek no other lodging than my house.”—“How do you know me?” asked Nureddin, who was quite astonished to hear himself called by his name. The old man told him that he had seen him when a very little child, at Cairo, in the house of his father, who had once, in the most obliging manner, accommodated him with a credit of one hundred thousand dínárs. Nureddin was delighted with this acquaintance; he drew forth the purse of a thousand dínárs from his girdle, and begged his host to defray from its contents the necessary expenses of his subsistence. The purse of one hundred dínárs he reserved for pocket-money.

He continued, therefore, to sojourn at Alexandria, and amused himself there. One day, when he went to the shop of the old man to ask him for money, and did not find him in it, he sat down in the shop to wait for him. Just at that moment a Persian passed, riding upon a mule, and accompanied by a slave, white as the kernel of the acorn in its rind, as silver in the mine, as the jerboa in the desert. Her eyebrows

were arched in the shape of a bow, her cheeks were polished, her bosom was of ivory, her teeth of pearl. The Persian delivered this slave to the crier of the market. The latter conducted her to a seat made of ivory inlaid with gold, and lifted up the veil that covered her face, which shone like a star. “For you,” shouted the crier, “for you, merchants of this city, is destined this pearl, that is well worth diving for. Yes, for you is this arch-enchantedress!” The merchants commenced with a bidding of one hundred *dinârs*, but which presently advanced to nine hundred and fifty. “Nine hundred and fifty!” exclaimed the crier. “Are you satisfied with this price, owner of the slave?”—“I am,” answered the Persian; “but you ought to be informed that I have promised this slave to sell her only to such a master by whom she herself would wish to be bought: question her then on that point.” The crier accordingly shewed the slave the man who was the highest bidder. He was an emaciated old man. “Crier,” said she, “you must be a fool to think of

selling me to this old fellow, who has more than once been obliged to put up with the bitterest reproaches from his wife." The old man flew into a violent passion. "Rascally crier!" said he, "hast thou brought this impudent hussy hither to insult me?" The crier took the slave by the hand, and said to her: "Have some consideration! this man is the chief of the merchants."—"So much the better," said she, laughing, "one must begin with reading lessons to the highest, if they are to do any good."

The crier thereupon offered her to another merchant, for the sum of nine hundred and fifty dinárs. He was also a man rather advanced in years, and had a dyed beard. "Are you mad?" said she to the crier, "to think of disposing of me to this painted sepulchre? Good heaven! what a fuss there would be every day, till he had duly mixed the colours for dyeing his beard blue! Why, he would not be fit to be seen, unless when just come out of the bath, and painted to the height of his fancy."—"Accursed crier!" exclaimed the merchant, "it seems

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amed Maeddin, who wished to buy

ut who was unfortunately hump-

d. She recited the following lines of

of the poets:—

Be not surprised if the mule which he

counts refuses to stir. Do ye not see

the heavy load which he carries at his

back?"

Another, who came forward from the

ranks of the merchants, had sore eyes. To

him she applied another passage of the

same poet:—

"Arise, ye curious spectators, and be-

hold these eyes, bedaubed with a fiery

red."

A sixth had a beard which was rather too long. "Look! look!" said she. "here the order of nature is reversed: here is a beast, with the tail growing from its mouth. Knowst thou not, stupid crier, that reason and common sense are always in an inverse ratio to the length of the beard? This beard is like a winter night, long, dark, and cold."

Here the crier lost all patience. He was conducting her back to her old master, the Persian, when, on the way, she saw Nureddin, adorned with all the charms of youth and beauty, and instantly fell in love with him. "Who is that youth," asked she. "whose dress is of the colour of amber? Has he made no bidding?"—"That," answered the crier. "is the son of a wealthy merchant of Cairo. He has but lately come to this city, and was not one of those who have bidden for you." The slave thereupon drew a ruby ring of great value from her finger. "See," said she, "I will give thee this if thou canst prevail on that young man to purchase me." The crier went to Nureddin, and was asto-

nished at his beauty, which could not have been better described than in the following words of the poet:—

“ The water of beauty hath washed his
“ face, and his brow surpasseth all the
“ praises of the criers.

“ Thrice perfect are his beauty, his
“ grace, and my passion.

“ His robe discovers elegant forms, as a
“ light cloud discovers the figure of the
“ moon.

“ Thrice black are his eyes, his mole,
“ and my tears.

“ My eyes are inflamed with love to him,
“ as if they were tinged with the blood of
“ the antelope.

“ His brow, his cheeks, and my body, all
“ three resemble the new moon—his brow
“ and his cheeks, on account of their bril-
“ liancy; and my body, wasted with love,
“ in regard to its shape. His eyelashes
“ and his eyes drink my blood, and yet are
“ not reddened by it.

“ Thrice just is his cruelty, my flight,
“ and my blood.”

The slave approached him. "Sir," said she, "am I not handsome enough for you?"—"Queen of beauty," replied Nureddin. "what in the world can be more lovely?—" And yet," said she, "you have bidden nothing: not so much as a *dínár*."—"Were I at home," rejoined Nureddin, "I should think that I purchased you too cheaply, if I were to give for you all I possessed in the world."—"I will not say," continued the slave, "that you could have bought me; all I say is, that you ought at least to have made a bidding, to show that I was fortunate enough to gain your liking; and that, I trust, I have done. You people of *Caro* have the reputation of being connoisseurs in slaves."

Nureddin blushed up to the ears. "How much has been bidden for her?" said he to the crier. "Nine hundred and fifty *dínárs*," replied the latter, "exclusively of the pitcher of wine for the crier, and the duty to government."—"Well," said Nureddin, "I will give a thousand to cover every thing."—"I am content," said the slave. The crier

fetches a judge and witnesses, had a contract of sale drawn up, and handed it to Nureddin with pleasure, and wishes for his happiness and prosperity. Nureddin paid the thousand *dínárs* with the purse which he had given to his father's friend; but which the latter had not touched. He then conducted her to his apartments. When the slave saw that they contained nothing but old furniture and worn-out carpets, she said to Nureddin: "But I imagined that thou wouldst take me to thine own apartments, and not to those of thy servants."—"I have no other lodging here," said Nureddin; "thou knowst that my home is at Cairo, and that I am but a stranger in this city."—"Well, then," said she, "I will endeavour to accustom myself to it till your return to Cairo; but first of all let a good dinner be provided for me."—"My mistress," said Nureddin, "I have not a farthing in the world; the thousand *dínárs* which I gave for thee were all the money I possessed."—"Go then," replied she, "and get money;

thou wilt certainly find some one to lend thee a little."

Nureddin went to the old dealer in colours, the friend of his father. "What sort of slave can she be?" said the good old man. "for whom you have been silly enough to throw a thousand dinars out of the window?"—"She is a Frank," answered Nureddin. "What folly!" exclaimed the old man: "the most beautiful Franks are to be bought in our city at two hundred dinars. But, my son, if you are smitten with this girl, keep her to-night; sell her to-morrow morning; and esteem yourself fortunate if you can get back a couple of hundred dinars."—"You are right, father," said Nureddin: "but you know that I had no more than those thousand dinars, and meanwhile I have nothing to eat. Lend me fifty silver drachmas till morning, when I will sell the slave again."—"Be it so," replied the merchant. "in the name of God! But, my son, be sure to get rid of this slave; she would plunge you into ruin, by leading you

into needless expenses, which you would not be able to defray."

Nureddin promised to follow his advice, and returned to his slave. "Go to the market," said she to him, "and lay out twenty drachmas in provisions, and the other twenty in silk of different colours." Nureddin complied with her direction, and cooked the provisions. They supped, and afterwards chatted a long time together; at length Nureddin fell asleep. The slave, who continued wakeful, took a huswife made of taif-leather from her pocket; she then drove a couple of nails into the wall, and began to work a girdle with the silk which Nureddin had brought her. When she had finished the girdle, she put it under the pillow, and lay down close to Nureddin, who was awake by it out of his first sleep. He reproached himself for having given way to slumber in the company of such a beauty; with a brow resplendent as the moon in the month of Shaabon; with eyebrows, the bows of which threatened; with antelope-eyes, ostrich-hips, loins fair and fragrant as the most exquisite

perfume. According to the description of a poet, her hair was black as night, her brow radiant as the dawn ; her cheeks were roses, her teeth pearls, and her face a moon. When she walked, her motions resembled the motions of the tree myrobalan, and she diffused around on all sides the odour of amber.

Nureddin clasped her in his arms. He knew how to appreciate the delight of her embraces. Sometimes he clasped her neck with his hands, sometimes he entangled them in her long hair, sometimes he kissed her lips, at others her cheeks.

Thus did they pass the night in the transports of pleasure, and then, clasped in each other's arms, rested after enjoyment. Here we might say with the poet :—

“ God has not created a more beautiful
“ sight than that of two happy lovers.
“ Their arms are entwined, their hands
“ clasped in each other's, their hearts beat
“ in unison.

“ O ye, who censure the impassioned
“ extacies of lovers, be but witnesses of

“ this sight, and it will make you envy
“ their supreme felicity.”

Next morning, when they had performed their ablutions, and repeated the prayers prescribed in the law, the slave took from beneath her pillow the girdle which she had made the preceding night. “ Look here,” said she, “ and see what use I have made of the twenty drachmas worth of silk !”—“ What !” said he, “ can a capital of twenty drachmas produce in a single night twenty dínárs ?”—“ How should you know any thing about the matter ?” she replied ; “ only do what I bid you.” Nureddin went to the market, caused the girdle to be cried, and actually sold it for twenty dínárs. He knew not whether he might trust his eyes when he received the money. He purchased provisions and silk, and returned to his slave. “ Upon my soul,” said he, “ I never knew a better trade than this. It is more profitable to make such girdles than to be a great merchant.”

Maria, the girdle-maker—that was the name of the slave—smiled and ate her supper in high spirits. Part of the night

was spent in making another girdle, and the rest of it devoted to pleasure. Next day Nureddin paid his debt to the old merchant. When the latter heard what an advantageous resource Nureddin had found in his slave, he wished him joy. On the following day, precisely the same course was pursued as on the preceding days, and thus they lived for a whole year in the greatest plenty. Maria the girdle-maker wrought a girdle every night, and Nureddin sold it next morning for twenty *dínárs*. After a year had thus elapsed, she one day desired Nureddin to bring her silk of six different colours. “I will make you,” said she, “a handkerchief to tie round your neck, a handkerchief that shall surpass in beauty the handkerchiefs of all the other dealers.” She worked at it a whole week, and when it was finished, she tied it about Nureddin’s neck, that he might go a-walking in the streets. All the shopkeepers who beheld Nureddin were exceedingly astonished, and crowded about him to admire the beauty of this handkerchief.

Nureddin, when he awoke one night, found Maria by his side all bathed in tears. "What ails you, mistress of beauty?" asked he. "I weep," said she, "on account of the separation with which we are threatened."—"Who threatens us with it?" asked Nureddin; "we love each other cordially, and nothing in the world will ever have power to part us."—"Ah!" said she, "you know as yet nothing of the world. You enjoy the fair days, without ever thinking of the foul ones which fate has in store for you."—"Beware, my dear Nureddin, of an old Frank, who squints with his right eye, halts with his left leg, and has a swarthy complexion and a long beard: he is the man whom we have to fear. I saw him yesterday evening prowling about the city, and am convinced that he is come solely in search of me."—"Only let me meet with him," said Nureddin; "I'll throttle him, or play him such a trick as he shall not forget while he lives."—"Give up," rejoined Maria, "give up the idea of taking his life, but beware of entering into any conversation,

intercourse, business, or connexion of any kind with him. May God protect us from his consummate villany !”

Next morning, when Nureddin had left home, to go about in the city as usual to sell his girdle, he sat down before a shop, and was overtaken by sleep. The old Frank, attended by seven others of his nation, chanced to pass by, and no sooner did he observe the handkerchief which Nureddin had wrapped round his head, than he sat down by him to examine it more closely. When Nureddin awoke and perceived the old Frank by his side, he gave a loud shriek. “Why do you shriek thus?” asked the Frank, “have we robbed you of something?” —“If you had robbed me, wretch,” replied Nureddin, “I would bring you to justice.” —“Moslem,” said the Frank, “I conjure you by your faith, tell me how you came by this handkerchief?” —“It is the work of my mother,” answered Nureddin. “Sell it to me,” said the Frank. “I will not sell it,” replied Nureddin. “Sell it to me,” repeated the Frank; “I will give you five

hundred dínárs in hard cash for it; with that money your mother can make you another.”—“ I will not sell it, hobbling wretch !” was Nureddin’s only answer. The Frank would not take any refusal, but continued to increase his offer, one hundred dínárs at a time, until he got to a thousand.

Nureddin persisted in his first answer, that he would not sell it. The merchants who were present then remonstrated with Nureddin, and said : “ But what obstinacy it is to refuse to sell for a thousand dínárs a handkerchief that is scarcely worth a hundred ! Why would you let slip the opportunity of doing so meritorious an act as it would be to fleece this cursed Frank of nine hundred dínárs ?” Nureddin at length yielded, out of shame and want of firmness ; he delivered the handkerchief, and after he had received the thousand dínárs was about to retire, when the Frank, turning to the merchants who were present : “ let not Nureddin leave us,” said he to them ; “ I invite the whole company to sup with me : I have some excellent Cretan wine, a fat-

ted lamb and choice fruit. We will pass the night in drinking and in conversation."

Nureddin did all he could to get excused, but the company would not listen to his reasons, and dragged him along with them by force to the residence of the Frank. Here he set a patched table before the company, and a cupboard filled with broken bottles and glasses. He then placed upon it a fatted lamb, and broached a cask of Cretan wine. It was not long before Nureddin had drunk so much that he was intoxicated. All this time the Frank kept close by his side, and never ceased talking to him. "Sell me," he at length said, "the slave whom you bought in the presence of these merchants for one thousand dínars: I will give you five thousand for her." Nureddin refused, though but feebly, for his head was quite dizzy. Raising his offer a thousand dínars at a time, the Frank at length got to ten thousand, and Nureddin said: "You shall have her at that price." The Frank called the whole company to witness the bargain, and they continued to push the wine about.

Towards morning the Frank cried out to his slaves: "Ho there! bring me the ten thousand *dínárs* which I am to pay Nureddin as the price of his slave."—"Infamous liar," exclaimed Nureddin; "I have sold thee nothing; and besides I have no slave."—"These Moslems are my witnesses," replied the Frank. The company thereupon bore witness agreeably to the truth, at the same time making various observations on the folly of Nureddin, in objecting to sell for ten thousand *dínárs*, a slave who had cost him but one thousand. At length Nureddin, overpowered by their attestations and arguments, was forced to accept the ten thousand *dínárs*, and the contract of sale was drawn up by the judge and subscribed by the witnesses.

Meanwhile Maria, the girdle-maker, finding that Nureddin did not return at the usual hour, passed the whole night in weeping. The wife of the landlord, the old dealer in colours, hearing her sighs and lamentations, came to inquire the cause. She comforted her as well as she could, and offered to stay

with her for the night. Towards morning Nureddin arrived in company with the Frank and several other persons. At this sight Maria began to tremble for fear, and suddenly turned pale. "What ails you?" said the wife of the colour-dealer to her. "Ah!" replied the girdle-maker, "the hour of parting is at hand:—'the sun shines at his rising with a pure light for joy at again beholding the earth; at his setting he is yellow with pain at being obliged to leave it.'—Were not my presentiments correct? Have I not predicted to you that Nureddin would sacrifice me to the Frank. But 'tis vain to attempt to escape one's destiny."

At that moment Nureddin entered, quite pale and spiritless, "So, then, you have sold me!" said she to him, before he had time to open his lips. He answered, "that he had been obliged to submit to the irrevocable decrees of fate, and that human wisdom is of no avail when a man attempts to oppose the resolves of Heaven." He embraced her and said that nothing but the hope of meet-

ing her again reconciled him to life. "That is a dream!" said she, kissing him between the eyes, and then proceeded as follows:

"I will love none except thee, even though I were but a spirit. I will sigh day and night like the turtle-dove, I cease to live and to exist when I am separated from thee."

And behold the Frank came in and went up to Maria, the girdle-maker, to kiss her hand! "Curst dog!" said she, giving him a sound box on the ear; "hast thou then been obliged to run after me so far, to catch me again? But still every thing must terminate to my advantage."—"Madam," said the Frank, "I am perfectly innocent in this matter. You must vent your anger on your master, Nureddin, who has sold you entirely of his own accord, which he certainly would not have done, had he really loved you."

But it is time to inform the curious, that Maria, the girdle-maker, was a princess and the daughter of a great king of the Franks, whose capital was equal in extent to the city of Constantinople, and we will now relate

but they all returned without gaining any intelligence. The king then sent off this lame, squint-eyed Frank, who was his minister of police, and the devil incarnate at the business of espial. He was directed to explore all the countries of the Musulmans, and at last discovered the princess, as we have seen, in the city of Alexandria.

“ O Princess Maria!” said the minister of police, “ dry your tears ; I shall lose no time to convey you back to your father and your native country. You ought to be satisfied, after strolling about the world for more than a year together, and bringing such an expense upon the royal exchequer. I had orders to buy you at any price.” With these words the minister fell at her feet and kissed them, but she spurned him from her with indignation. The slaves belonging to the minister brought a mule richly caparisoned, on which they set the princess, at the same time spreading over her head a silken awning, supported by pillars of gold. They afterwards put her on board a ship that was ready to sail. As soon as the Frankish

vizier gave the signal, the anchor was weighed and all the sails were spread. Maria shed a flood of tears and kept her eyes constantly fixed on Alexandria.

“O thou abode of my beloved!” she exclaimed, “when shall I again behold thee? The winds waft me from thee, and the tears flow in torrents from my eyes.

“O, my God! unto thee I commend my beloved; a pledge entrusted to thy hands cannot be lost.”

The patriarchs who accompanied the minister of police strove in vain to comfort her; she did nothing but weep during the whole voyage.

Nureddin, on his part, was not less disconsolate. He returned to his lodgings, where he had spent so many happy days and nights with his dear Maria. All now appeared to him gloomy and desolate. He saw the implements which she had used for making girdles; he saw the garments which she was accustomed to wear at night. Every thing served to revive indelible recollections. He wept; he breathed forth the transports

of his passion in glowing verses ; the house now became quite intolerable to him ; he hastened to the harbour, where he yet beheld at a distance the vessel which, under full sail, was ravishing from him the happiness of his life. “ O, Maria ! Maria ! ” he exclaimed, “ have I really possessed thee, or was it but a dream ! My eyes still see thee ; the sweet tones of thy voice still resound in my ears. I explore the house where we lived together, and fancy that thou art still present to my view. I lay me down where thou hast lain, and wish that my bones may there repose for ever ! ”

These soliloquies were interrupted by sobs and repeated cries of “ O Maria ! Maria ! ” when an old man, who had just landed from a vessel in the harbour, said to him : “ You are lamenting the loss of that Frankish slave, who has just sailed ; give not yourself up to despair, perhaps you will see her again.” Nureddin replied only by fresh declamations, and the repeated cry of “ O Maria ! Maria ! ”

The old man, who was captain of a ship,

was touched by the beauty and the grief of Nureddin, and said to him : “ Take it not so deeply to heart, my son ; my ship is bound to the city to which they are conveying your slave ; I have on board one hundred Moslems ; come with me and you shall attain your aim.” Nureddin expressed his thanks, and went to the bazaar to purchase some provisions. The captain seeing him return with so scanty a supply, began to laugh. “ Do you imagine,” said he to Nureddin, “ that we are going on a party of pleasure to the Pillar of Masts ?” (so they denominate Pompey’s Pillar.) “ Why, my son, we shall be two good months, with a favourable wind. You must make a better provision for so long a voyage.” Nureddin returned to the market to purchase provisions for three months ; and having got together all he wanted, he embarked.

Three days afterwards the anchor was weighed and the sails were set. After they had been at sea fifty-one days, they were taken by corsairs, who carried them to the residence of the king of the Franks, where

they arrived just at the same time as the ship which brought the Princess Maria. As soon as the news of her arrival spread through the city, the people decorated all the streets: and the king and queen, with their whole court, took horse to meet the princess. They embraced their daughter in the most affectionate manner; and the first thing the queen asked her was, “whether she was a maid or a wife.” “Mother,” said Maria, “I was compelled to share the bed of the first merchant to whom I fell by lot: and the same has been my fate with all the others to whom I have since belonged.” The queen, who had thus publicly addressed this question to her daughter, that she might at the very first moment of her return, have an opportunity of triumphantly establishing and propagating the fame of her immaculate purity—the queen, I say, had well nigh smothered, when this horrid tale was related to her in the presence of the whole court. The king was overwhelmed with astonishment at this whole adventure, and especially at the frankness of his daughter: he

forthwith assembled a council of state, in which the viziers, and particularly the patriarchs, were of opinion, that to wash away all stain from the princess his daughter, at least a hundred Musulmans ought to have their heads cut off. Agreeably to this counsel the king issued orders that the hundred musulmans taken by the corsair, and among whom was Nureddin, should be immediately brought out to execution. The captain was first beheaded, and then the same operation was performed on the merchants. In this manner they were dispatched, one after another, till at last Nureddin alone remained ; he was led to the scaffold, blindfolded, placed upon the blood-stained mat, and the headsman was preparing to deal the fatal blow, when an old woman approached the king and said to him : “ Sire, you have promised to the church five captive Musulmans, in case Heaven should permit you to find the princess again. Now is the time to fulfil your vow.”—“ By the Messiah, mother !” replied the king, “ I had quite forgot that. There is not one left but the pri-

soner, whom you see before you. Take him, then, for the service of the church, and I will remain your debtor for the four others. Had you come a moment sooner, I would have given you them all without exception." The old woman thanked the king, and was quite transported when she saw what a handsome young man had fallen to her share.

She thereupon took him home with her, gave him a black shirt, a priest's cap, a stole and a girdle, all which she put on him herself, and made him perform the menial service of the church. He had been employed in this manner a whole year, when one day the old woman gave him ten silver drachmas, and told him to put on his old clothes and to go away and enjoy himself for the day, charging him, as he valued his life, not to show his face within the purlieus of the church. Nureddin enquired the reason. " You must know," said the old woman to him, " that the princess Maria is coming hither to day to perform her devotions, in fulfilment of a vow which she made while

yet a captive in the hands of the Musulmans. She is attended by four hundred maidens of the most distinguished families, and if but one of them sets eyes on you, you will be cut in pieces without mercy."

Nureddin took the ten silver drachmas and his old clothes, and was going out of the church. At this very moment, the princess Maria came up, with the four hundred virgins belonging to the first families, among whom was the daughter of the lame and squinting vizier. Maria appeared in the midst of them like the moon among the stars. When Nureddin perceived her, he could not suppress the raptures which he felt. "O Maria! Maria!" exclaimed he, with a tone of the most intense passion. When the four hundred damsels saw Nureddin, and heard his apostrophe, they rushed upon him, dagger in hand, to dispatch him with a thousand stabs. The princess, who recognized but too well the voice of her lover, called out to her ladies of honour: "Hold! hold! do ye not perceive that it is a poor lunatic, who has lost his reason? Take

princess then told her ladies that, on account of her long absence and distance from all churches, she felt a particular desire to spend the night in this church, in solitude and devotion. The ladies of honour dispersed, and slept in the cloisters outside the church: the princess sought Nureddin, and they indulged without reserve in all the pleasures of a happy re-union.

They were still clasped in each other's arms, when the church-bell rang for matins. The princess rose to dress herself, and once more embraced her lover. "Nureddin," said she, "how long have you been in this church?"—"A year and seven days," replied he. "Are you acquainted with the streets, quarters, and gates of this town?" asked the princess. Nureddin answered in the affirmative. "In that case," continued Maria, "take, in the first watch of the ensuing night, all that is in the poor's box; open the door of the church which is on the side next to the sea, and repair to the shore. Thou wilt there find a vessel, manned by ten men, the captain of which will offer

thee his hand. But wait till he calls thee by thy name, and be not too precipitate."

Meanwhile the ladies of honour were all awake and stirring: the princess opened the door of the church, where she was received by the patriarchs, who assisted her to mount her mule, held an awning over her head, and led the animal by the bridle.

The church was presently filled with people, and Nureddin, as usual, attended the altar. He told the old woman that he had passed the preceding night in the town, and she congratulated him on having done so, otherwise, she said, it would have been all over with his life.

In the first watch of the succeeding night, he emptied the poor's box, and repaired by the door specified to the sea-shore. Here he found the vessel, the *rais*, or captain, of which instantly gave orders for weighing anchor. The crew grumbled, and said: "We have received totally different orders from the palace: the king intends to-morrow to take an excursion himself in this vessel, to reconnoitre the Mahommedan

corsairs, which threaten to carry off the princess Maria."—"Who dare dispute my orders?" cried the *rais*, and with a single stroke of his sabre cut off the head of the man who had just spoken. This summary procedure did not deter the others from remonstrating. They shared the fate of their comrade, and in this manner all ten of them were dispatched, one after another. "Now come on board!" cried the *rais* to Nureddin. He accordingly got on board, trembling in every joint. "Spread the sails," said the *rais*, "and brace the rigging, while I take the helm." Nureddin attempted to do what the *rais* directed, but was so confused, through fear and anxiety, that he blundered in all his manœuvres. The *rais* then put off his mask and a false beard, and exhibited himself to Nureddin, who was astonished to see the princess Maria stand confessed before him. He declaimed on the spot some extempore verses, and concluded with acknowledging that he had felt dread-
~~ed~~ afraid of this *rais*, who was such an art of cutting off heads.

The princess Maria, who was equally conversant in the science of navigation, laughed at his apprehensions. She first set before him some refreshments for breakfast, and then produced the pearls and precious stones, which she had taken with her from her father's treasury. This sight afforded great pleasure to Nureddin. The wind was favourable for their voyage, and they came at length in sight of the Pillar of Masts. As soon as the vessel was moored by a cable to the quay of the harbour, Nureddin said to Maria: "Wait here while I go and procure all that is requisite for you to appear with decency in the streets of the town. I will borrow a pair of slippers and a veil, which is indispensable, of the wife of the colour-dealer."—"Go," said Maria, "but be sure not to tarry, lest you have cause to repent it."

We will now leave Nureddin, to see what the king of the Franks is about. The morning after Maria's flight, he inquired for his daughter, and all the intelligence he could obtain respecting her was, that the pre-

ceding day she had performed her devotions in the great church. At that moment, tidings were brought of the murder of the ten seamen belonging to the royal vessel, and the disappearance of the vessel itself. "If my vessel is gone," said he, "no doubt my daughter has run away with it." He then sent for the captain of the port, and gave him his sentence of death, in case he did not bring back the princess. The captain of the port inquired of the old woman in the church what countryman her prisoner was, and on learning that he came from Alexandria, he immediately equipped a ship, and steered his course for the harbour of that city.

He was accompanied in this voyage by the lame, squint-eyed minister of police. They reached the harbour almost at the same moment that the fugitives arrived there, and knew the vessel again at the first glance. The vizier, with a troop of armed men, went in a smaller vessel and approached that of the princess, with the intention of boarding. This enterprize was

the more easy of execution, as the princess was all alone; and the whole affair was therefore accomplished without the loss of a drop of blood. They carried her off without striking a single blow, and soon conveyed her back to her father. "Woe to thee, unnatural child!" said he to her, "who hast abandoned the faith of thy forefathers and the bosom of the church, forsaken father and country to run after Musulman adventurers."—"I am innocent of that, father," said she. "You are already acquainted with my frankness, and an adventure, more or less, could not do any vast injury to my reputation. You may, therefore, believe me when I tell you, that in the whole affair I am perfectly innocent, and that, at the moment I was about to pay the offering of my devotion to the Virgin Mary, I was seized by a band of corsairs, who gagged me and carried me on board their vessel. I swear to you that you could have done me no greater favour than to rescue me from the hands of the Musulmans."—"These are lies of the old stamp,"

said the king of the Franks, “and I swear to thee by the blessed evangelists, that thou shalt suffer the most ignominious death. Not content with thy first faults, thou must heap infamy upon infamy.” The king forthwith pronounced sentence that the princess, his daughter, should be hanged before the gates of the palace. At that moment the lame and squint-eyed vizier entered. He had long been captivated by the charms of the princess, and came to beseech the king to forego the execution of his daughter, and to give her to him to wife. He engaged at the same time to keep her securely shut up in a palace, inaccessible to all attempts of Mahometan corsairs. On this condition the king consented to the union of his daughter with the vizier.

The priests, monks and patriarchs were informed of this match, and the lame and squint-eyed vizier set people to work about the palace. What was meanwhile the situation of poor Nuredden? When he came back with the veil and the slippers, he saw a great multitude moving to and fro in the harbour. He enquired the cause of this,

and was told that the armed boat of a Frankish ship had just boarded a vessel that was already moored by a cable to the quay, and carried off a female who was in that vessel. At these words Nureddin swooned, and when he came to himself again, he related his adventure from beginning to end.

The people censured Nureddin, and each found something or other to blame in his conduct. "He is rightly served, why did he leave her alone?" said some. "What need was there for veil and slippers?" cried others. In the mean time the old colour-dealer came to the spot. When he beheld Nureddin in such a deplorable state, he desired to know the cause. "The veil, to be sure, was superfluous," said he, "but talking about it now is still more so. Come with me, my son: we shall find another slave, I warrant, who will be able to console you for your loss."—"Nothing in the world will ever be capable of consoling me for that," said Nureddin. "What, then, do you think of doing?" asked the colour-dealer.

“ I will return to the residence of the king of the Franks,” said Nureddin, “ to recover my beloved Maria.”—“ My son,” said the merchant, “ you let her escape the first time, beware of the second.”—“ I care not,” replied Nureddin, “ I care not if I sacrifice myself for her.”

It so happened, that just at this moment there was a ship in the harbour on the point of sailing. Nureddin went on board, and the ship stood out to sea. They fell in by the way with several cruizers, sent out by the king of the Franks, to capture Musulmans; for, since the last adventure of his daughter, he had vowed to destroy them all. They were taken and carried into the port of the king of the Franks, who issued orders for the execution of the prisoners, among whom was Nureddin. A hundred heads were already chopped off, and Nureddin's alone was left on his shoulders, when he was recognized by the king at the very moment when they were about to blind-fold him, “ Thou art Nureddin,” said the king to him, “ Nureddin, who has been here

once before.”—“No,” replied Nureddin, “my name is Ibrahim.”—“’Tis false,” rejoined the king, “thou art Nureddin, and wast a servant in the church of the old woman.” Nureddin persisted in it that his name was Ibrahim. The king ordered the old lady and the patriarchs to be fetched from the church, and confronted with Nureddin: at that moment the lame and squint-eyed vizier entered. “The palace is ready,” said he, “and your majesty knows the vow I have made to sacrifice three Mussulmans at the gate, before I move into it. I beseech you to enable me to fulfil my vow, for I have just heard that a cargo of captive Musulmans has been to-day brought in for you.”

“By the Messiah!” said the king, “I never thought of thy vow: I have but this one prisoner left—take him and welcome, till others arrive.” The vizier accordingly took Nureddin along with him for the purpose of dyeing the threshold of his new palace with his blood; but, finding on consideration that he should fulfil his vow more faithfully

and exactly if he sacrificed the three devoted captives at once, he ordered Nureddin to be thrown in the interim into prison. He was confined in a stable, where he was left nearly to perish of hunger and thirst.

The king had, among other horses, two which were twins, and of extraordinary beauty. The one was called *Sabik*, that is, *he who beats in the race*; and the other *Salik*, which signifies—*he that reaches the goal*. These two horses excited the envy of kings and emperors: one was gray, or ash-coloured, the other black as night. The king of the Isles, who was jealous because the king of the Franks possessed two such horses, had offered immense rewards to any man who should steal one of these horses; but so great was the care taken of them that this was quite impracticable.

Meanwhile a white speck began to appear in the eye of one of these horses. All who were expert in farriery had tried their skill upon it, in vain. The vizier, who also flattered himself that he should be able to cure the complaint, had caused the horse

to be removed to his stable ; and, as the animal could not bear the separation from his twin-brother, the latter also was taken thither. Such were the companions of Nureddin when the vizier entered the stable, and he was quite in despair to find that his medicines had produced no effect. “ What would you give me, who am very skilful in farriery,” said Nureddin, “ what would you give me to cure this horse for you ? ” — “ Life and liberty,” answered the vizier.

Nureddin thereupon took wax and garlic, and made with them a plaster, which he put over the ailing eye. He then went to bed, and commended his cure to God. Next morning the vizier himself came to remove the plaster from the horse’s eye, and his joy equalled his astonishment, when he saw that his eyes shone as bright as the light of morning. He was so transported, that from this moment he appointed Nureddin his master of the horse. In this capacity he led a very agreeable life, and exercised boundless authority over every thing connected with the stables of the vizier.

The vizier had a daughter, whose languishing beauty was like a gazelle panting with thirst : her apartments overlooked the court-yard of the stables, where she had consequently more than one opportunity to hear Nureddin, who sang, in elegiac verses, the sufferings of an unfortunate passion. “ Poor young man !” said she to herself, “ he is separated from her whom he loves. I feel for him.” She communicated her discovery to her new step-mother, who had taken possession of the palace the preceding day. The latter shed tears, and recited some verses which were applicable to her own sorrows. The description given by her step-daughter of the master of the horse, so young and so melancholy, made a most extraordinary impression upon her ; and on going to the window, which overlooked the stable court, she recognized her beloved Nureddin. She contrived, however, to conceal her joy from her step-daughter. “ I should not have supposed,” said she, “ that you already understood the language

of the tender passion so well. Now, go to your work."

When the vizier's daughter had withdrawn, Maria opened the window, and listened with delight to the melancholy strains in which the beloved of her heart expressed the feelings of his faithful affection. She sang a very tender couplet, in reply to his verses. "O, Maria! Maria!" exclaimed Nureddin, "'tis thy voice that penetrates the inmost recesses of my heart!" These words were followed by a flood of tears, and some verses, with which the poetic vein of his passion inspired him. The princess thereupon took pen and ink, and wrote the following billet:—

"Thy slave, Maria, sends greeting, and burns with desire to be reunited to thee. Hear what she says, and do what she tells thee. In the first watch of the night—for that is the most propitious time for lovers—in the first watch of the night, take the two horses which are entrusted to thy care, lead them out of the town, and there wait for me. Should

any one ask whither thou art going with the horses, say that thou art taking them out for an airing."

This billet she threw out of the window; Nureddin found, and picked it up, recognized the hand-writing of his mistress, held it to his eyes, bedewed it with his tears, and exclaimed as follows :—

"Thy letter hath anew inflamed me with desire: it reminds me of the moments of past bliss; it conjures up the illusion of our reunion."

With the most vehement impatience, Nureddin now waited for the first watch of the night; he then saddled the two horses, and proceeded out of the town, to the place of rendezvous specified by Maria. Meanwhile she had repaired to the apartments of her new husband, the lame and squint-eyed vizier. This was the first time that she had approached him; and when she beheld his hideous form so near her, she prayed in her heart: "O my God! permit me not to be polluted, after I have tasted pure pleasures!" She composed herself, however, as well as

she could, and assumed a demeanour which seemed to betray love. "My dear lord and husband," said she to him, "the world is indeed turned topsy-turvy, since I am obliged to come to you, instead of your coming to see me."—"Generosity and kindness," replied the vizier, "are virtues which exclusively belong to you, queen of the earth ! I am the meanest of your slaves ; and I am overwhelmed with shame that you should anticipate me in such a gracious and condescending manner. You are indeed a pearl beyond all price, and my face is bowed down to the dust at your feet."—"Pshaw !" said the princess, "a truce to compliments and gallantries. Where is the supper ?" The vizier called his slaves, and ordered the table to be immediately laid with a profusion of the most exquisite dishes, fowls and chickens, geese and goslings, partridges and quails, and creams of all colours and of the most various tastes. The princess helped the vizier with her own hands, and even kissed his ugly lips. They then washed their hands, and

fell to drinking, and indulged in boundless merriment. The princess presently took out of her pocket a dose of Cretan henbane, which had been prepared at Mogreb, and was so uncommonly strong, that an elephant which had inhaled but a single pinch of it would have been deprived of sense for upwards of a year. She put it into the glass, which she handed to the vizier, and he drank it off, without the slightest suspicion of the trick: but before he had yet emptied the glass he became insensible, and the rest of the liquor deluged his beard.

The princess thereupon rose forthwith, and took two sacks, which she filled with jewels and provisions. With these two sacks on her shoulders, she went out of the palace, and took the way that led out of the town to the place where poor Nureddin had been long waiting for her. But, oppressed with fatigue, he was extended on the ground, and slept soundly: thanks be to God, who bestows sleep on the unfortunate, while he himself never sleeps!

Just about this time the king of the is-

lands had offered great rewards to the thieves who could steal the two rare horses which Nureddin had taken with him. Among these horse-stealers was a black slave, brought up in the islands, to whom immense treasures had been promised, if he could contrive to run away with but one of the two horses. He had long lurked about in the city of the Franks, without approaching nearer to his object, either while the horses were still in the king's stables, or afterwards when they were in the stables of the vizier. He hoped this very night to be able to accomplish his purpose, and therefore proceeded towards the city, when, to his great astonishment, he observed on the way the two horses which Nureddin, though asleep, was still holding by the bridle. He cut the bridles and was just preparing to mount one of the horses, when the Princess Maria arrived with her two sacks. Mistaking the thief for Nureddin, she gave him the two sacks, without saying a word, for fear of making a noise, and forthwith mounted the second horse. After they had proceeded

together for some time, "What ails you, my dear Nureddin," said she, "that you do not speak to me?" The black thereupon turned his head, and said with an angry look and threatening tone, "What meanest thou, slave?" Maria stared when she heard this strange voice, and had nearly fainted when she saw the ugly negro visage, with hands as big as bears' paws. Presently recovering herself, however, she addressed him in the following words: "Who art thou, descendant of the children of Ham, and what is thy name?"—"Confounded wench!" replied he, "my name is Masoud, and I am a horse-stealer by profession." Maria, without answering a single word, drew her sword, and at one thrust ran him through the body from behind. He weltered in his blood and his spirit fled to hell. Maria instantly turned back to the place where she had found the two horses, and there discovered Nureddin still asleep, and holding the bits of the bridles in his hand. She dismounted and shook him, in order to waken him: he suddenly awoke and ex-

claimed: "Ha! see there—my dearly beloved! God be praised that you are come safe and sound!"—"No thanks to you for that!" answered she; "but now rise and mount without noise." He mounted the horse, and they pursued the road leading from the city at full gallop. "Did I not warn you against falling asleep?" said she. "You now see the consequences of it." She nevertheless related to him her adventures; and, as they thus conversed, they came to the spot where the black was yet swimming in his blood. "Alight," said the princess, "and strip him of his arms and his clothes." Nureddin made some difficulties; upon which Maria herself alighted, and left Nureddin sitting on his horse, filled with admiration of her undaunted spirit. They continued to ride on the whole night till sunrise, when they found themselves in a beautiful plain, enamelled with flowers and peopled with birds and antelopes. Here Maria and Nureddin dismounted, let their horses stand, and refreshed themselves with some of the provisions contained in the

sacks. They then mutually related what they had suffered during their separation from one another.—But, lo! there arose all at once a cloud of dust, which darkened the whole horizon: at the same time there were heard the trampling of horses and the rattling of weapons. It was a force dispatched in pursuit of Maria, as we shall presently relate to you.

The king had risen very early to wish the princess his daughter a good morning, agreeably to the etiquette of the court. He had taken with him, at the same time, garments of silk, and gold and silver, to make her a present of them. His consternation was great at not finding his daughter and beholding the vizier her husband lying senseless on the floor. He instantly ordered warm water and vinegar to be brought; and with these he counteracted the effect of the opiate, and brought the vizier back to his senses. He then inquired of him concerning his daughter. “Great king!” replied he, “I know nothing at all about her; except that, in the very last moment that I

recollect having been in possession of my faculties, she handed me something to drink." The king in a rage drew his sword, and aimed so effective a blow at the head of the vizier, that he cleft it in two. He then sent in quest of his two horses; but the grooms unanimously declared that the master of the horse had taken them out for an airing in the night, and that they knew not what had become of him."—"By my faith, and by the Messiah!" swore the king, "I have lost my vizier and my daughter; but what is that to the loss of my horses? It is certainly that slave, whose life the vizier saved by his solicitation—it is certainly that slave who has committed this crime." The king sent forthwith for three of his principal generals, and ordered each of them to put himself at the head of a thousand men, and to go in search of his horses and his daughter. The patriarchs and the grandees of the court likewise joined the pursuers, and thus they overtook Maria and Nureddin in the plain.

No sooner did Maria perceive them ap-

In doing this, seizing the weapons of the
 enemy, she mounted her
 horse. Aladdin, whose most brilliant qua-
 lities were already seen, was not cou-
 rageous at first; and in some ex-
 treme moments expressed his cowardice in
 saying to her, "Stay behind," said
 Aladdin, "I will answer for it that
 he will do you no harm, even though
 he should number the sands on the
 desert." She thereupon put herself in a
 position to display her natural
 abilities and the military talents which
 her father had developed: for her father
 had never failed to have her instructed, from
 her infancy, in the art of riding
 and in all the exercises. "Mount your
 horse," she then said to Nureddin, "and
 follow me: in the worst event,
 you may save yourself by flight, for not one
 of these can overtake yours."

As the troops approached, the king said
 to Aladdin, "See, Barboot, yonder is
 the enemy: she is mad enough to attack us;
 but I swear to thee by the Messiah, I would

not wish thee to spare her any more than the rascally slave who is with her!"—"I understand and obey, father," said Barboot. "O Maria!" he exclaimed, rushing upon her, "thou hast renounced the faith of thy forefathers to embrace the religion of adventurers, that is, of Musulmans; unless thou returnest to the true religion, certain death awaits thee!"—"Pooh!" said Maria, laughing, "what is past cannot be recalled and he that is dead will never come to life again. I will not renounce the faith of Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, though I were compelled to drink the cup of perdition to the very dregs."—At these words Barboot changed colour, and both commenced an obstinate conflict. All the blows which Barboot aimed at his sister she parried with incredible agility and address. Thus did they fight for a long time without either gaining any advantage, when Barboot at length neglected to cover himself, and his sister with her sword dealt him such a blow on the neck, that she cut his head clean off.

His body tumbled from his horse, and his soul went straightway to hell.

Maria now rode to and fro on the field of battle, and challenged all the officers of the king to come forth and fight her. When the king her father saw that his eldest son had bitten the dust, he beat his brow, rent his garments, and called his second son, whose name was Bertos. "Go, my son," said he to him, "and revenge thy brother's death on thy sister."—"I understand, and obey, father," answered Bertos. He attacked the princess, but finding that he should not long be able to withstand her, he would have saved himself by flight. Maria, however, left him no time for that, but sent him to join his brother.

Again she rode to and fro on the field of battle. "Where are the brave?" she cried; "where are the knights? where are the heroes? where is that limping hound, the squint-eyed vizier? let him come forward, if he has heart enough!" The king was in despair at the loss of his two sons; he sent for the third: "Go, Bootoon, my

son," said he to him, "go, and engage thy sister, and revenge, by her blood, the death of thy brothers." Bootoon made head for some time against his sister, but at length she threw him to the ground, and cried: "How much longer wilt thou oppose me, foe of God and the Moslems?" She then thrust her sword through his body, and sent him after his brothers into everlasting fire.

When the patriarchs and the other cavaliers saw that the three princes, who were the heroes of their age, had fallen by the hand of the princess, they began to tremble for their own safety, and to prepare for flight. The king observed that confusion and dismay pervaded his army. "'Tis a demon incarnate, my daughter Maria," said he to himself; "if I continue the conflict with her, she is likely enough to send me after my sons into the other world. It is better for me to save my life at least, if I cannot save my honour. I had better return to my capital." Full of chagrin and inward rage at the death of his three sons and the defeat

With his army, he accordingly set out on his return.

When he had reached his capital, he forthwith summoned a grand council of state, in which he recapitulated his grievances general and particular, and asked what was to be done. The council of state was of opinion that the king should address a letter, written with his own hand, to the vicegerent of God on earth, to the then reigning commander of the faithful, the great and mighty caliph, Haroun al Raschid. The king accordingly wrote to the caliph, after the usual compliments at the beginning of the letter, as follows:—

“ I have a daughter who is called Princess Maria, the girdle-maker. She has been seduced by Nureddin, the son of Tajeddin the merchant of Cairo, and this same Nureddin has even carried her away from me. I therefore beseech thee, Commander of the Faithful, to send her back to me, in charge of a trusty messenger, as speedily as possible. Under similar circumstances, I pledge myself on my part

to render thee all possible assistance, and to do all that can afford thee pleasure ; and I promise, moreover, to cause a mosque to be erected in my city."

The letter was sealed, and the king delivered it to the new vizier, who had taken the place of the limping, squint-eyed one, and gave him the following verbal instructions : " When thou shalt be admitted to an audience of Haroun, say to him : ' Mighty caliph ! of you I demand our princess : this is the important business on which I am come. If you comply with my request, you may rely on the gratitude of the king my master, who will not fail to send you very handsome presents.' "

To stimulate the efforts of the ambassador himself, the king of the Franks promised him, in the event of the success of his embassy, a duchy and a robe of honour embroidered with gold. He then gave him his audience of leave, and enjoined him in the strictest manner to deliver the letter to the caliph into his own hands. The vizier set out, and after traversing

many hills and dales, and fields and deserts, he arrived at Bagdad, where he rested himself for the first three days. He then inquired for the palace, and repaired thither to solicit an audience of the caliph.

He was conducted into the apartment of the caliph, prostrated himself before him, delivered the presents, and handed to him his master's letter. Haroun read it, and immediately ordered circulars to be transmitted to the governors of the provinces, containing a description of the persons of Maria and Nureddin, and an express command to send them, as soon as they should be apprehended, to the court of the caliph.

The lovers had meanwhile, after the defeat of the king of the Franks, journeyed to Syria and arrived safe at Damascus, which city, however, the couriers of the caliph had reached before them. They were in consequence immediately asked their names at the gate, and, as they both took great delight in relating their adventures, they were easily recognized by the spies of the caliph, and conveyed to

Bagdad. There they were conducted into the hall in which the caliph was wont to give audience, and they threw themselves at his feet. "Here," said the chamberlain, who happened that day to be on duty, "here is the Princess Maria, the girdle-maker, the only daughter of the king of the Franks—and Nureddin, the son of Tajeddin the merchant of Cairo, who has seduced her, and stolen her from her father, and brought her to Damascus in Syria, where they have both been apprehended. Haroun fixed his eyes on Maria, and was enchanted with the elegance of her shape and the suavity of her words, the moment she addressed him. "Are you," he asked, "Maria, the girdle-maker, the daughter of the king of the Franks?"—"I am, at your service, commander of the faithful, defender of the faith, cousin of the chief of the prophets!" Haroun then turned to Nureddin, who likewise attracted his notice by his youthful beauty and handsome figure. "And thou," said he to him, Nureddin, the son of Tajeddin

the merchant of Cairo?"—"Yes, commander of the faithful, pillar of the state!"—"How couldst thou run away with the princess?" asked the caliph. Nureddin thereupon related his history from beginning to end, to the great gratification of the caliph, who was filled with admiration of his adventures. "You must know," said the caliph, turning to the Princess Maria, "you must know that your father, the king of the Franks, hath sent to me an ambassador with a letter, written with his own hand, desiring me to send you back to him. What say you to that?"—"You," she replied, "are the commander of the faithful, the vicegerent of God, on earth, and the guardian of the laws of his prophet. Your religion is the only true religion, and I am a Moslem, and believe in the unity of God. I here confess in your presence that there is no god but God, and that Mohammed is the prophet whom he sent to instruct the nations, and to proclaim the true faith, to the mortification of idolaters. How could I, O commander of the faithful,

send me back to the land of the infidels, who give equals to God, who adore images, who wear the cross, and pay a superstitious veneration to fire and light! If you were capable of acting thus, I should stand forth on the day of judgment—when all earthly grandeur will be of no avail, and regard will be had to an upright heart alone—and accuse you before God and your cousin the prophet.”

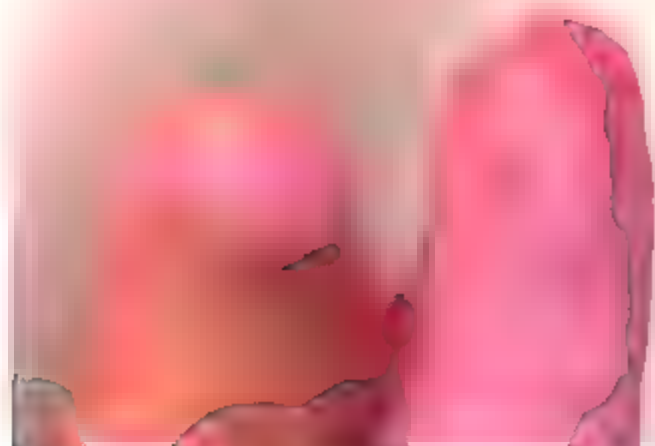
“ O Maria !” said the caliph, “ God forbid that I should ever deliver up to the infidels a Moslem who believes in the unity of God and in his prophet. God bless you, and strengthen the convictions of your faith ! Since you are a Moslem, you have claims upon me, and I will not deliver you up, though I were to lose, on account of it, half my treasures and half my dominions. Let your eyes, then, rejoice ; let your hearts be glad, and free from apprehension. Now, tell me, are you satisfied that this young man should be your husband ?”—“ How can I be otherwise than satisfied ?” replied

and "it is he who bought me, and who has so often risked his life for me."

The caliph thereupon sent for a judge and witnesses, and ordered the marriage-contract to be drawn up. He then summoned the *ambassador* into his presence. "I *command*" said he to him, "comply with the wishes of the *khan*, your master, since Maria is a *Muslim*."—"By the Messiah!" exclaimed the *ambassador*, "if she were forty times a *Muslim* I must carry her back to her father, or he will set his fleets and his armies upon you. He will cover your dominions with them from the Euphrates to Yemen." At this speech the caliph was desperately incensed. "What!" cried he; "doth this dog of a Christian presume to breathe out menaces against me? Let his head be struck off this instant, and set up before the gates of the palace, as a warning to all other ambassadors who may feel disposed to address me in a threatening manner."—"Stain not your sword with the blood of an infidel," said the princess, "I will myself do justice upon him." With

these words she cut off his head and threw it out of the window. The caliph was filled with admiration of the promptness with which this execution was performed. He admitted Nureddin into the number of his familiar guests, ordered robes of honour to be given to him and to Maria, and not only allotted to them apartments in his palace, but caused them to be supplied with every thing requisite for their subsistence. Thus did they live for some time in perfect content at Bagdad, till Nureddin one day expressed to the caliph his wish to see his father and mother again. The caliph loaded him with presents, and furnished him with letters of recommendation to the governor and ulemas of Cairo. The latter went forth to meet him, with his father and mother: who were beside themselves with joy when they again beheld their son, who brought with him a princess as their daughter-in-law. Thenceforward there was nothing but presents and entertainments on the part of the grandees and distinguished personages of Cairo, who

each strove to surpass the others. Here they led, from that time, a most happy life, till their felicity was terminated by death, which puts an end to all things, not excepting even tedious tales.



THE CONVERTED PRIOR.



THE CONVERTED PRIOR.

ABUBEKR, the son of Muhammad, relates as follows:—

I travelled once from the town of Obar to that of Amoria, the capital of the Greek provinces in Asia. I stopped at a convent dedicated to Santa Sophia, situated in an adjoining village; and the prior, whose name was Abdulmasih (servant of the Messiah), welcomed, and invited me to enter. I found here forty monks, who regaled me with an excellent supper; and the next day I departed, enchanted with the hospitable reception I had met with, and edified by their devotional exercises.

The following year, when upon the pilgrimage to Mecca, I was astonished to find,

among the number of those who were going round the holy house, the Prior Abdulmasih and five of his monks. "Are you really the Prior Abdulmasih?" said I. "No," replied he, "I am now the hermit Abdullah (servant of God)." And at these words he wept bitterly.

I took him by the hand, and begged to know what had prevailed upon him to embrace Islamism. "The cause of my conversion was a wonderful occurrence," said he, "as you shall hear."

"A caravan of Moslem pilgrims passed through the village in which our convent stood, and sent a young man to the market-place to purchase provisions, who there saw a Christian maiden selling bread, with whom he immediately fell so deeply in love as to sink upon the earth in a swoon. On his recovery and return to his companions, he begged them to proceed on their journey, and leave him in the village. He then returned to the door of the *khán* where he had seen the Christian girl, and declared his love: a declaration which was but unfa-

vourably received. Three days and three nights did he remain on the spot without either sustenance or sleep. When the Christian maiden saw this importunate lover's perseverance, she told her parents, and boys were sent out, who cast stones at him, which broke twelve of his ribs, and his head. Nothing, however, could make him retire from the place. When informed of the affair, I went out to see this example of stedfast love, and caused the young Moslem to be brought into the convent, where I kept him fourteen days, that his wounds might be healed. At the end of that time, he again placed himself opposite to the dwelling of the beloved of his heart. When she saw him, she arose and said: 'You move me indeed to pity; I will marry you if you will embrace my faith.'—'God forbid!' replied he, 'that I should ever abandon my belief in him.'—'Then begone,' continued she, 'to the place you came from,' and the boys began to assail him with a shower of stones; but he cast himself upon the ground, looked up towards heaven, and

exclaimed: ‘O God! unite me to her in Paradise!’ I again caused him to be brought into the convent; but before evening his sorrows were at an end, and the same night he was laid in his grave.

“About midnight the Christian maid gave a loud shriek in her bed. All her family hastened to learn the cause, and she told them thus: ‘The Moslem, who was in love with me, came and took me by the hand to lead me to Paradise; but when I arrived at the gates the guard denied me entrance, saying: ‘To unbelievers admission is not granted!’ I became that moment a convert; entered with the young Moslem, and saw palaces and gardens too beautiful to be described. He then led me to a pavilion built of precious stones. ‘This,’ said he, ‘is our abode, where we shall enjoy for ever the felicity of uninterrupted love!’ Then plucking two apples from a tree which grew at the door, ‘Eat one,’ said he, ‘and take the other, to shew to the monks of the convent.’ I ate one, exhaling the most exquisite fragrance I ever breathed; and the other

I have here.' With these words she drew from her pocket an apple, which sparkled amid the darkness of the night. The following morning she came to the convent to relate her adventure, and taking a knife, divided the apple into as many pieces as there were monks. Never had we tasted any thing so delicious, but we believed all this to be an artifice of the devil to pervert us from our faith. The maiden passed four days without food, and on the fifth night rose from her bed, and, unperceived by any of her family, repaired alone to the grave of her lover, to die there herself. Towards daybreak, two aged Moslems, clad in hair-vests, and two Moslem women, came into the village to ask for the corpse of a saint of their faith, who they said had died there that night. No one at first knew whom they meant, till at last the mistress of the young Moslem was found stretched lifeless on his grave. The inhabitants of the village, however, maintained that she had died a Christian; the two old men, on the contrary, that she had died a Moslem; and the dispute grew more vehement every

moment. To end it, one of the old men proposed to the monks to move the corpse from the grave: if they could do this, it should be considered that she had died a Christian; but if the contrary should happen it should be taken as a proof of her having died a Moslem. The forty monks, and all the inhabitants of the village, exerted themselves in vain—they could not move the body from its place. One of the old men then approached, and after having called upon the name of God, lifted the corpse with perfect ease. They washed and buried it, with the usual forms of the faithful, beside the young Moslem. This miracle made so deep an impression on me and my monks, that from that hour we enrolled ourselves in the number of the true believers."

END OF VOL. II.

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NEW
A R A B I A N N I G H T S'
ENTERTAINMENTS,

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL ORIENTAL MS.

BY

JOS. VON HAMMER;

AND NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

THE REV. GEORGE LAMB.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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KING JILIA,
THE
IZIER SHIMAS, AND THEIR SONS.

VOL. III.

B

KING JILIA,

THE

VIZIER SHIMAS, AND THEIR SONS.

THERE was once in India a king, great in stature and in deeds, who was just to his people and beneficent to the poor, who loved his subjects and was beloved by them in return. His name was Jilia. Seventy-two viceroys governed under him; three hundred and fifty judges administered justice; seven viziers, or ministers, transacted the affairs of state, and the chief of them, the grand-vizier, was named Shimas. At the time of his entrance into office he was a young man of twenty-eight years, mild in speech and prompt at reply. In business he

manifested great shrewdness of understanding. and walked from his earliest youth in the paths of wisdom and virtue.

The king was extremely fond of him, not only on account of his personal good qualities, but more especially because he seconded to the utmost of his power his majesty's beneficent disposition towards his subjects. He would have been the happiest sovereign in the world had he but had a son. This was the only drawback on his felicity. He once saw, however, at night, in a dream, a large tree, which was planted upon his body and surrounded by several other trees. From the tree which was in the centre issued a flame that consumed all the other trees about it. He suddenly awoke in a great fright, and instantly ordered Shimas, the grand-vizier, to be summoned. Shimas found the king lying upon his bed with a look indicative of great perturbation. He prostrated himself on the ground before him and expressed the usual wishes for his prosperity. He thereupon inquired what could have disturbed his majesty at that hour of the night. The king commanded him to sit down, related his dream,

and told him that he had sent for him because he was very skilful in the interpretation of dreams. Shimas smiled. "What do you think of it?" asked the king: "speak without reserve; I am prepared for the worst."—"Prepare then for something agreeable," said the vizier; "you are destined at last to have an heir to your crown. This is the only thing that I can at present communicate to you; it is not yet time to reveal more." The king was extremely urgent, but the vizier was proof against all his solicitations. The king therefore dismissed him, and summoned all the astrologers and dream-expounders of the court, that he might learn the complete signification of his dream. "The vizier was right," said the chief astrologer; "and it would be better to keep silence respecting the rest, but as your commands are imperative, we are obliged to tell you, great king, that this son who shall be born to you will be a consuming fire to your people, and treat them as the cat once treated the mice." And how was that?" asked king Jilia.

"There was once a cat," said the chief

astrologer, “ which, after prowling about a considerable time without catching any thing. at length discovered a nest full of mice at the foot of a tree. The cat approached them, but the mice rolled themselves up together like a ball, and obstructed the entrance. “ Why, sister,” said the cat, in an affectionate tone, “ why dost thou shut the door against me this stormy night, when I am come to thee to seek refuge from the inclement weather. Scarcely able to crawl, from the infirmities of age, exhausted with cold and rain, which has soaked me through and through, I come as a poor stranger to request merely an hospitable shelter. You know that they who take in the poor and the stranger lay up for themselves a reward against the day of judgment. This merit you will gain by receiving me just for this night ; for as soon as the morning dawns, I will leave you again and go about my business.” “ What !” said the old mouse, “ would you have me admit my natural enemy into my nest ? And then, how can I depend upon your words ?”—“ I will not pretend to say that you are in the wrong,” replied the cat, in the most submissive tone.

"But forget the past. You know that God forgives them who forgive their brethren. I was once your enemy it is true, but kindness turns enemies into friends. I give you my sacred word, that I will not do you the smallest injury. You may rely upon my promise."—

"I stick," replied the mouse, "to the proverb which says, that he who suffers himself to be lulled to sleep by his enemy, puts his hand into a hole full of serpents."—"Alas!" said the cat, in a faint and almost expiring voice, "I feel that I am dying at your threshold; these are my last words!" The mouse, who had a good heart, believed the cat to be at the last gasp, and mindful of the precepts of God, which enjoin us to love our enemies, she opened the door to the cat, under the idea that she was doing a charitable action. The cat shut the door after her, for fear her prey might give her the slip. She then seized the mouse, and played with her, tossing her from one paw into another, and amused herself with throwing her up like a ball and catching her again.—

"Where are your promises? where your oaths?" said the mouse. He was perfectly

right, who said, that "he who trusts his enemy seals his own ruin. Nevertheless I put my confidence in God."—At this moment a sportsman passed with a couple of hounds. One of these dogs, hearing the noise in the nest, poked his nose into it, barked with all his might, and gave the cat a mortal gripe, at the very moment when she was going to devour the mouse.

"Thus, great king," concluded the chief astrologer, "thus will it fare with your people, who will be treated by your son no better than the mouse was by the cat. But his end will be more fortunate. He will return to the path of wisdom and virtue, which none will be better qualified to point out to him than your grand-vizier, the virtuous Shimas."

Forty days afterwards it appeared that one of the women of the harem was pregnant. King Jilia sent for Shimas, the grand-vizier, and said to him: "You were right, vizier; one of my women is likely to bear me a child: now pray to God that it may be a son and heir to my crown, and abandon yourself with me to joy and gaiety."—Shimas preserved pro-

found silence. "Why," asked the king, "do you not participate in my joy, and why do you maintain so grave a silence?"—"May God grant you long life!" said the vizier, kissing the ground. "Indeed I cannot see what should prevent him who sits in the mid-day heat beneath a tree clothed with thick foliage, from rejoicing in the shade of that tree. I cannot see what should prevent one who is thirsty and who is quenching his thirst at a cool spring, from rejoicing at the copious current of that spring: but I had rather be silent, for there are three things of which we ought not to speak till they are over. A man ought not to talk of a journey till he has returned from it, or of a battle till it has been fought, or of the birth of a child till it has taken place. If he talks of any of these things beforehand, he runs the risk of being disappointed, like the pious man who calculated the produce of his oil—" "Let me hear that story," said king Jilia, and the vizier related as follows:—

"A pious man, who lived upon alms, had saved up a jar of oil, at a time when oil was very dear. He had hung it up over his pillow.

One night, having lain down with his staff in his hand, he began to calculate the profit which he should derive from this oil. If, said he, I sell it at such a price, with the money I will buy a sheep that will produce me so many lambs the first year, so many the second, and so many the third. In a few years when these lambs have multiplied, I will buy a piece of land, and build a large house upon it. I will have abundance of cattle and slaves. I will marry the daughter of such-a-one, and the wedding shall be celebrated with the greatest pomp. Mead shall circulate at it in profusion, and I will invite every body, poor and rich, the learned and men of business. There shall be no want of any thing, and people shall talk long afterwards of the nuptial festivities. My wife will bear me a son, who shall receive the best education in the world. I will myself instruct him in the sciences and in morals. He will be a gentle well-disposed boy, who will listen to the counsels of his father. But if he should take it into his head to be obstinate and vicious, how I would thrash him !—As he thus spoke, in the warmth of his imagination, in

which he was mentally chastising his son, he gave the jar such a blow with his stick, that he smashed it in pieces, and the oil deluged his face and beard.—Therefore, great king," said Shimas, the grand-vizier, "one ought not to talk of any thing beforehand."—"Thou say'st right," said king Jilia. "Thou art a truly great grand-vizier and a truly wise sage." Shimas kissed the ground, and poured forth a profusion of wishes for the happiness and prosperity of the king.

At length the king's pregnant consort was delivered of a son, and exceedingly great were the rejoicings which took place on the occasion at court and in the city. Circulars were dispatched into all the provinces, summoning the attendance of the grandees and princes, the philosophers and learned men. They all travelled to court with the utmost expedition, and formed a great assembly, at which the seven viziers and the king in person presided. Shimas, as grand-vizier, opened the meeting with the following speech:—

"Praise be to God, who hath loaded us with his blessings and bestowed on us the most

signal proofs of his infinite bounty, in giving us so good a king, who is the father of his people! For, a good king, who provides for the necessities of his people, and defends them against their enemies, is a signal blessing of Providence.

“Let us then be thankful to Heaven that we live under the shadow of the wings of such a sovereign, and that we live as peaceably as fishes in a pond full of water.”—“How then do the fishes live?” said king Jilia, interrupting the speech of the grand-vizier. “They live there very comfortably,” replied Shimas, “that is to say, when they have plenty of water, and very miserably when they are in want of it. I could relate to you at great length—but it would not be worth while—the history of the fishes who were once left dry in their pond, and consulted an old crab what was to be done in this scarcity of water. The crab told them to put their trust in God, and advised them to offer up public prayers for rain. They did so, and soon had abundance of water in their pond. Just so did we, when we began to despair of the birth of an heir to the throne,

address our prayers to Heaven, and they have been fulfilled in the birth of a son, given by Providence to the best of kings."

"Truly,"—began the second vizier,—“ a king is not worthy of the name, unless when he rules with justice and mercy, as the pillar of the laws and the father of his people. But such a king secures the love and the hearts of all his subjects, and immortal glory both in this world and the next : let us then duly appreciate our happiness in belonging to such a master, and return thanks to Heaven for having prevented the mutability of our happiness by the birth of a prince, which promises to it an everlasting duration. We have not less reason to thank Heaven for this than those ravens had, whose young ones were saved from the fangs of the serpent—”

“ Let's hear what story that is,” said king Jilia, who was naturally rather inquisitive.

“ The story is very simple,” continued the vizier. “ Two ravens had their nest in a tree, at the foot of which a serpent had taken up its abode. They were consequently in great anxiety about their eggs. In the very first

year the serpent contrived to devour them, before the young were hatched. In the second year they had nearly shared the same fate; but the ravens implored the assistance of Heaven, and a stork gobbled up the serpent at the very moment when it had ascended the tree to destroy their little ones."

In like manner God hath heard our prayers, and secured the issue of our excellent king, as he gave security to the progeny of the two ravens."

"I greet you, dearly-beloved king," said the third vizier. "The eminent virtues of your lofty soul ensure to you the love of men and angels. This is a special gift of Heaven. For all that men possess is granted to them from above. God himself is the donor of blessings. On one he bestows power, on another wisdom—on one riches, and on another virtues. It is he who dispenses gain and loss, sickness and health, wealth and poverty, life and death. From him emanate all favours, and among the rest this, with which he hath just completed the measure of our happiness—the birth of a prince. Let us receive this favour at his

hands with grateful hearts. Let us at the same time beware of desiring more than is destined for us by the divine goodness, lest we should fare like the fox, whom, not content with his natural food, nothing would serve but feasting on the heart of an ass."

"How was that?" asked king Jilia, interrupting his vizier: "how did it fare then with this fox?"

"He was not satisfied," proceeded the vizier, "with what God had decreed him for his daily subsistence. He conceived an extraordinary longing for the heart of a wild ass. One day he found such an ass, which a hunter had just killed: he tore the heart out of its body and swallowed it; but he swallowed at the same time a piece of the arrow, which was still sticking in it, and which occasioned his death."

"May the young prince," said the fourth vizier, "be impressed from his cradle with the salutary truths, in the application of which consists the felicity of kings and of nations! A good king is he who rules with clemency

KING JULIA.

THE KING JULIA is the defender of the honour
of the dignity of his subjects.

It is said a king who consolidates the
kingdom of his empire and gains a series
of victories over his enemies. A con-
stant war of conquest places himself and his
people in a state of war. He has every reason to
be proud of his power. A king who re-
lates his story to a poor beggar—"That
was a very good story!" said king Julia.
Let us hear what it is about."

A monarch king who reigned at Mo-
gila, in the valley, had a son who
was the reverse of his father. The
father, who was the people, extorted four-fifths
of their property and left them scarcely suffi-
cient for the support of life. The son, on the
contrary, was beneficent in the extreme, lived
like a poor beggar, and travelled from country
to country, subsisting on alms. Having re-
turned after an absence of many years, to his
native land, he was apprehended by the
king, who took from him one of the two
things which he possessed. "I appeal," said

he, "against this robbery, to the justice of the king." "It is the king himself," they replied, "who has given orders for this proceeding." The poor prince waited at the gate of the palace, where he was denied admittance, till the king came out; but he was not recognized by his father. The latter, after hearing his complaint, said to him: "Who bade thee come to this city? Know'st thou not what sort of reception strangers have to expect here? But because thou complainest that thou hast been robbed of one of thy tunics, I command thy soul to be wrung from thee by the pains of the torture." He caused him accordingly to be thrown into prison. There the young man prayed to God to assist him, and to lend an ear to the sighs of the oppressed. The very same moment fire fell from heaven, and consumed the palace and the whole city of the tyrant. "This," said the prince, "is the sighs of oppressed hearts, which are converted into fire; and the next day he quitted the smoking ruins of this abode of injustice, in order to serve God, as before, in holy solitude."

"Such is the fate of the kings who do not resemble you, sire. May the prince, your son, tread in your steps, and merit, like you, the blessings of the people!"

"The birth of this illustrious scion," began the fifth vizier, "is a reward for the sublime virtues of your majesty. It is the pledge of our felicity and of the felicity of future ages and generations. Hitherto the happiness which we have enjoyed under your sway has been disturbed by the uncertainty in which we were placed by the want of a prince to succeed you on the throne. We had reason to fear lest, divided in our opinions, if we had to give ourselves a king, we should fall into the predicament in which the ravens were——"

"And what was the predicament in which the ravens were?" said king Jilia, interrupting his vizier.

"The ravens," continued the vizier, "had long been very happy under a sovereign of their own species. At length he died and was universally missed. After his death, great divisions took place among the ravens on the subject of the election of a new king. This was

a point on which they found it impossible to agree. Just at this juncture there came a strange falcon, and entered into negotiations with them. They chose him to be their king, and commended to him their welfare in the most impressive manner. "The happiness of my people is the dearest interest of my heart," said the falcon, "and I will exalt them to honour and glory." Meanwhile he began to devour the ravens, to break their bones and to peck out their eyes : and it was not till too late that they were sensible of the folly which they had committed.

"Such, sire, would perhaps have been our case, but for the birth of this illustrious pledge of the durability of our happiness, which assures to your family and to this empire the permanence of its high destiny. This cheering prospect penetrates us with joy and gratitude."

"Sire," said the sixth vizier, "you have prayed, fasted and watched, to obtain an heir to your throne, and Heaven hath listened to your prayer. Let us appoint public thanksgivings for this blessing, but at the same time

implore the Almighty, that this event may turn out for the benefit of the empire; for man knows not always what he wishes. A striking evidence of this truth is furnished by those children——”.

“What children?” cried king Jilia, interrupting his vizier.

“A striking evidence of this truth,” repeated the vizier, “is furnished, I say, by those children who had long teased their father to shew them what was in a basket which he kept continually shut up. The father stedfastly refused to comply with this request; but one day, in his absence, the children opened the basket, and out came serpents which stung them to death.”

The seventh vizier spoke as follows:—

“I perfectly coincide in all that the illustrious viziers, my colleagues, have just said, respecting the justice and clemency of your majesty’s reign. I unite my thanks with their’s, and acknowledge that there is not a greater blessing or a greater curse to mankind than a bad king. I too feel grateful to

Heaven for having bestowed on you an illustrious scion, that you, sire, have deserved by your patience and resignation, as the spider deserves rest after being tossed about by the storm.”—“What is the meaning of that?” asked king Jilia, interrupting the vizier, who proceeded in the following manner:—

“A violent wind one day carried a spider, which had been quietly constructing her web, along with it into the sea. The waves cast her back upon the shore. She now addressed herself to the wind, and bitterly reproached it for having carried her away. “If I did carry thee away,” replied the wind, I have also brought thee back again; for the waves of the sea would not have washed thee on shore, had I not driven them before me. The spider held her tongue and waited patiently till the return of fine weather, when she began her work anew, and this time it was not destroyed.

“Just so you, O great king, have for a long series of years laboured in vain to beget children. Here is at length one which your patience and diligence have succeeded in pro-

ducing, and this reflects on you great honour and great glory."

When the seven viziers had thus spoken, the king himself rose and said :—

" Infinite praise and boundless thanks be to God, the Creator of all things, the all-gracious and all-beneficent ! It is he who confers might and power on any one of his servants on whom he pleases to confer them, that he may be his vicegerent on earth, enforce his law and commandments, and defend the honour and prosperity of nations. Happy are the kings, who, in submission to him, rule in the spirit of his sacred law, for they shall be objects of his eternal rewards ! Woe to those who rebel against their sovereign ! for their rebellion will be of little benefit to them in this world, and still less in the next.

" Our viziers have already expressed the gratitude we owe to the Deity for the birth of the prince. I unite mine with it, for I am an humble servant of the Lord's ; my heart is in his hands, and my tongue is guided by his law.

" I now pray Heaven to endow my son with the talents and virtues which are requisite,

that he may hereafter reign as a wise and just king, whose only aim is the happiness of his people."

When the king had finished his speech, the viziers and the grandees of the empire, the philosophers and the sages, prostrated themselves on the ground before him, and then returned each to his own home. The king likewise withdrew, and gave to the prince the name of Wird Khan, that is *Lord of Roses*.

When the prince was twelve years of age, and it was time to think of his studies, the king caused a palace, containing three hundred and fifty-six rooms, to be erected; and chose thirty philosophers and sages, who were to instruct the prince, and to conduct him every day out of one into another of these three hundred and fifty-six rooms, to prevent *ennui* from stealing upon him during his lessons, which would no doubt have been the case, had he been left continually in the same apartment. Every seven days an examination was held in the presence of the king, and the progress made by the young prince in every branch of the sciences was truly astonishing. He was

a miracle of intelligence and knowledge, and this was entirely owing to the united efforts of these sages and philosophers.

When the prince was fifteen years old, his teachers and instructors informed the king that his education was finished, that the prince now knew more than they did themselves, and they wished the king joy on his having been blessed by Heaven with such a son.

King Jilia then sent for Shimas, his grand-uncle, and said to him: "My son's teachers assure me, that he is already sufficiently instructed in all matters, and that he has nothing more to learn: what say you to it, grand-uncle?" "The ruby," replied Shimas, kissing the ground, "is not the less a precious stone when it is buried in the earth, but before its value can be made apparent to all the world, it must be drawn forth into the light of day. To-morrow, with your permission, the acquirements of the prince, which I compare with this ruby, shall be put beyond all doubt."

The king issued orders for a general meeting of the council of state and all the learned, at the public examination of the following day.

Shimas entered and kissed the ground before the prince. He then asked him, what was *that which exists, existence, that which exists in existence*, and the *perpetuity of that which exists in existence*. The prince replied without hesitation, that *that which exists* is pre-eminently God; *existence* is the creation; *that which exists in existence* is this world, and its *perpetuity* is the other world. Shimas then inquired the grounds by which he supported these definitions; he questioned him respecting the way in which a person should conduct himself in this world to deserve felicity in the next, and the prince answered all this in the most satisfactory manner. He compared this world with a house, in which the master put workmen to work upon it, but who refused till they had discovered a honeycomb, of which they were so fond that they would not proceed any farther. Again he compared the world with an unjust king, who plunders all those that travel through his dominions. He compared the next world with a just and beneficent monarch, who lavishes favours on all belonging to him. He pursued

thus allegory still farther, and said that " man is a merchant, who is sent on the part of the just king into the states of the unjust king, to gain there something for himself. The merchant knows that the unjust king will rob him of all his goods, that is to say, that the world will exclusively occupy his life, and he then like a good calculator strikes a balance. He sacrifices only just so much of his capital, that is of his time, as is requisite, that he may be able to pass through the dominions of the unjust king; and he seeks to save the rest, that he may return a moment earlier to the dominions of the beneficent monarch, that is, to eternal felicity.

Shimas farther asked wherein consisted the retribution, the punishments and rewards for soul and body. The prince answered by the simile of the lame and the blind man, who, being in a garden together, concerted a plan for getting at the fruit. They united their efforts to pluck some, which each of them alone would never have been able to accomplish, as the blind could not see where the fruit was, and the cripple could not stir to

reach it. The master of the garden came and declared that he would punish the guilty person; one laid the blame on the other, but the master of the garden chastised both of them as they deserved.

Shimas. Which is the best of the heavenly treasures?

The Prince. The praise of the Lord.

Shimas. Which is the best of the treasures of the earth?

The Prince. The observance of the commandments of God.

Shimas. How are knowledge, judgment, and an acute understanding to be acquired?

The Prince. Knowledge is acquired by study, judgment by experience, and an acute understanding by thought and reflection. These three qualities constitute the pre-eminently rational man.

Shimas. Can the rational man be overcome by the temptations of the flesh?

The Prince. Yes, like the eagle, which, soaring aloft in the air, perceived a fowler placing a piece of meat for a bait. The eagle

plunged down upon it from the elevation at which he was, and entangled himself in the net to the great surprise of the fowler. The wise man knows how to control his passions, as the rider curbs a spirited horse; he holds fast the bridle lest he should be run away with. The ignorant man, on the contrary, relinquishes curb and bridle to the horse, plunges into the abyss and is dashed in pieces.

Sirius. When are reason and knowledge most useful?

The Prince. When they are employed to merit eternal felicity.

Sirius. When does man make the best use of his time?

The Prince. When he does meritorious actions.

Sirius. How ought he to divide his time so as to do his duty in regard to this and to the next world?

The Prince. Day and night consist of twelve hours; these he should divide into three parts. One of them he should devote

to his business, by which he earns his bread; another to rest and prayer; and the third to study and the acquisition of knowledge. For the man who doth not cultivate his mind resembles the land, which, when untilled, produces nothing but weeds."

Shimas. What think you of knowledge without judgment, and science without understanding?

The Prince. They resemble a watch which indicates the hours, a parrot which repeats words, a beast which knows the time and the hour when it should eat, sleep and wake, but nothing more.

Shimas. I see that you are thoroughly instructed in all that relates to science and the merit of our actions. Now tell me how can man obtain the mastery over the devil?

The Prince. By not conceding to him any power or authority, for he has no more power or authority than just so much as is conceded to him.

Shimas. What are the duties of a king towards his vizier?

The Prince. Unlimited confidence; in

all important and secret matters he must have recourse to his intelligence.

Shimas. And wherein consist the duties of a vizier towards his king?

The Prince. He must devote himself entirely to his service, and never transgress the limits of the respect which is his due. Were he to behave otherwise, he would fare like the hunter, who, seeing a lion engaged at his repast, gently caught hold of him by the tail. The lion quietly permitted the hunter to keep hold of his tail: the hunter grew bolder, and fancied that he was master of the lion, when the latter turned about in a rage and tore him in pieces.

Shimas. What are the principal qualities by which a vizier recommends himself to his master?

The Prince. Tried fidelity, indefatigable activity, promptitude and energy in the transaction of business.

Shimas. But how ought a vizier to conduct himself towards an unjust king, a tyrant, an oppressor of his people?

The Prince. He ought to tell him the

truth, the very same as a just and beneficent king ; but he must be more upon his guard, not to exasperate the passions of his master.

Shimas. Wherein consist the reciprocal duties of a king and his subjects?

The Prince. It is the duty of the king to support the laws, and to defend the honour and property of his subjects ; and it is the duty of the subjects to obey his commands, to share his joys and his sorrows, to pay their taxes punctually, and to pray for the prosperity of their sovereign. The king ought above all things to watch over the preservation of religion, justice and the rights of his subjects.

Shimas. Excellent ! Now prince, tell me what is requisite for governing one's tongue and keeping it under control ?

The Prince. To abstain from lying, from speaking ill of one's neighbour, and giving inconsiderate answers. A person ought never to repeat conversations which he has overheard, or to talk of things which he knows nothing about. Speech is like an arrow, which, when once discharged, never returns,

and to observe silence is the safest course that can be pursued.

SERENA. How ought a person to conduct himself towards his parents, his friends and his companions?

THE PRINCE. He ought to honour and respect his parents, to behave kindly to them, and to be obedient to their will. As to his friends, he ought to be ready to sacrifice his property for them, to support them in their undertakings, and to place unlimited confidence in them. To his companions he ought to strive to render himself agreeable by amiable manners and disposition.

SERENA. Do you believe that the lot of every man has been decreed beforehand from eternity, and that in this case he ought to take pains to augment his prosperity, or to abstain from this trouble as unnecessary?

THE PRINCE. I am of the opinion of those who maintain that man ought to labour and to take pains to earn his livelihood, but that he ought not to be anxious about the future, or strive to amass riches out of avarice.

The vizier and the assembled sages admired the correct and intelligent answers of the prince, prostrated themselves on the ground, and congratulated the king on having a son who was such a prodigy of learning.

"Illustrious vizier, and men of learning, ye abysses of science," said the prince, in a modest tone, "be now pleased to clear up some of my doubts. I am a vessel of black clay, but ye will pour into it limpid water; I am a poor youth, afflicted with the disease of ignorance, but ye will cure me by the medicines of your superior knowledge." Shimas made a suitable compliment in reply, and begged the prince to submit his doubts to them. The first related to the creation, and the question out of what God created the world? "Out of nothing," answered Shimas, "merely by the operation of his omnipotence. If you have any doubt of it, contemplate only the works of his hand, the manifest signs of his glory, which distinguish day and night. Contemplate the sun, contemplate the moon at their rising and setting."

The Prince. I doubt not the omnipotence of God, but tell me *how* these things were made ?

Shimas. By the sole power of his word ; for it is his word which has produced all that exists, and without his word nothing that is would exist.

The Prince. As God is truth itself, and made all his creatures in the way of truth, how could error find entrance into the world ?

Shimas. By man, who forsook the path of truth, God then created repentance and punishment as attendants on error and deviation from the way of truth.

The Prince. But whence comes that difference between men, which causes one to walk in the path of truth and virtue without ever deviating from it, while the whole life of another is an incessant transgression of the law, by which he incurs the wrath of the Lord ?

Shimas. This is owing to Iblis (the devil). He was the noblest of God's creatures, but as he refused to worship Adam, he was driven out of heaven, and having ever since envied the lot

of men, he has tried all possible means to tempt them and to lead them into evil.

The Prince. But as God is almighty, how could man, his creature, act contrary to his will and rebel against his commands?

Shimas. He cannot do so except in as far as God permits; and if he persists in his refractoriness, his ruin is inevitable.

The Prince. Has God created merely what is needful, or has he created more or less than what is needful?

Shimas. God has created merely what is needful, neither more nor less.

The Prince. What are the two things, of which one is pleasing to God and the other excites his wrath?

Shimas. Good and evil, which are, in a manner, the two saddle-horses of the body and the soul.

The Prince. How come good and evil into our bodies and our souls?

Shimas. By means of the five senses, which are the instruments whereby we do both good and evil. Thus the tongue speaks the words of truth or falsehood. The eyes promote

our eternal felicity, when they are engaged in the contemplation of sacred things, or they precipitate us into perdition when they are fixed on forbidden things. The ear listens to the word of God, or to ungodly speeches. The hands give alms, or grasp at the property of a neighbour. The feet walk to the mosque or to the brothel.

The Prince. Did God know beforehand, that Adam would eat of the forbidden fruit and thus incur the guilt of disobedience?

Shimas. Undoubtedly he knew it beforehand, as is proved by the warning which he gave to Adam, namely, that he should die as soon as he had tasted this forbidden fruit.

The Prince. I understand; but one thing has always seemed incomprehensible to me, and that is, the attachment of men to this world, and the preference which they give it to the next?

Shimas. That is because they live solely for the present, and think not of death. If they thought of that, the world would lose its charms for them, and they would pay more attention to their eternal salvation.

“ You have enlightened my heart by the beacon of your wisdom,” said the prince, “ and the shades of my doubts are dispelled.”

One of the assembled philosophers then rose and addressed the prince in the following words: “ As you know so many things, have the condescension to inform me, what are the most important goods of this world?” “ Health of body and soul,” answered the prince, “ a decent competence, and a clever well-disposed son.”

The Philosopher. What are the three things which all men concur to hold in high estimation?

The Prince. The pleasures of the table, and the pleasure afforded by sleep and women.

The Philosopher. What are the three things from which a person cannot immediately disengage himself, if he would?

The Prince. Stupidity, the habit of lying, and sincerity.

The Philosopher. What is the most innocent kind of lie, though in fact they are all reprehensible?

The Prince. That which prevents an evil, and produces a benefit to him who tells it?

The Father. What is the least laudable kind of frankness, though frankness in general is laudable?

The Prince. That by which a person praises himself.

The king and the whole assembly, struck with the almost incredible wisdom of the answer, the prince exclaimed with one voice: "Blessed is the nation that will once be governed by so enlightened a sovereign!"—The king immediately declared his son the presumptive heir to his crown, and the whole assembly paid homage to the prince in that capacity.

Two years afterwards, king Jilia was attacked by a mortal disease, and feeling his end approaching, summoned his son, his kinsmen, and all the grandees of the empire about his bed. "I feel," said he, "that my last hour is near. Listen, O my son, to my last injunctions."

"I recommend to thee ten things, which will prove extremely serviceable to thee in this world.

• When anger would overcome thee, curb it.

• When thou speakest, well weigh thy words.

“ When thou makest a promise, be sure to keep it.

“ When thou judgest, be impartial.

“ When thou hast cause for animosity, forgive thine enemies.

“ When thou hast the ability, be generous.

“ When thou possessest power, treat thy dependents kindly.

“ When thou art a dependent, be obedient to thy superiors.

“ Whenever thou canst do good, neglect not the opportunity.

“ Observe the laws in all points ; listen to the counsels of wise and virtuous men ; show indulgence to great and small ; and be prudent and discreet in thy measures.”

He then turned to the Ulemas who were present—“ To you,” said he, “ I recommend obedience to my son, to whom you now owe the same duties by which you have been hitherto bound to me. For here stands your king and master. May God take you into his holy and worthy keeping !”

The agonies of death here checked his utterance ; he pressed his son to his bosom, em-

braced him, and gave up the ghost. He was then washed and buried, agreeably to the etiquette of kings, with great pomp. The prince was immediately proclaimed king, invested with the insignia of royalty, the ring and the crown, and placed upon the throne.

The prince trod for some time in the steps of his father, but by degrees the attachment to earthly things and the passions of his soul gained the ascendancy over him, and caused him to forget the dying injunctions of his father, and the whole course of morals in which at his public examination he had displayed such astonishing proficiency. He indulged more especially in an inordinate passion for women. No sooner did he hear mention made of a beautiful woman, than he sent for her to marry her. In this manner he had in a short time collected a harem, which was more numerous than king Solomon's, and in which he passed not only his nights, but also whole days. For months together he remained shut up in the harem, without concerning himself about affairs of state, which he wholly relinquished to his vizir. He returned no answers to the

KING JILIA.

reports which they sent him, and still worse, he did not even read them.

This conduct soon excited murmur **the** people, and they began loudly **t** **h**eir sovereign. "We will go to Sh **g**rand-vizier," said they, "and su **g**rievances to him. Perhaps he w **s**ome means of redress, for if the kin **i**n **t**his course of life, the country is **t** **w**ith inevitable ruin." "Wise viz **t**hey to him, "our king has forgotten **c**ellent instructions which he receive **y**outh ; he has addicted himself to w **w**e are lost if he continues to pu **c**ourse. For whole months togeth **n**othing of him ; no business is att **a**nd in vain do we appeal to his just **a**re come therefore to solicit your's, **e** **p**lore you to remedy this state of thing **t**o **h**im, and try whether you cannot **b**ack into the right way."

Shimas, as the organ of the voi **p**ople to the throne, determined **d**uty. He requested an audience **a**s **a**s he wished to speak with him on

matters. "Vizier," said the young chamberlain, to whom he applied for this purpose, "I have not set eyes on the king for more than a month; how then could I venture to go in and announce you? Apply to the eunuchs, who carry the dishes from the kitchen to the king's table; it is they alone who can get a sight of him."

Shimas accordingly repaired to the door of the kitchen, where he waited awhile, till he could see one of the pages of the kitchen, to whom he said that he wished to speak for a moment with the king after dinner, if he was in a good humour. The page watched for a favourable opportunity of announcing the grand-vizier, who was immediately admitted to an audience. Shimas prostrated himself before the king, kissed his hands and feet, and said to him: "Great king, God hath endued you with wisdom and knowledge, far surpassing the wisdom and knowledge of all other kings; he hath conferred them not for yourself alone, but for the benefit of the people whom he hath committed to your care, that you might personally superintend the affairs of state, and

take cognizance of the wants of your subjects and not abandon yourself entirely to pleasure. For, the prosperity of their subjects is the grand object which ought to engage the attention of kings. Pursue then the right track which leads to glory, and not the path of pleasure which precipitates into the abyss of inevitable destruction : otherwise it will fare with you as it once did with the fisherman.

“ And how did it fare with him ? ” asked the king.

“ A fisherman was crossing a bridge, over a river in which he was accustomed to cast his nets, and observed a large fish in the water. What would be the use of my net ? said he ; I had much better pursue the fish and try to overtake it by swimming. He plunged into the river and actually caught the great fish by the tail. But the impetuosity of the current hurried him away, and carried him into a whirlpool, from which he saw no possibility of extricating himself. Fishing-boats hastened to his succour, and after they had taken him out of the water, the men said to him : ‘ Why hast

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walnuts which he shook down.' It was to no purpose that the boy attempted to explain ; his excuses were of no avail ; the owner of the garden dragged him away as convicted of the robbery, and the thieves retired. Just so your viziers would sacrifice you to their interest, and get themselves out of the scrape by making a stop-gap of you."

" You are right, my love," said the king to his favourite. " I will not be such a fool as to go out, when I can pass my time so much more agreeably with my darling."

The following day, the viziers and the people, enchanted with the hopes of seeing the king, assembled at the gate of the palace ; but they were not admitted. " Wise vizier," said the people to Shimas. " only see what an indiscreet young man our king is ! To complete the measure of his follies he has recourse to lies, but you must speak to him at least once more."

Shimas was well aware that the change in the king's intentions could only be effected by some feminine artifice ; he therefore solicited and obtained a private audience. " Great king," said he, " you have very suddenly

abandoned your good idea. You are like a man who was accustomed to tie up his camel for the purpose of milking her. Wishing, however, to spare the halter, he tried to milk the camel without it. But the camel ran away, and thus he lost all the benefit which he might have derived from her. Just so you run the risk of losing your throne, by wishing to spare yourself the trouble of putting a bridle and curb upon your subjects. Believe me, sire, in order to keep himself clean a man need not be the whole day washing his linen, and in order to enjoy the pleasures which women afford, he need not spend all his time in their society. He eats to appease hunger, and drinks to allay thirst. Precisely so the rational man considers women. The day consists of twenty-four hours ; it is quite sufficient to spend twelve of them in the harem ; the rest of the day ought to be devoted to business, study and repose. To be continually with women is detrimental to body and soul. Their only occupation is to seduce men, who ought to keep their words and actions at a distance from them. How many men have been corrupted by wo-

men ! I could relate a thousand and one examples ——.” —“ We will dispense with the thousand,” said the king, “ and one shall suffice for the present : let us hear !”

“ A man,” resumed Shimas, “ who gave himself up entirely to his wife, had a garden, which he never missed visiting every day. His wife had more than once wished to accompany him thither, and as he was too weak to oppose a firm refusal to her solicitations, he took her with him. Two young men, who chanced to be just at that moment in the garden, and saw this couple coming, conceiving it to be some private assignation, concealed themselves behind the bushes to watch the result. No sooner had the wife entered the garden, than she began to be more loving than could be deemed quite becoming in so public a place. ‘ That must not be,’ said the man ; ‘ for I am afraid lest some one might see us, and I should be made the town-talk ; and besides I have something to do : I must cultivate and water my garden.’ — ‘ Ah, love !’ rejoined the lady. ‘ you must not let your garden take away all your attention from your wife. You know

what the Coran says on this subject.' The husband was unable to resist the ardour of her amorous caresses. The two young men, who belonged to the police, convinced that this was an illicit interview, came forward from their hiding-place to surprise the lovers. "Defend me!" cried the woman to her husband; and when the latter accordingly began to defend himself, one of the young men gave him a violent blow with his fist, of which he died.

"Such, O king! are the consequences of following the advice of women, which, like all pernicious counsels, we ought to spurn from us. What, sire! after you have been so long invested with the garment of wisdom, can you strip yourself of it, to assume the garb of folly! How can you, for the sake of such paltry pleasures, renounce the advantages attendant on wise and rational conduct!"

"To-morrow, if it please God," said the king, "I will give audience."

The favourite entered as soon as Shimas had quitted the apartment, to inquire what lessons and counsels he had given the king. "Subjects," said she, "are the slaves of kings, but

I perceive that here the order of things is reversed, and the king is the slave of his subjects. They are endeavouring to frighten you, and are desirous of ascertaining whether you have a strong or a weak mind. If they find you to be weak, they will strive to make themselves still more terrible to you ; but if they find you firm and resolute, they will be afraid of you. It is your viziers who are making a mock of you, and who would fain treat you as the thieves did the merchant —— ”

“ And how did they treat him ? ” asked the king : “ I am curious to learn.”

“ A very rich merchant,” continued the favourite, “ stopped at a *khan*, into which thieves could not break by force, so that they were obliged to have recourse to stratagem to accomplish their object. ‘ Leave that to me,’ said the captain of the gang. He dressed himself as a physician, and in this disguise knocked at the door of the apartment in which the merchant lodged. ‘ I have no occasion for a doctor,’ said the merchant, who was just then at dinner ; ‘ nevertheless, if you will take some soup with me, you shall be welcome.’

The thief sat down ; and after eating a little, he said : ‘ Permit me at least to give you a piece of advice in return for your hospitality. I can see that you eat too much, and this cannot fail sooner or later to bring upon you some disease.’—‘ God be thanked,’ said the merchant, ‘ I have an excellent appetite, and with a good digestion one need not be afraid to eat heartily.’—‘ But,’ said the robber, ‘ you must at least take a preventive against the disease which may arise from eating too much, that you may not be ill. We must hold a consultation on that subject, and to-morrow, if it please God, I will bring with me some other physicians to assist me in devising means to protect you from the diseases with which you are threatened.’ On the following day he came with his accomplices, the other rogues, who were all disguised as physicians. They prepared a sherbet, and assured the merchant that it was an infallible preservative against all complaints. And so it really was, for the merchant gave up the ghost as soon as he had drunk it.

“ Look you, sire, such will be the conduct

of your viziers, if you trust to their words."—
"Thou art right, my love," said the king, "I will not go out."

The next day, therefore, when the people repaired to the palace in great numbers, and the king would not appear, they murmured much louder than the preceding day.

"We will not have this silly boy for our king," said they: "we must consign the reins of government to more experienced hands. Go," said they to Shimas, the grand-vizier, "go in and tell him that we will choose another king, if he refuses to see us, and that we shall deem ourselves absolved from the oath which we took, as he is so far from fulfilling our expectations and his own promises. We will arm and do ourselves justice."

Shimas exerted himself to the utmost to sooth the minds of the people, who were ripe for revolt; and on being admitted to the king, he laid aside all reserve in his address.

"Absorbed in pleasures, the sport of your passions," said he to him, "what are you doing, sire, while impending ruin threatens you! Who could blind you to such a degree,

that you see not the precipice on the brink of which you stand ? Your subjects are in rebellion, they have sworn your destruction : how think you alone to oppose this raging torrent ? It is not now the question whether you will submit to my guidance ; your life is at stake : all now depends on bringing back the incensed people to tranquillity and obedience ; your presence must dispel the gathering tempest. Your subjects have long endured with patience your voluptuousness and effeminacy ; but their patience is now exhausted. Wood, how combustible soever it be, when it has lain long in water, is at last turned into stone, and instead of being useful for burning as formerly, it emits fire itself, when two pieces of it are struck together. Just the same is the case with the people. They bear for a long time with patience ; but at length, hardened by the duration and magnitude of their sufferings, they change their nature, and themselves assume the power by which they were oppressed. You, sire, will experience the fate of the fox and the wolf——” “ What then was the fate of

the fox and the wolf?" asked the king: "I am curious to learn."

"A troop of foxes," proceeded the grand-vizier, "went out one day in quest of food. They met with a dead camel, 'See there,' said the foxes, 'there is enough to support us for a considerable time; but how shall we manage to divide it so that none of us shall get either too much or too little?' Just at that moment a wolf passed by. 'We will apply to him,' said the foxes, 'he is one of the notables, and enjoys every where marked consideration, nay, his family once reigned in this country.' They applied accordingly to the wolf, and begged him to divide among them every day the portions of the camel, as long as it lasted. The wolf undertook the office and allotted to them their portions for that day, with which they were content.

"On the following day the wolf thus considered within himself: What benefit shall I derive from taking on myself this task? It is better for me to think of doing some good for my family. When, therefore, the foxes re-

turned and demanded their breakfast, he answered, that there was nothing left from the preceding day. 'We have made a pretty business of it,' said some of the foxes, 'by trusting this faithless traitor.'—'Let us come back to-morrow,' said others, perhaps he will meanwhile think better of it, and give us our due.' Accordingly, they came back the next day and begged most humbly for their food, representing that without it they must starve, and that they founded all their hopes on his well-known probity and love of justice,

"This speech displeased the wolf in the highest degree. He turned his back to the foxes, and did not so much as deign to answer them. 'We have no other resource,' said the foxes, 'than to prefer our complaints to the lion, and to demand justice of him. This plan was put in execution. 'We are come,' said the foxes to the lion, 'to implore your protection against an unjust tyrant.' The lion desired them to relate the particulars of their case, accompanied them to the den of the wolf, and tore him in pieces to do justice to the foxes.

Fear the fate of the wolf, sire. Your people may find an avenger, who will do them justice. Follow therefore my advice, and the obligations imposed on you by your father on this point. This is my last exhortation."

"Very well," said the king; "to-morrow, as please God, I will give audience." No sooner was the favourite apprized of this new resolution of the king's, than she went to him and said: "Nothing can equal my astonishment when I see your blind submission to your vipers who lead you by the nose, while you are afraid of them and have to compel their obedience. Your heart is too tender: know you not that whoever has not a heart like steel is not fit for a king. You are become a passive tool in their hands; instead of forcing them to obey, you give way to their caprices, and they frighten you as the thief frightened the shepherds with the lion's skin."

"Satisfy my curiosity," said the king: "I am not acquainted with that story."

"There was once," resumed the favourite, "a crafty thief, who had for a long time in vain exerted all his skill to steal a sheep from

the flock of a shepherd. Finding all his attempts unsuccessful, he took the skin of a lion, sewed it together, and set it up on a hill at some distance from the flock. He then went to the shepherd. 'The lion,' said he to him, 'the lion sends me hither to demand from you a tribute of sheep. 'Where is the lion?' asked the shepherd. The thief pointed out the scarecrow to him, and the shepherd, believing it to be a real lion, gave the thief as many sheep as he had demanded.—Just so do they frighten you with a lion's skin, and thus do you quietly suffer yourself to be stripped of the prerogatives of supreme authority."

"Thou art right, my love," said the king; "I will not go out of my palace, but send these impudent fellows away again."

When, the ensuing day, the viziers and the deputies of the people were not admitted into the palace, the sparks of insurrection burst forth into a flame. The people, with arms in their hands, demanded the head of the king, and finding the palace gates locked, they opened them by setting them on fire. The king, who was not till then aware of the danger

which threatened him, and knew not how to avert it, sent for the favourite. "Seest thou not now," said he to her, "that Shimas told me nothing but the downright truth? Great and small demand my head, and the outer gates of the palace are already burned. What is now to be done?"—"Be under no concern about that," replied the favourite. "It is at such moments as this that weak kings succumb; but a genius, born to command, has a hundred thousand resources. Feign illness; send for Shimas, your grand-vizier, and tell him, that you were already on the way to shew yourself to the troops and the people, when you were suddenly taken ill; but that to-morrow without fail you will comply with their wishes. To-morrow station near you ten of the most trusty of your father's slaves, on whose implicit obedience you can rely; let the grandees be admitted to your presence, but only one at a time, as a reason for which you may allege, that the state of your health will not permit you to receive much company at once, and then let them all as they enter have their heads cut off, and Shimas the grand-

vizier the first, for he is the instigator of this insurrection. In this manner you will restore public tranquillity, and stifle for ever the seeds of popular commotion."

"Thou art right, my love," said the king, tying a bandage round his head, that he might act the invalid the better, and then ordered Shimas, the grand-vizier, to be summoned.

"You are a faithful servant," said he, "who have never advised me but for my good. I was just going to give audience, when I was seized with a violent pain in the head. Make an excuse then in my name for this disappointment to the grandees and the people, and assure them that to-morrow I will not fail to be visible."

Shimas kissed the king's hand, wished him health and all possible prosperity; and after having explained in a speech of some length that illness had been the unfortunate cause which had prevented the king from shewing himself to the people, he exhorted them to return peaceably to their homes.

The king meanwhile caused ten of his most

trusty slaves to be selected, and after exacting from them a fresh oath and promise of implicit obedience, he informed them that it imperatively behoved him to rid himself of the ring-leaders of the rebels. "To-morrow morning," said he, "the viziers and the grandees will come one after another into this cabinet, and as they enter strike off their guilty heads, and quickly drag their carcasses aside." They answered: "We understand you, and your commands shall be obeyed."

On the following day the heralds proclaimed that the king would give audience; the viziers and the chamberlains ranged themselves in due order, and Shimas, the grand-vizier, went in first. He was instantly dispatched, and the other viziers who followed him shared the same fate. All who were distinguished for talents or the offices which they held were put to death, till none were left but the multitude, who returned quite peaceably to their homes, after they had lost their leaders.

After this execution, the king gave himself up more than ever to his pleasures, and was guilty of the most cruel oppressions. He had

amassed immense treasures in gold, silver and precious stones, which excited the envy of all the neighbouring sovereigns. One of these kings, hearing that all the ministers and generals of Wird Khan had been put to death, conceived that this was a favourable opportunity to wrest from the young tyrant the vast riches left him by his father. Without counsellors, without defenders, the tool of women, what resistance could he make? Convinced of the correctness of these ideas, this king addressed to the young Wird Khan the following letter :

“ In the name of God, the gracious and merciful !

“ We have learned from report that you have put your ministers, your generals and your philosophers out of the way, and precipitated yourself into the abyss. Your power and importance are at an end. Heaven hath conferred on me the strength to reduce you to order and obedience. Receive therefore here, with the declaration of my pleasure.

“ Build me a palace in the middle of the sea, or if you cannot, descend from the throne.

If you refuse, I will send an army of twelve thousand squadrons, each squadron consisting of a thousand warriors, who shall plunder your treasures, kill your people and carry off your women. My ambassador will remain at your court only three days; you will during that time comply with my desire, or prepare to meet the army, which is destined to march against you."

When Wird Khan had read this letter he was overwhelmed with despair; for he knew that he had none of whom he could ask counsel, or on whom he could rely. He repaired, therefore, with pale and agitated look, to his favourite. He read her the letter, and she, in despair, tore her garments and her hair." "What would you advise me to do?" said the king to her. "What advice can a woman give," answered she, "when the question relates to war? you must apply to men." —At these words the king was racked with repentance and remorse, for having sacrificed his viziers, his generals and the men most eminent for wisdom and knowledge. "Wretches that ye are," said he to his women, "ye have

plunged me into ruin as the tortoises did the partridge."

"Will you not tell us that story?" said the women: "it might perhaps amuse us a little. The king accordingly related to them the following fable:—

"On a verdant and well watered island once dwelt some tortoises in the enjoyment of every possible convenience. A partridge one day alighted there to rest a little during the heat of the day. The tortoises were quite enchanted with the beauty of the plumage and the prepossessing manners of the partridge. They contracted a friendship with her. The partridge on her part likewise conceived an attachment for them, and was highly delighted with their company. Early in the morning she flew away, and returned in the evening to pass the night with her friends. The tortoises were grieved that their friend did not stay with them the whole day. They therefore consulted together what was to be done to induce the partridge not to quit them at all. An old tortoise took the business upon herself, and the others assured her of their un

bounded gratitude, if she could prevail on the partridge to stay constantly with them. The old tortoise accordingly spoke in the name of her sisters to their visitor. 'We are all so fond of you,' said she, 'and yet you always leave us by break of day, and it is not till sunset that we see you again. This gives us infinite concern, so that we are all ill with grief.' 'It grieves me as much as you to be obliged to leave you,' replied the partridge, 'and I should like to pass all my time with you. But I am a bird. I am destined by nature to roam abroad, and cannot therefore submit to such a sedentary life as yours.—' You are right,' said the tortoise; 'but the only question is, which mode of life is to be preferred to the other, and if it is not better to stay quietly at home, than to be continually strolling about at random. Stay then with us, lead a uniform peaceful life, and leave to us the care of rendering it agreeable to you by various amusements.' 'I would fain comply with your wish,' rejoined the partridge, 'but my propensity to fly up into the air overcomes me, and I cannot withstand it.'—'There is a remedy for that,' answered the tortoise, 'let us

Clip the wings by means of which you fly, and the happiness of your company will in future be ensured to us.—The partridge approved this idea, and allowed the feathers of her wings to be pulled out one after another. But she had not long enjoyed the pleasures of her new mode of life, when one day the owner of the land came, seized the partridge, and took her away with him, as she was unable to defend herself, or to escape by flight. In vain did she apply to her friends, the tortoises, and implore their succour : they did nothing but weep. ‘Your tears,’ said the partridge, ‘will not save me, if you know of no other means.’—‘What means should we then possess for saving you,’ replied the tortoise : ‘we would cheerfully sacrifice our lives for you, but how are we to defend you against men?’—‘I see my folly,’ said the partridge, ‘now that it is too late ; I am more in fault than you. I have brought ruin upon myself by listening to your counsels, and suffering myself to be so far hurried away by my weakness for you, as to strip myself of my only means of defence.

“ Just so have you, worthless women,

“ My dear child,” said he to the son of Shimas, “ thou hast good cause to censure the cruelties of the king. But art thou acquainted with any means likely to extricate him from the critical situation in which he is placed ?”—“ Yes,” said the boy, “ if the king would consult me, I would give him some good advice. It is true there is no time to be lost, and if he will but renounce women, I am convinced that I can save him.”

The king, astonished at the confident tone of the boy, conceived some hope, and after inquiring where he lived, returned to the palace in much better spirits than he had left it. He supped alone, staid away from his women, commended himself to God and went to bed.

Next day he sent in quest of the son of Shimas. He was brought, and the king asked him if he knew with whom he had spoken the preceding night. The boy recognized him, and the king made him take a seat and eat with him. They then began to converse together all alone. “ Wherein then,” asked the

king. “consist the means thou pretendest to possess, of dispelling the storm with which I am threatened by the king, my neighbour? If thou wilt point out these means to me, thou shalt be my vizier, the first that speaks and is heard in my councils of state.”—“Of what use is it,” answered the boy, to give you advice, you, who listen only to the counsels of women; you, who have sacrificed to them Shimas, my father, and your other viziers?”—“Was then Shimas, the grand-vizier, really your father?” said the king, ashamed and confounded; and when the boy replied in the affirmative, he begged his pardon for it. “It was from ignorance,” said he, “that I committed this crime. But, if you will extricate me from my present dilemma, I will confer on you your father’s post, I will hang a gold chain about your neck, I will give you a stately horse to ride, and publicly acknowledge you my grand-vizier, the first in the state next to myself, and my deliverer. Only say no more to me about the women. I abandon them to your vengeance, if you please. Make me but easy respecting the fate of my country.”—“Give

me," said the boy, "your solemn promise."—The king gave it him, and confirmed it by the most sacred oath. The young minister thereupon entered into a detail of his plan. "When," said he, "the ambassador of the king, your neighbour, comes to demand your answer, put him off upon various pretexts from day to day, and always dismiss him in an ungracious manner. He will not fail to complain loudly of it in the city, and to declaim against your treatment of him. Then send for him; tell him that he risks his head if he attempts to excite discontent among the people, and that if you have not returned an answer to the letter which he brought, it is not because you are at a loss what to reply, but that owing to the pressure of business you have no leisure to answer it. Then ask for the letter again, read it once more, laugh very loud, and say: I have no answer to give but this: Your king is a fool to expose himself wantonly to my vengeance, and to provoke me to overrun his country with my armies. Who will presume to find fault with us, if we lay waste his dominions and hurl him from

the throne? He will have deserved his fate for having given so inconsiderate a challenge. Your king must be totally destitute of wise and discreet counsellors, to send hither such an ass as you on a business that is too frivolous to be submitted to my council of state. I will employ the first school-boy that is to be found to write him an answer.—Send for me, read the letter to me, and order me to answer it in your name.”

By this advice an oppressive weight was removed from the heart of the king. He followed it punctually in his treatment of the ambassador, till the moment when he ordered the boy to be called. “Make haste,” said he to him, “and answer this note for me;” and with these words he threw him the letter.—“I understand you,” replied the boy, “and your commands shall be obeyed.” He thereupon took out paper, pen and ink, and wrote the following answer:—

“In the name of God, the gracious and merciful, greeting! Be it known to you, O king, rich in titles, but destitute of brains, that we have received your letter, which affords

the strongest evidence of your prodigious stupidity. Were we not governed by consideration for the interests of humanity and the principles of the law of nations, we should long since have caused your ambassador to be hanged. As to the execution of my viziers, I admit it, and I had right on my side; and with regard to the sages who were put to death, I have a hundred thousand more to supply their places. The very boys in my country are prodigies of wisdom and knowledge. One of my soldiers, whose number is legion, is sufficient to put to flight one of your squadrons. My treasures are inexhaustible. Gold is as common in my mines as stone. The inhabitants of my dominions are in a state of the highest prosperity. You suppose that in requiring me to build a palace in the middle of the sea, you have required an impossibility. Know, however, that I can build you one in spite of the fury of winds and waves. Come, fulfil your menaces, if you are in such a hurry to receive your chastisement from my hand. You have sinned against God, and you shall be punished for it. It is your duty to send

me tribute immediately, or I will fetch it at the head of a million of men. I allow you, however, the space of three years instead of three days, which in your ignorance you thought fit to grant me. I will spare your people, who have not offended me, and you alone shall bear the punishment of your extravagant follies. Greeting!"

When the young letter-writer had finished this epistle, he drew from his pocket pencil and colours, and upon the vacant space left on the letter, he painted his own portrait, and wrote by it the following note in the margin: "This is the portrait of the secretary of state, who, by my direction, has written this answer. He is, as you see, but a little school-boy. You may hence infer what my viziers must be."

The envoy kissed the ground and withdrew, rejoicing that he was permitted to return home with a whole skin. He described circumstantially to his lord and master the manner in which he had been treated, and related how Wird Khan had employed a little school-boy to write the answer. The king was confounded by this intelligence; he opened the letter, and

was well nigh distracted, when he saw from the marginal note that the writer of this letter was really a mere boy. He summoned forthwith his ministers and counsellors, and read to them this answer. They were petrified with astonishment and terror. Badi ul Jemal was most humbly of opinion, that his master ought to endeavour to appease the anger of Wird Khan by a discreet and temperate reply. "Write to him then," said the king, "and assure him that you wrote the first letter merely for the purpose of putting his wisdom to the test, and convincing yourself that all that report has circulated on this subject is positive truth, and that you daily pray for the increasing prosperity of his country and people."—"It is quite astonishing, though!" exclaimed the king." How is it that after dispatching viziers and ulemas one may nevertheless be stronger and more powerful than ever? I cannot fathom these people; they have cut off the wisest heads they possessed, and the very boys at school come forward and are capable of filling their places! It would be all over with me and my kingdom, if my grand-vizier did

not assist me to avert the storm.”—Accordingly it was this sage vizier who wrote the following letter in the name of the king:—

“ Great and mighty king, our most honoured neighbour and brother, Wird Khan. We have received your answer and perfectly comprehend its meaning. We implore Heaven to strengthen more and more from day to day the pillars of your dominion, and to cause you to triumph over your enemies and over all those who wish you ill.

“ Your late father was my intimate friend, and we always lived together in perfect harmony and concord; and since my accession to the throne there is nothing that I have desired more sincerely than to live with you on the same footing.

“ When we heard that you had purged your house of your viziers and ulemas, we felt indeed some anxiety for your welfare, and were afraid lest the evil should spread and obtain firm footing in our dominions. We acted therefore with that tender concern which we have for your interests. But since we have seen the wisdom of your answer, which is indited by a

child, our anxiety is dispelled, and we are no longer uneasy respecting the fate of your kingdom. Greeting!"

This letter, accompanied with valuable presents, was sent under an escort of one hundred horse. The Khan of Roses was beside himself for joy, when he received this message. He sent for the son of Shimas, and ordered him to read him the letter. He spoke to the leader of the hundred horsemen in a tone full of dignity, and when he launched out into all sorts of reproaches of the king his master, the envoy made the most humble excuses in the name of his majesty. Wird Khan ordered the son of Shimas to write a friendly answer, and when it was finished, every one was astonished at the elegance of style which pervaded it. The leader of the hundred horsemen in particular could not recover from his amazement; he thanked Heaven that his master had made his peace by a letter full of excuses, and returned home loaded with rich presents.

From this moment a good understanding between the two countries was perfectly restored. Wird Khan, on his part, changed his

course of life, and gave proofs of sincere repentance, wholly renouncing women, and devoting himself exclusively to the concerns of his people. The son of Shimas was proclaimed grand-vizier, and the city was illuminated for seven successive nights.

“How must we proceed,” said Wird Khan to his young vizier; “how must we proceed, in order to make amends for all the injuries that I have done to my subjects?” “We must tear up the evil by the roots,” answered the young vizier, “otherwise the next scandal will be worse than the last.” “But what do you mean by the roots of the evil?” asked the king.—“Women,” replied the vizier; “it is they who turn the best heads, who hurry the wisest men into wickedness, and entangle them in follies. Keep them aloof, reject their counsels, and strive to erase the profound impression which they have made upon you. Consider that God, when speaking with Moses on the choice of a king, says: ‘When you give a king to your brethren, let him not be surrounded by women, who would corrupt his

mind and heart.' Remember the example of Solomon, who was the wisest of kings, and whom God had endued with more understanding than any other mortal. And yet he was corrupted by women; and if they succeeded in subjecting Solomon, what king, who delivers himself into their hands, can avoid becoming their slave?" "I have already banished them from my heart," said Wird Khan, "but that is not sufficient; the author of all this mischief must still receive her just punishment. It was women who instigated me to put an end to your father's life. Alas! alas! would that I could recal him to life!" "Pardon my frankness, sire," rejoined the young vizier, "the fault does not lie exclusively in the women—women are a commodity that brings misery on the purchaser. The fault therefore lies in those who cannot dispense with this commodity.—My father had previously warned you against them; beware of a relapse." "I acknowledge my fault," said the Khan of Roses. "You have no other master than God," proceeded the little grand-vizier; "make not then

women so ; and bear in mind that our will is free, and that we are ourselves to blame for all the evil we do."

" You are right," said the king ; " I have done wrong from ignorance. How must I conduct myself in future ?" " Throw off the mantle of ignorance," answered the vizier, " and put on the garment of righteousness ; control your passions, and devote your attention to public affairs, and you will thereby gain the love of your subjects and the favour of God." " Your words move me," said the king, " and I feel the full force and profound wisdom of your counsels. You are still young, but I perceive that you have read old books. You have brought me back from my errors into the right path." " It is my duty to speak thus to you," replied the youthful grand-vizier ; " at the same time I am ready to sacrifice my life for you and to prefer incessant prayers for you to Heaven, that God may bestow on you a long life and a prosperous reign."

" Henceforward," said the king, closing the conversation, " henceforward you shall be my

brother and my son, in whom I repose all my confidence "

The king thereupon summoned a meeting of all the governors of provinces and grandees of the court, from among whom he selected seven viziers, agreeably to the advice of the son of Shimas. " You shall be my ministers," said Wird Khan to them, " but ye are subordinate to the son of Shimas, who is my prime minister." He then caused the viziers to sit down upon seats, according to the etiquette appointed for viziers, and to be invested with robes of honour. They first turned their attention to the organization of the army, and filled the places of those who had been beheaded with able officers. They provided for the most urgent wants of the people, and soon restored things to their former order. " Now," said the king to Shimas and the other viziers, " now I have nothing more to do, than to take my precautions against the women who were the cause of all these evils. What kind of death shall I decree them?" The viziers declared that they should agree with the young

grand-vizier, and he gave it as his most humble opinion, that they ought to be conveyed to the catacombs, in which the bodies of the murdered viziers and ulemas had been deposited, and there left to perish of hunger. Wird Khan adopted this counsel ; the women were buried alive in these graves fraught with the effluvia of corruption ; and this veritable history was circulated throughout the whole world, to serve as a lesson and a warning to the kings who suffer themselves to be governed by women, and to the women who seek to govern kings.

J A M A S P,

AND

THE QUEEN OF THE SERPENTS.

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AND

THE QUEEN OF THE SERPENTS.

[The following Tale, wild and unconnected as it may appear, has been thought worthy of being given to the English reader; as it presents a curious medley of Indian, Persian, and Arabian fiction. Many of the legendary tales of the Muhammadans, it will be seen, are of Indian original: an instance of this may be observed in the way in which the world is supposed to be supported: an idea evidently Indian, but which has been adopted by the Muhammadan mythologists, though not by the orthodox doctors of the law, and which may be found accordingly, in that curious and authentic work, "Mahometism explained," vol. i. p. 155.

The ring of Solomon, which makes so prominent an object in this Tale, is described in the books just referred to, as having, engraven upon it, triangular wise, in Hebrew characters, these words:---*Al hamdu lillahi. Allahu akbar.* Praise be to God. God is most great.

The liberty has been taken of transposing the long episode of Jahan-shah. As it has no connexion whatever with the story of Jamasp, which it carried to a most tedious length; it has been separated from it, and will be found under its proper title, immediately following.]

THERE was in ancient times a Grecian sage, much celebrated for the multitude of his disciples. His name was Daniel, and all the other philosophers of Greece had been bred in his

school. He was about to become a father when, just before the delivery of his wife, he was seized with a violent cholic, and felt that his last hour was at hand. He now cast all his books into the sea, preserving only five leaves, which he filled with small writing, and which contained the quintessence of the wisdom of five hundred volumes. He locked up these five leaves in a casket of cedar-wood, giving the key to his wife. "I feel," said he, "that the moment approaches in which I must leave this perishable world. After my death you will bear a son, whom you must name Jamasp Kerimuddin (Jamasp, the magnanimous in faith). Educate him carefully; and when he asks, what his father hath left, give him these five leaves, whence he will draw such wisdom, as will make him an eagle among the sages of his time." After these words he uttered a loud cry, and gave up the ghost. His wife, relations and disciples, lamented the loss of him, gave him a splendid funeral, and clad themselves in mourning. A few days afterwards his wife bore a son, whom, as the deceased had commanded, she named Jamasp

Kerimuddin, and sent for the astrologers to cast the horoscope of the child. Having examined the aspect of the stars, they announced that he would have long life ; but that in the flower of his days he would be exposed to great dangers, from which he could be preserved by the study of wisdom alone.

The mother had naturally nothing so much at heart as to inspire him with that betimes. As soon as he was five years old, she sent him to school, but he learned nothing. She took him from thence, that he might be taught a trade, but there also he learned nothing. She was in despair at this. Her female neighbours advised her to give him a wife, saying he would then acquire wit and address. She did so ; but this proved fruitless also, for he remained just as dull as ever, except when caressing his bride.

One day some neighbours, who were dealers in wood, said to his mother : “ Buy your son an ass, and a pack-saddle, and let him go with us to cut wood ; we will share our profits, and he will then at least be earning his bread. She was delighted with the proposal, bought

him an ass and a pack-saddle, and recommended him most earnestly to their kind care.

With these men he went then to the neighbouring mountains, where, by felling wood, and on his return selling it in the town, he contrived to maintain his family. One day, however, a violent storm compelled the wood-cutters to take refuge in an adjoining cave, where, having kindled a fire, they all sat around it, except Jamasp, who had retired to a farther corner. While sitting there and striking the ground listlessly, he remarked that it gave a hollow sound; this prompted him to dig it up a little, and at a small depth he uncovered a round lid with a ring; much pleased with this discovery, he made it immediately known to his companions, who, equally delighted, hastened to the spot, and lifting up the lid, found a pit, filled, not with gold and silver, indeed, as they expected, but with honey. This was a lucky adventure for them still, as the pit was deep, and honey at the time was dear. They proposed, therefore, to go in separate parties to the town to sell it; while Jamasp should remain to watch the

place ; they had already carried off several loads, and the pit was getting empty, when one of the wood-cutters said to his companions : “ Jamasp will not fail to claim his part of the gain, especially as he was the one who found it ; the best way to get rid of him would be to leave him in the pit itself.” This plan was accordingly agreed upon ; and on their return they prevailed upon Jamasp to go down into the pit to gather what honey was yet remaining in it.

Jamasp was let down ; but when he called aloud to be drawn up again, all was silent. He now began to weep, and commend himself to Heaven, saying, “ There is no help or strength but from Almighty God ! ”

In the mean time the wood-cutters proceeded to the house of his mother, weeping and lamenting the loss of him. “ Alas ! exclaimed she, “ what evil tidings do you bring ? ” “ Your son’s ass,” said they, “ ran away, and he having gone in pursuit of it, a tiger flew upon and destroyed them both. At this sad news she tore her hair, beat her face, and cast ashes on her head ; while they, leaving her to

her sorrows, began with the money which the contents of the pit had produced to purchase shops, set up as merchants, and live in abundance.

Jamasp was sunk in despair, when a scorpion fell suddenly upon his hand ; he killed it, and then began to wonder how it could have got into the pit, which till so lately had been full of honey. He got up to examine the place whence the scorpion had come, and soon found a small hole, through which fell a ray of light : he enlarged the aperture with a knife, and having crept through, found himself in a long gallery, from the farthest end of which the light proceeded. He went forward, and came at length to a gate of steel, with a silver lock and key of gold, pushing which quite open, and still going onward, he found himself at length on the banks of a lake. Near this lake he beheld a mountain of precious stones, on the summit of which was a golden throne, sparkling with diamonds, around which stood innumerable seats of gold, bronze, crystal, ivory and ebony.

Having surveyed with astonishment the

wonders about him, Jamasp seated himself on the throne, and, overcome with fatigue, after some time fell into a profound sleep. He had remained a considerable while in this situation, when he was suddenly awoke by a violent hissing. He opened his eyes; but what was his horror to see all the seats occupied by serpents, every one of which was a hundred yards in length. One now drew near him of immense size, bearing on its back a golden dish, in which lay another of resplendent beauty, with the face of a delicate female. "Fear not these serpents," said she, addressing Jamasp in the Greek tongue, "since I am their queen." These words revived him a little, and he was yet more encouraged, when, by her command, they set before him grapes, pomegranates, pistachios, and bananas. "You are welcome, young man," said the queen, "eat without fear." After Jamasp had taken some, she requested him to relate his history, which he did minutely, while she listened with great attention; and when he had ended, said: "You must remain with me awhile, and shall in return hear my story, which you will find

somewhat remarkable. Jamasp expressing his eagerness for the recital, after a short pause the serpent-queen proceeded thus :—

“ There was in former times a powerful and pious king of Egypt, who had a son called Belukia. At the hour of his death, having summoned the great lords of the kingdom about him, and made a beautiful speech to them upon the vanities of the world, he gave a deep sigh and expired. After his funeral, and homage having been paid to his son and successor Belukia, one of the first concerns of the new monarch was the examination of his father’s treasury. He went through the different apartments, and came at length to a small cabinet, where he found an ebony casket, standing upon a pillar of marble. He opened the casket, in which was another of gold, containing a book, filled with the praises of Muhammad, before whose coming on earth some centuries were yet to elapse. Belukia read this book with great attention, and from that moment conceived an unspeakable affection for that divine prophet. He called together the sages of the empire, and communicated to

them the contents of this precious manuscript. “Ye sources of wisdom, and mines of intelligence,” said he to them, “go, dig up the bones of my father—burn them, and scatter their ashes to the winds.”—“And why should we do so, great king?”—“Because he kept concealed this inestimable book, in which all the wisdom of Abraham and Moses is contained.” The sages praised his zeal, but begged him not to disturb the ashes of his father.—He betook himself to his mother: “I have discovered,” said he, “a book which has been written to the glory of Muhammad the prophet; since I have read it, I feel for him so ardent an attachment, that I shall die, if I see him not.” His mother, who thought that the mind of her son was deranged, wept bitterly. “What will be my fate,” said she, “if you abandon me?”—“I know not,” returned Belukia, “but here I cannot remain, I must seek Muhammad.” He then, without communicating his intention to any one, betook himself to the deserts, and travelled onward till he reached

the sea shore, where, finding a vessel on the point of sailing, he went on board, and landed after a long voyage in an unknown island. Here sleep fell upon him ; and when, on his awaking, he wished to return to his ship, he found it full of serpents of all sizes, whose chief employment was to sing the praises of God and his prophet. Scarcely had these serpents espied Belukia, when they asked him who he was, and why he came thither ; he told them of his wish to find Muhammad, and having inquired who they were, “ We are,” they said, “ inhabitants of hell, and God has created us, expressly for the punishment of infidels. You must know,” continued they, “ that hell, that vast animal, breathes but twice in the year—once in winter and once in summer ; and hence comes the piercing cold and excessive heat ; at these opportunities, we come hither to enjoy, as you see, the freshness of the air.”—“ Whence then,” rejoined Belukia, “ know you Muhammad, whose praise you sing?”—“ Because his name is written on the gates of hell, and all that exists was created for his sake.” These

words inflamed yet more the desire of Belukia to know the prophet; and having gone on board another ship, which was lying at anchor, he proceeded to a second island, where, among a great number of serpents, he observed one, shining like crystal, and reposing on a golden charger. This, Jamasp, was myself: he related to me all his adventures, and his love for Muhammad. "But, as I have always observed," said the serpent-queen, interrupting her story, "that a tale of one's-self is related better in the third person, permit me to tell mine so. Belukia, leaving the serpent-queen, repaired again on board ship, and sailed for Jerusalem. There lived at that time a doctor of profound learning, deeply skilled in astronomy, geometry, and both white and black magic: his name was Offan. By his incessant reading he had found that the possession of Solomon's ring gave dominion over genii, birds and beasts. In his books he had discovered, too, that Solomon, with his ring on his finger, lay buried in an island of the Seven Seas, inaccessible to genii, men, or beasts; that there was but one plant in the

world which would afford him, who was fortunate enough to find this island, the means of approaching it; since, by rubbing his feet with the juice of it, any one might safely walk on the surface of the ocean, and that none but the serpent-queen could tell where this herb was to be found. One day, while Belukia was engaged in his devotions at Jerusalem, the sage Offan, observing him to be a stranger, accosted him; and on entering into conversation with him, heard all his adventures. These gave the sage great surprise: "Lead me," said he, "to the serpent-queen, and I will engage to shew you that Muhammad whom you are seeking, although the time in which he is to appear is far distant. But for this we put the serpent-queen into a cage, and carry her with us, till she shews us an herb, which, when rubbed upon our feet, will give us the power of walking on the sea. When we have that, we will set her at liberty again, and, passing over the Seven Seas, get possession of the ring of Solomon, by the help of which we shall be able to penetrate even to those re

gions, where we shall find and drink of the fountain of life, and I will shew you Muhammad." To this proposal Belukia readily consented; and Offan, having provided an iron cage and two vials filled, the one with milk, the other with wine, they set out for the island, where Belukia had left the serpent-queen. On their arrival there, Offan made the cage ready, placed in it the two vials, and then retired to a certain distance. The queen of the serpents, as they had expected, failed not to come up to it, and as serpents are fond of milk, had no sooner smelt it than she entered the cage, and drank the whole vial full; afterwards emptying that of wine also. This cast her into a deep sleep, and Offan locked her in the cage. On her awaking, she was much surprised to find herself being carried in a cage on a man's head, and Belukia walking by the side of her. "Is this," said she, "the way men treat those who have never injured them?" Belukia consoled her, telling her that they meant not to injure her, and that she should be restored to liberty, as soon as she had shewn them the herb they were in search

of. They continued thus, till they came to a mountain, covered with all sorts of plants, in great abundance. Wonderful it was, that on the approach of the serpent-queen, the plants, both on the right and left of their path, began to speak; each one celebrating its own virtues. At last they heard one say; "I am the celebrated plant which gives the power of walking on the seas to him who rubs his feet with my juice! Offan set the cage upon the ground, cut as much of this plant as he wanted, expressed the juice, and filled a vial with it. They then returned to the island of the serpent-queen, opened her cage, and thanked her for her services. "And wherefore," said she, "have you cut this plant?" Offan answered, "they were going to seek the ring of Solomon." "You are madmen," said she, "know you not that the power of Solomon depended upon that ring, and that God has expressly said, that none shall have the power of Solomon? You would have done better to have sought that herb which gives health and eternal youth to those who eat of it; that would have been more profitable to

you, than to rub your feet with this juice, in order to wander about upon the seas." These words left a deep sting in the souls of Belukia and Offan, and they regretted much that they had not known of and sought the herb she spoke of. They took leave of the queen, however, who herself departed to join her court. "This," said she, "Jamasp, is the latest adventure that has happened to me." Jamasp returned her his thanks for her endeavours to amuse him ; but assured her that the most important favour she could render him would be to provide him with a guide, who could conduct him home again. "Most willingly would I do so," rejoined the queen, "but that is only to be done in the spring ; the winter you must spend with me. We are upon the mountain of Káf ; I will shew you its situation and different regions, its vegetables, animals, spirits, and genii, the numbers of which are known to God alone." This reply was an unpleasant one to Jamasp, who had hoped to see his wife and mother soon again. "If the case be so," said he, "you will, perhaps, continue the adventures of Offan and

Belukia; they will pass away the time at least. "Very willingly," replied the queen, and recommenced her story thus:—

"Offan and Belukia rubbed their feet with the juice, and then went out upon the surface of the ocean, gazing in astonishment at the monsters and prodigies beneath them, till they came at length to the Seventh Sea, where they saw a lofty mountain, the soil of which was the purest musk, and the rocks were precious stones. Near it they observed a grotto, whence issued a mild and soft light. They entered, and beheld a throne of gold blazing with diamonds and other precious stones; on this throne Solomon was lying, clothed in a green mantle, embroidered with pearls and diamonds. The glitter of these jewels was nevertheless obscured by the splendour of the ring, which he had upon the little finger of his right hand. Offan had already instructed his companion in the necessary form of incantation; they both, therefore, commenced the undertaking; but scarcely had Offan approached, when there came from beneath the throne a huge serpent, which cast

forth fire, and with fearful hissings, said to Offan : “ If thou dost not immediately retire, thou art lost.” Offan still persisted, and the serpent repeated the same warning. Belukia drew back and left the grotto, but Offan, who persisted in his presumptuous undertaking, stretched out his hand to the ring of Solomon. At the same moment the serpent darted at him, and in an instant he was reduced to a handful of ashes. Belukia cast himself upon the ground, and the serpent was rushing upon him also, when the angel Gabriel descended and saved him. After Belukia had recovered himself, and had told Gabriel his name, birth-place, whence he came, and whither he was going, “ Belukia,” said he, “ thou owest thy preservation to thy love for Muhammad ; that alone prevented thy being reduced to ashes, like thy fellow-traveller. Now be-gone ; for the time in which Muhammad is to appear is yet far distant.” When Belukia heard these words he wept bitterly, remembered the counsel which the serpent-queen had given him, and lamented the loss of Offan. Having viewed the wonders of these moun-

tains, isles and seas, he laid himself down, and fell into a sound sleep. On the following morning he rubbed his feet again with the juice, and began to journey back over the liquid plain of the Seven Seas. On his way he met with so beautiful an island, that he thought it Paradise itself. The soil was of saffron, the rocks of rubies, and the meadows enamelled with flowers of the greatest beauty and most exquisite fragrance. In the forests were scattered trees of odoriferous wood, and the shore was covered with delicious plants. The brooks mingled their soft murmurs with the warbling of the birds. The antelopes were bounding, the doves cooing, the nightingales warbling their loves, and the roses attentively listening. All nature appeared animated and enlivened by the vivifying fountain of spring. Belukia had not seen this island when journeying with Offan, and it delighted him exceedingly. He walked for some time beneath the shade of its aromatic groves, and at night ascended a tree to sleep. He had not yet closed his eyes, and was gazing on all around him, which filled his soul with

delight, when he observed a beast coming forth from the sea. It gave a piercing cry, with which the island shook to its foundations ; and forthwith a great number of other beasts of various colours came to the land, each bearing in its mouth a stone which glittered like the light of a beacon. Among them were tigers, lions and leopards. After having passed the night in sporting about the island, they all in the morning went back to the sea. Belukia, who had been in no small fear during all this, resolved as soon as possible to leave this wonderful island, where, instead of the society of men, he could only expect that of wild beasts, with diamonds in their mouths, who, though very entertaining to each other, could prove but unpleasant companions for him.

He therefore proceeded on to the Second Sea, where he found a lofty mountain, in the centre of which was concealed a deep valley ; the stones of this valley were all magnets, and nothing was to be seen but lions, tigers and hyænas. Belukia wandered about for a long time, and sat down towards evening beneath a rock upon the sea-shore, to eat some fish

...in the air in the sun. All at once
 ...the water under him, and with-
 ...the ... of such an adven-
 ...for the Third
 ...the night was dark the sea tempos-
 ...This was a true journey for a tra-
 ...suddenly changed, towards
 ...an island,
 ...This isle was full
 ...the great admira-
 ...For four-
 ...here living on them.
 ...he rubbed his feet
 ...and set out for the
 ...long day's jour-
 ...which was nothing
 ...stone rock, covered
 ...blade of grass
 ...he observed only a
 ...which took away all desire
 ...In the Fifth Sea he found
 ...the mountains were
 ...glistened veins of the
 ...They were covered with lofty
 ...which was also of pure

gold. Towards evening, Belukia, to his great astonishment, remarked that the earth began to sparkle as the sky grew dark. "Ah!" said he, "this then is the isle of gold flowers, which I have often heard described as a piece of the sun, which was broken off and fell into the sea, and yet produces gold and light. After passing here a very bright night, he the next morning entered the Sixth Sea. He there saw a mountainous island covered with forests, some of the trees of which, instead of fruit, bore human heads hanging by the hair; others continually burning, bore large heads of fire; these were the trees of Wasfa. Some of these fruits with human faces laughed, others wept, and others, which had fallen from the branches, rolled about upon the earth. Belukia took care not to touch them. "This is a wonderful forest indeed," said he, and sat down under a tree on the sea-side to pass the night; about the middle of which, the nymphs, or daughters of the ocean, rose from the sea, each of them holding a gem shining like a torch. They approached the tree where Belukia sat, where they danced, leaped, and performed a thousand

gambols till towards morning, when they withdrew. Belukia, though much amused by this was not yet tempted to prolong his stay; he set forward in the morning for the Seventh Sea. Had he not from time to time caught a fish which was swimming near the surface of the water, he would have been in a pitiable situation: at length, however, he came to an island where the Seventh Sea terminated. This island abounded with fruit-trees of every description, and Belukia approached an apple-tree to pluck some of the fruit, when he suddenly heard a loud voice, saying: "If thou goest one step nearer that tree thou wilt be cut in two." Turning about to discover whence it proceeded, he beheld a giant of enormous size lying on the grass. "Will your lordship," said Belukia, "permit me to eat some of the fruit of this tree?" "No," replied the giant, "thou art man, and the son of man, and thy forefather Adam disobeyed the command of God by eating of the forbidden tree, therefore presume not to touch this; I forbid thee in the name of my king, Sakhar." Belukia on hearing this withdrew, and continued his

journey to the main land, opposite to this island. On this he travelled ten days and nights together, through deserts and over barren mountains, and on the eleventh saw a great cloud of dust before him, and heard at the same time a dreadful noise. He approached this dust, which came from the entrance of a deep valley, and beheld in it a number of men fighting with the utmost fury; the swords and spears were clashing loudly, and the blood flowing in streams. As soon as these combatants observed Belukia, they ceased fighting, and one of them coming to him, inquired who he was, and what was his business there. Belukia replied, that he was seeking the great prophet Muhammad. "Such are the follies of men," said the other, "what a strange idea is this! You are the first man who has ever been here." "And who then are you?" returned Belukia. "We are genii, descendants of Ján; our country is called the White Land, and we leave it once a year to fight the rebellious genii who infest these parts." "And is that White Land?" said Belukia, "far from hence?" "It is seventy-five thousand miles beyond the moun-

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tain of Káf; the country in which we now are is called the land of Ad, the son of Shadad, and our present campaign was undertaken by order of our king Sakhar. At other times we lead a calm and quiet life, and our only employment is to sing the praises of God. It would be advisable," concluded the genii, "for you to go with us to the court of our king." To this Belukia readily consented, and followed them accordingly to their home. Here he saw a vast plain covered with superb tents of green silk, in the midst of which stood one of red satin, supported by pillars of massive gold. This was the pavilion of king Sakhar, who was sitting on a golden throne, having on his right hand the viceroys and princes, and on his left the ministers and rulers of Jinistán. Belukia prostrated himself on the ground to salute the king, who received him very courteously, ordered him to be seated at his side, and inquired his history. This he related circumstantially, to the great surprise of the king and his court, and a splendid and abundant dinner was then served up in dishes of gold, of which there were just one thousand

and fifty. After dinner, the Imám of the court gave thanksgiving to God, and invoked the divine prophet Muhammad. This much surprised Belukia, who, addressing king Sakhar, requested to be told the origin of him and his people ; and how Muhammad, for love of whom his journey had been undertaken, had become known to them. To this king Sakhar, who talked very willingly about his family, replied, by giving him the following account :—

“ After God,” said he, “ had created the fire, he divided it into seven parts, which he set one above the other, leaving between each of them the distance of a thousand years’ journey. The first region of fire he called Jehenna, and destined it for sinners who die unrepentant. The second, called Lazi, or the whirlpool of fire, is the place of abode of the unbelievers. In the third, Jahim, or the boiling cauldron, dwell Gog and Magog. The fourth, Sair, or the glowing fire, is inhabited by the devils, the accomplices of Iblís. The fifth, Sakar, or hell, is appointed for those who neglect prayer. The sixth, Hajim, or the fire passage, is for the Jews ; and in the seventh, Hawyah, or

the abyss, the hypocrites will be thrown. The most endurable of all these is Jehenna, which contains seventy thousand mountains of fire, each containing seventy thousand valleys of fire, and in each valley seventy thousand towns, in each town seventy thousand castles, in each castle seventy thousand houses, and in each house seventy thousand pains of fire. This is the region reckoned most endurable ; and we may from this form some judgment of the torments of the rest. On hearing this, Belukia wept bitterly. " What must we do, sire !" said he. " Fear nothing," returned Sakhar ; he who loves the prophet Muhammad is secure from the fire of hell. But this was but the beginning of what I was about to tell you. I have given you this account of the fire because of that we were made. The first whom God created in the first region of fire, were two angels, of whom, one was named Khálif, and the other Milif. The former had the face of a lion, the latter that of a she-wolf. By the command of God, these spirits of hell copulated, and the fruit of their connexion was serpents, scorpions, and all those reptiles that live in

the flames, in order to torment the wicked. But God commanded these two to copulate again, and the issue of the second connexion was seven males and seven females. The seventh female rebelled against God, and was changed into worms. The seventh son was named Iblis, and gave every promise of being a dutiful creature. From his seventh year, he performed his devotions regularly morning and evening, so that he found favour in the eyes of God. But when, on the creation of Adam, Iblis refused to worship him, God punished his disobedience by thrusting him into hell, which Iblis filled with demons and evil spirits, all which are of his race. The other sons and daughters continued to conduct themselves rightly, and always walked in the ways of God. Thus they became believers; and from them are descended the genii of the earth. I have thus made no secret to you of our alliance to the evil demons; but, indeed, a long course of ages has purified us from all that we might have had in our blood of the lion and wolf; who, however, were two angels, and the first created by God. "You can now," said Belukia,

“do me no greater favour than to ~~cause me~~ to be conducted home.”—“That,” replied the king, “depends upon the will of God. But if in the mean time you have any wish to see more of my dominions, one of my horses ready saddled, is in waiting. It will carry you to the borders of my country, whence one of my viceroys, Barákiah, will conduct you farther.” Belukia sorrowfully replied, “As it pleases your majesty.” They brought him the horse, but admonished him that he must neither spur it nor strike it on the face, for in that case the rider would infallibly be lost. Belukia mounted, and let it go at a gentle pace. He rode past the king’s kitchens, where the spits were turning round loaded with a thousand different sorts of meat; and Sakhar, who would not let his guest depart without plenty of provisions, commanded them to fasten behind his horse two legs of mutton. He then dismissed him, and Belukiah let his horse go on, till he stopped of his own accord, which he did when he had entered the dominions of Barákiah, to whom he was presented; and whose table was as plentifully served as

Sakhar himself. "How long is it," arákiah to him, "since you left king?" "Two days exactly," replied Be-

"Thanks to your horse, who is a," continued Barákiah; "you have in time performed a journey of seventy fths." Belukia then recounted his adventures to the viceroy, who detained him two months at his court."

Here the serpent-queen was interrupted by Jamasp, whom these long stories began to fatigue. "Have the goodness to stop," cried she, "it is impossible that Belukia could have been more eager to get home again than I am. Permit me to return to the surface of the earth." "With pleasure would I do it," said the queen, "but you must now learn that my destiny is bound to your's, and that by the decree of fate my death is inevitable, if ever, after you return, you enter a bath. "I will swear never to enter one again," replied Jamasp." "That I would never believe," returned the queen, "though you took a hundred oaths. I know your fondness for bathing; you would find it impossible to re-

frain. Gratitude is not the property of the sons of Adam ; they tread in the steps of their forefather.

“ None but the benevolent God would have for fourteen days together taken the pains to mould the red clay from which he made Adam. He commanded the angels also to pay obedience to him when created, and yet was Adam ungrateful, and his promise broken.”

Jamasp began to weep, so cast down was he at the doubts of the queen and his own enthrallment. Ten whole days did he sit there without speaking. On the eleventh, in order somewhat to dissipate his chagrin, he requested the queen to continue the adventures of Belukia ; and she began again as follows :—

“ After Belukia had passed two months at the court of king Berakiah, he bade him farewell, and journeyed day and night over hill and plain, until he came to a very lofty mountain. On the summit of this mountain was an angel singing the praises of God and Muhammad, and having a table before him covered with writing. One wing of this angel stretched to the bounds of the east, and the other to those of the west.

Belukia saluted him, and turned it; putting those usually addressed to him by giving a narration of beginning to end, which was a great surprise. "Perrukia, " to ask in return what you do here, and name," said the angel, pointed to watch over them day and night, and this tabukia stretched his eyes of this celestial astronomy again upon his journey in the immense meadow, the streams, and in the midst of great height. Beneath of whom had a human form of a lion, the third that that of a bird. Belukia ordered to hear what they found they were praying for my Lord," said one, in mercy, and the intercession of Muhammad, forgive them

From hence, continuing his journey, Belukia came to the mountain of Káf. The first object which presented itself here was another angel, also singing the praises of God and Muhammad, and who opened and closed his hand alternately. Belukia entered into conversation with him, and after relating his own history, inquired what mountain it was, and what that action of his fingers meant. "This," said the angel, "is the mountain of Káf, which surrounds the whole earth like a girdle. I hold in my hand the threads on which hang the foundations of the earth, which shake or stand firm upon their bases, accordingly as I, by the command of God, open or shut my hand." "Are there, then," said Belukia, "lands behind the mountain of Káf?" "Yes," replied the angel, "there is a land, which glitters like silver, and is inhabited by angels, who do nothing but sing hymns in honour of God and the prophet. Every Friday evening they assemble here, and pass the night in prayer and pious exercises." "And is there another range of mountains also," said Belukia, "beyond that of Káf?" "There is," returned the angel,

“ one five hundred ells in height, covered with snow and eternal ice. Those are the mountains which form the partition between the first region of fire and the earth. There are, moreover, forty other worlds, every one of which is forty times larger than this. One of these is entirely of gold, a second of silver, one of ruby, another of emerald, one of saffron, and another of amber. They are inhabited by angels, whose sole employment is the praise of God and the prophet. They know neither Adam nor Eve, nor day nor night. You must know, my son, that God has created seven stories of worlds, all of which rest upon the shoulders of an angel, whose form and strength God alone knows. This angel stands upon a rock, the rock rests upon the back of an ox, which is carried by a large fish, swimming in the ocean of eternity. Jesus had heard this fish spoken of, and begged God to shew it to him. Upon this God commanded an angel to carry Jesus to the shores of this sea. Here he at first saw nothing, but all at once the fish shot by like a flash of lightning, and Jesus swooned with fear. When he recovered, he sung the praises of the

Almighty ; for although the fish thus darted by for three whole days together, Jesus saw not the end of it. God has in like manner created forty other fishes, with forty oxen, forty rocks, and forty angels, supporting these forty worlds.” “But what then lies beneath the sea of eternity?” said Belukia. “The abyss.” “And what beneath the abyss?” “The fire.”— “And what beneath the fire?” “A vast serpent, who, if he were not withheld by the fear of God, would with a single motion overthrow the abyss, the fire, the ocean, the fish, the ox, the rock, and the angel who supports the earth. When God had created this huge serpent or dragon, he said to him—‘I will give thee something to keep in safety, open thy mouth. The dragon opened his mouth, and God placed hell within him, in order that it might there remain till the day of judgment. On that day God will send an angel to bring it before him, and will command it to open its gates, which will vomit out streams of eternal fire.’” These sublime secrets made such an impression on Belukia, that he wept, and taking leave of the angel, as he had now come to the ends of the

earth, he took the road to Arabia. He came at length to a vast gate of steel, watched by two guards, one of whom had the head of a lion, and the other that of an ox. These two guards put the same questions to him as he had answered so often before, and to which he could never reply without telling all his adventures. They then informed him, that although placed there to watch that gate, they knew not what it concealed, since none could open it but the angel Gabriel, the messenger of Heaven. Belukia now prayed that God would permit the angel Gabriel to open it for him, and his prayer was heard. The angel appeared with a large key in his hand, opened the gate, and then locked it after him. Belukia found himself in a boundless subterraneous vault. Here was the conflux of all the seas and waters of the earth. In the midst of these waters were two mountains of rubies, on which angels were walking about, and singing the praises of God and the prophet. They informed Belukia that they were the guardians of this immense reservoir, and that they distributed to the whole earth both the salt and sweet waters through their

respective channels, all which met at these two mountains. He then inquired what road he must take, and after they had directed him, he made use of the juice of the plant, which had so often already extricated him from his embarrassments, and began to pass lightly over the floods of these waters. He had travelled thus some days and nights, when he met four angels journeying like himself on the surface of the water. He saluted and entreated them to satisfy his curiosity as to who they were and whither they were going? "We are," said they, "the four great chamberlains of Heaven—Gabriel, Michael, Raphael and Israfil, and are going by the command of God towards the east, in order to seize and thrust into hell a horrid monster who has appeared there, and is making incredible devastation on earth.—Admiring the vastness of their wings and their enormous stature. Belukia proceeded again upon his journey in Egypt, till he came to an island covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. In the centre of this island stood an immense tree, beneath which was a table set out with dishes of a thousand different

colours, and on the tree itself sat a bird, the feet of which were of silver, the beak of ruby, and the feathers of emeralds and other precious stones. This bird sang the praises of God, and of the prophet Muhammad Belukia, astonished to hear again the name of the elect of God, whom he had so long sought, said to the bird, "Who are you, friend?" "I am," answered the bird, "one of the birds of Paradise. When the Almighty cast out Adam from thence, the latter covered himself, as you know, with four leaves of one of the trees of Paradise, in order to conceal his nakedness. When Adam came upon earth, these four leaves fell on the ground, and each of them produced an article which is at once both useful and agreeable to man. The first was devoured by a worm, which from that moment did nothing but spin a fine and delicate web—it was the silkworm. The second was eaten by an antelope, which from that instant became the musk-deer. The third, consumed by a bee, gave wax and honey; and the fourth, decaying in India, produced there all kinds of sweet-scented plants and essences. I left

Paradise at the same time, and have ever since lived here, giving dinner every Friday to all the saints living upon earth, who while seeming to be wrapt in the extasy of prayer, come hither to taste the food of Paradise." Belukia, who had become of the number of the holy, since he had first been transported with the love of Muhammad, began to eat. Scarcely had he tasted, when the prophet Khizr, the keeper of the water of life, appeared; Belukia respectfully rose to withdraw, but the bird commanded him to continue sitting.

" Khizr desired Belukia to relate his adventures to him, which he did without the omission of the most trifling circumstance. When he had concluded, he said to Khizr: " Permit me to ask you whether it be far from hence to Egypt?" " It is," replied the other, " a journey that will require at least thirty-five years." Belukia shed tears on hearing this, and bending to the hand of Khizr, kissed it, and said: " Deliver me, I beseech you, from this eternal wandering in unknown lands. I have had enough of it, and can endure no more." " Dry thy tears," replied Khizr: " God has heard thy

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prayer, and has sent me for the especial purpose of guiding thee home. Clasp me round the waist. Hold fast, and close your eyes." Belukia did as he was directed. "Now you may open your eyes again," said Khizr; and Belukia found himself at the gate of his own palace. He turned to thank Khizr, but he had vanished. He then entered his palace, and hastened to his aged mother, who almost died with joy on seeing her son again. The news of his return spread quickly through the town, and every one prepared to visit and present gifts to him. All wished to hear a minute relation of his adventures, and he had enough to do to satisfy the curiosity of his hearers, who, on their side, could do nothing but weep, so moved were they by these incredible narratives." "Aye! they are moving indeed," said Jamasp, interrupting the serpent-queen. "but I feel as much inclination to weep at your refusal to let me go home, as at the story of Belukia." "Jamasp," said the queen, "I know you! you will betray me; you will be forsworn; should you ever enter a bath again my death is inevitable." Jamasp renewed his oaths, and as the queen

had ended her tales, and knew no more with which to beguile the time, and pass off the grief of Jamasp, she was at length compelled to let him depart. She called forward an immense serpent, and directing it to conduct Jamasp again to the surface of the earth, he was by set of sun at the door of his own house. He knocked, and his mother came to open the door. When she espied her son, she gave a loud shriek, and fainted in his arms. His wife, hearing the cry, hastened out, and shrieking as loudly, fell into his arms also. They both thanked Heaven that had sent back their beloved Jamasp, and gave themselves up to all the transports of the most lively joy. When the first effusions of mutual tenderness were over, Jamasp inquired after his companions the wood-cutters. "It was they," said his mother. "who brought us the intelligence that a tiger had torn you to pieces; they are now rich merchants carrying on a great trade." "Go to them to-morrow, mother," said Jamasp, "tell them that your son has returned, and desire them to come to me." The wood-cutters were not a little alarmed when they heard this news:

they turned pale, and each of them made the mother of Jamasp a rich present, promising, at the same time, to come the next day. They immediately met together to consult on the best means of repairing their injustice to Jamasp, and in this assembly it was agreed to tax themselves to the half of what each possessed, both in male and female slaves and goods, and to give it up to stop the complaints of Jamasp. With this they went to him, and soliciting him to forget what had passed, obtained his sincere pardon. They invited him to the bath. "No," said he, "I have made a vow never more to enter one." "Come at least and eat with us," said they, and he accepted their invitation. These festivities lasted seven days together, being given now by one, now by another of the merchants. Jamasp after this set up as a merchant himself, carried on trade, and led a very pleasant life. One day, going out to walk in the environs of the town, he met with one of his old friends, who was the owner of a public bath, and who was just then standing at the door. They embraced each other, and testified mutual pleasure at

meeting. "Come in," said the master of the baths, "and let me entertain you in my way, for you were always a great lover of the bath." "No," replied Jamasp, "I have sworn never to go into one again." "I beseech you, by our mutual friendship," continued the master of the baths, "to do me favour." "My friend," returned Jamasp, "tempt me not. You would make my children orphans, and me unfortunate, and guilty of a great perjury." "These are the whims of a distempered mind," said the master of the baths. "All the dreadful consequences of the violation of this vow shall fall upon my head. Come, I beg thee upon my knees." This little dispute was somewhat loud, and a crowd of people, who were coming from the bath, gathered round, and took part with the master of the baths; to gratify whom they forced in Jamasp, pushed him forwards, and pulled off his clothes in spite of all his protestations that he would not bathe. More than twenty persons at once began to pour water on his head, to rub, wash, and when they had done, to dry him. He had hardly put on his clothes again, when he was told that the vizier,

with sixty Mamlukes, was at the door of the bathing-house inquiring for him. Jamasp hurried out to pay his respects to the vizier, who conducted him to the sultan's palace, where a splendid banquet was awaiting him. After this the vizier ordered him to be clothed in two vests of honour, each of which was worth a thousand dinars. Jamasp understood nothing of all this, till the vizier said to him: "Our lord, the sultan, is dangerously ill, and has been informed that you alone are able to cure him." "I am no physician," replied Jamasp, "but will nevertheless hear what is the pleasure of the sultan with me." He then, preceded by a band of soldiers, walked between two rows of guards, through seven gates and seven courts, to the interior of the palace. The king was named Gusardan: around him sat on thrones of gold a thousand sultans; two thousand generals and governors of provinces stood before him, and a thousand eunuchs with drawn sabres behind him. The king was lying on his throne with his face covered by a silk handkerchief. Jamasp, though at first a little confused at all these preparations, soon re-

covered himself, kissed the ground before the throne, and took the seat which the vizier assigned him, on the right hand of the king. Dinner was served up, and after having eaten and washed hands, the table was removed, and the vizier rising, took Jamasp by the hand, led him to the king, and lifting up the handkerchief that covered his face : “ Do us the favour,” said he, “ to speak to the king ; that is all we desire of you, and we will in return grant all you ask of us.”

“ I know very well,” said Jamasp, “ that I am the son of the prophet Daniel ; but I am nevertheless, I confess it candidly, an ignorant man. During all my life I have passed but one month in study. If during that month I had learned the art of physic sufficiently to be able to cure the king, I would do it immediately, but I must own with sorrow, that I understand nothing of it.”—“ Spare your excuses,” said the vizier, “ we know that you alone can cure the king.”—“ How so ?” cried Jamasp, “ if I may presume to ask.” “ The milk of the queen of the serpents,” returned the vizier, “ has been prescribed to the king.

and you alone know her, and where she lives."

When Jamasp heard these words, he recollected with the most lively sorrow that he had broken his oath on going into the bath; nevertheless, concealing what passed in his mind, "I have not," said he, "the honour to know the queen of the serpents, nor have I ever heard her spoken of." "You deceive us," replied the vizier; "you have lived two years with her, and I can even prove it."

"How?" exclaimed Jamasp. "Here is a letter," returned the vizier, "which has reached my hands, and by which I see that you have not only passed two years with the serpent-queen, as a visitor, but that you have broken, by going into a bath, the promise you made her, and that your bosom turned black that moment; quick! let us see your bosom."

"My bosom was black when I came into the world," said Jamasp. "That is false," cried the vizier; "I know from the Mamlukes, whom I had stationed at the bath, that when you entered it your bosom was white, and black when you came out." When Jamasp heard this, he regretted more than ever what

had happened ; but, thinking it most advisable to abide by his denial, continued obstinately to protest that he neither knew the queen of the serpents, nor had ever heard mention made of her. Upon this, the vizier called for executioners to put Jamasp to the torture. He bore the different modes of torment for a long time before he would confess the truth, but had hardly done so, when the vizier hastened to kiss his hands and face : “ Why did you deny a thing so well known ? ” said he. “ We are informed of every thing, and know even the situation of the mountain where you were left in a pit of honey, out of which you went directly to the queen of the serpents.” Jamasp denied no longer ; they put a dress of honour upon him, seated him upon a horse richly caparisoned, and led him, accompanied by a great retinue, to the cavern, where he had first discovered the pit full of honey. Here they burnt incense, repeated magic words, and went through all the necessary purifications and forms of exorcism. Jamasp then conjured the serpent-queen to appear, and behold ! in the middle of the pit, a large

gate flew open suddenly, and so dreadful a shriek came forth, that the spectators fell with their faces on the ground, and some of them died upon the spot with fright ; a fire-breathing serpent, huge as an elephant, issued from it, bearing on its back a golden dish, on which lay a serpent with a human face shining brilliantly ; in short, it was the queen of the serpents herself. As soon as she perceived Jamasp, she cried out to him : “ Where is the word, where is the promise thou gavest to me ?—But I clearly see that no one can avoid his fate. Mine was to be linked with your’s, and king Gusardar’s with mine.” At these words she began to weep, and Jamasp joined loudly in her lamentations. The vizier approached, and put out his hand to take the queen. “ You are lost,” said she, “ if you touch me, and will in an instant be reduced to ashes. You alone, Jamasp, can do so with impunity. Place me on the porcelain dish, and carry me upon your head.” Jamasp obeyed her orders, and in this manner they returned to the palace. On the road, the queen whispered to Jamasp : “ When we ar-

rive at the house of the vizier, he will order you to kill, and cut me into three pieces, neither more or less. Excuse yourself on that point, and leave him to do it himself. He will not fail to cut me into three pieces, but just at that moment the king will send for him. He will put me into a copper kettle, which he will hang over the fire, charging you to take care during his absence that it boils till the pot foams. He will order you then to gather the first froth, to fill a cup with it, to let it cool, and then drink it as a safeguard against all diseases; to let the pot froth a second time, to fill another cup, and preserve that till he returns. But I advise you to deceive him, to give him the first cup, and drink the second yourself. You will see the effect of the first cup on him; and as for the second, I engage that it will communicate to you every species of wisdom and knowledge. Place my flesh on a copper dish, in order to carry it to the king; when he has eaten of it, he will wipe his mouth with the napkin. He will feel at first a great heat in his inside, but that will go off by degrees afterwards. He

must then have some light drink given to him, and by the help of God will be forthwith restored to health." The queen of the serpents had hardly whispered all this to Jamasp, when they were already at the house of the vizier, who desired Jamasp to cut her into three pieces. Jamasp refused, and the vizier prepared to do it himself. Jamasp wept bitterly when he saw the preparations making, but the vizier laughed at it, killed the poor queen, and divided her into three pieces. Exactly as the queen had foretold, every thing occurred. The vizier returned, and desired to have the second cup. Jamasp gave him the first cup. The vizier drank it, and swelled out that moment horribly, remaining unable to move a limb. Thus it agreed with the proverb, which says : ' He who digs a pit for his brother, falls into it first himself.' When Jamasp saw the effect of this draught, he stood awhile utterly confounded. At first he was afraid to empty the second cup ; but when he considered that the vizier would not have reserved it for himself, had it been noxious, and remembered the last injunctions of the queen of the serpents, he

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of the viceroy, in order to repair his
When, on his way thither, he lifted up his
eyes, he beheld at once all the secrets of Heaven.
He saw the march of the planets, he heard
the music of the spheres, and instantaneously
became a learned astronomer, astrologer, ge-
ometrician, and arithmetician. From the Heavens
he directed his eyes to the earth, which
he had so often looked upon with indifference.
He understood all the grasses, plants and trees,
which were talking together; every herb and
every stone proclaimed its virtues and qualities.
In that instant he became a profound naturalist,
chemist, physician and magician. Enriched
with this varied knowledge, he proceeded to
the presence of the king, and began by an-

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from head to foot; Jamasp made him then
go into the bath; and he left it completely
cured, and white as silver. The king after
this gave a grand festival, and ordered Jamasp
to sit beside him. The whole court came to
congratulate him on his cure, and he addressed

the ministers and great lords, announcing to them his choice of Jamasp for grand-vizier, saying : " He who loves him loves me ; he who honours him honours me ; and he who obeys him obeys me." The nobles on hearing this hastened to kiss the hand of Jamasp ; the king ordered him to be clad in a dress of honour, ornamented with diamonds ; gave him two hundred Mamlukes, and as many horses, besides camels and mules. After having thus received the investiture of grand-vizier, he returned home, accompanied by all the emirs, viziers, generals and governors, desirous of paying court to him. Among others came his old comrades, the wood-cutters, and even them he received most graciously. He then proceeded to the palace of the former vizier, of which he took due possession.

Thus did Jamasp, the ignorant wood-seller, by divine aid become grand-vizier, and a man of profound learning and most acute intelligence. One day he addressed his mother, saying : " How did it happen that my father Daniel, that great prophet, left me no inheritance ?" His mother then remembered the

five leaves which her husband had laid up in the casket, and commanded her, one day or other, to give to his son.

“Your inheritance,” said she, “consists of five leaves of a book, which your late father once possessed.”—“Where are those five leaves, and what became of the rest of the book?” continued Jamasp. “Your father,” replied she, “possessed a book which contained all the secrets of nature, and was seeking in it a remedy against death. Engaged in this research, he betook himself to the banks of the Jaihún, and was there attentively reading it, when the angel Gabriel appeared, and striking the book, it fell from your father’s hands into the water, five leaves only being saved. These he carefully preserved, and left as an inheritance to you.”

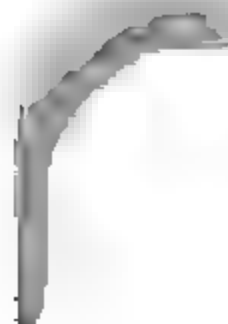
Jamasp ordered the casket to be opened, and found the five leaves; which, however, contained no mysterious learning, or secrets of nature: all that part had sunk in the Jaihún; but they comprised a summary of all that knowledge which is founded upon the basis of sound reason. In these five leaves, therefore, all

the true learning which books can communicate, or which has since then existed in the world, was contained. All other knowledge which man can acquire or has to boast of, belong either to that inferior division of learning, of which Jamasp became master, when he drank the second cup of the liquor from the flesh of the serpent-queen, or to that false knowledge which puffeth up and bringeth death, as it did to the vain-glorious vizier.

THE STORY

OF

J A H Á N S H Á H.



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Rairi relates, that upon a voyage to Egypt he landed on an island, where he found a young man sitting between two tombs, and weeping bitterly. He inquired why the youth wept thus, and whose were the two tombs. The young man's tears flowed yet more abundantly, when asked these questions; but he became at length composed enough to relate his adventures, which he commenced as follows :---]

My father, whose name was Tigmos, was king of Kábul, and governed the nation of the Kánisháhrán, a warlike people of ten thousand brave men; each of whom had command over one hundred towns and one hundred castles. My father, who was thus a most potent monarch, had been long upon the throne without a child, when he one day assembled all the astrologers of his empire, and inquired of them what they should ever have an heir to his crown

or not. They consulted their books, and announced that he would have a son by the princess of Khorásán. This highly gratified him : he loaded them with rich gifts, and dismissed them. He had a vizier, the chief of his warriors, named Ainsar (eye of the battle). Him he sent as his ambassador to Khorásán, to demand the princess, the daughter of king Bahrawán, in marriage. The preparations for this embassy were of the most splendid description ; it was accompanied with fifteen hundred camels, loaded with rich stuffs, gold brocades, and precious stones. The king gave at the same time credentials containing full authority to conclude the marriage by proxy, and ending with political reflexions on the advantages which must follow from the future union of the two crowns upon one head ; for the king of Khorásán had no heir but the princess. The report of this embassy soon reached king Bahrawán, who sent a troop of cavalry to meet it, with all sorts of provisions, that every expense on the road might be saved.

When the envoy of king Tigmos arrived, Bahrawán received him most graciously, and

immediately consulted his mother and his nurse on this important affair of state. "Do as pleases thyself," said they; and he was perfectly content with their answer. For two whole months he entertained the ambassador and all his attendants sumptuously. At the expiration of this time, he called together the ulemas (doctors of the law) and chief nobles of the kingdom, to celebrate the affiancing by proxy of his daughter the princess; and two months after that the nuptials themselves, accompanied by the most pompous rejoicings, took place in the capital of the king, my father. In due time the queen was delivered of a son; and I deem it unnecessary to say to you, that son was myself. The astrologers and magicians were again called together, and unanimously declared that this son would be exposed to great dangers when he had attained his fifteenth year; that they could not determine, with certainty, whether he would survive these dangers; but that if he lived, he would become a yet greater and more powerful king than his father. The king immediately provided for the good education of his son, whom he named

Jahánsháh ; and, when he had reached the seventh year of his age, had him instructed in every branch of learning, as well as in riding and all other manly exercises, so that he was soon, through his deeds of arms, enrolled in the number of the brave.

Prince Jahánsháh, after having once, on a royal hunting party, traversed wilds and forests, for three days together, remarked an antelope of extraordinary beauty, which appeared at a small distance from him, and then fled with great speed. He pursued it, attended by seven of his Mamlukes, till they came to the sea-shore, where the antelope cast itself into the waves. A fishing-boat was lying by the shore, and the prince and six of his Mamlukes leaped into it, while the seventh remained behind to take care of the horses. The antelope swam a long time before them, till at last they overtook it ; but by this time they had, without observing it, rowed so far that they were at a vast distance from the shore, and although they did their utmost to regain the land, yet the night overtook them on the sea, and a violent gale arising, their

fishing-boat became the sport of the winds and waves.

King Tígnos was meanwhile in great alarm for the safety of his son, and sent parties on all sides in search of him. One of these parties met with the Mamluke who had remained in charge of the horses : he related how the prince had put out to sea ; and the king fell into the deepest distress. He cast his crown upon the earth, beat his face and tore his hair, in the excess of his affliction. He caused letters to be written to all the islands, and sent out more than a hundred messengers to gain tidings of the prince.

The latter with his companions was meanwhile cast upon an unknown island ; in the centre of this island burst forth a spring of water, to which they repaired. Here they saw a man whom they saluted, and who answered them in a shrill voice, resembling the notes of a bird. He then cut himself in twain, and divided himself in halves, one of which went to the right, and another to the left. A number of others then appeared, who as soon as they came to the fountain, like him divided

themselves in two, and in the same moment
fell by Jahánsháh and his attendants. These
two fought, but three of them were over-
taken and immediately devoured alive, whilst
the other three escaped with Jahánsháh,
and with great difficulty reached their boat.
They were on the sea three whole days; and
for want of food were compelled to kill the
mammals. At length they came to a charming
island ornamented with fruit trees, and watered
by a thousand crystal streams. Jahánsháh
commanded his companions to examine it, in
order to discover whether this isle also was in-
habited by people of the same nature as those
who had shown such good appetites after
splitting themselves in halves. He himself
remained in the boat. The three Mamlukes
searched carefully on all sides, without discover-
ing anything, and met at last in the centre of
the island at a castle of white marble, the in-
terior buildings of which were of crystal. In
the middle of the castle was a beautiful garden,
and in the centre of that a lake; near this lake
stood a superb tent, in which was to be seen a
golden throne set with jewels, and surrounded

by a number of seats. They beheld, however, no one; and after having examined every thing minutely, returned to report their discoveries to the prince, who immediately left the boat, and followed them to this splendid castle.

As long as it was light they rambled about the garden, and towards night withdrew to the tent, where they sat upon the seats, the prince himself reclining upon the throne. This put him in mind of that throne which he had perhaps for ever lost. He thought of his parents and began to weep, his Mamlukes weeping with him. On a sudden, they started at a piercing cry, which came from the sea-side, and the next moment beheld a great number of apes, which dispersed in all directions, for the island and castle belonged to them. The prince and his followers at first felt some alarm, which was soon dissipated, however, by the behaviour of the apes, who threw themselves at the prince's feet, to offer him their homage. They then brought up supper in vessels of gold and silver, and Jahánsháh and his companions sat down with them. After the table had been removed, and

thanksgiving said, Jahánsháh, turning to some who appeared to exhibit particular dignity, asked to whom this island properly belonged. They replied, that in former times it belonged to king Solomon, who every year came thither for a few days' pleasure. "Now we acknowledge you for our king, amuse yourself as you will, we shall be your faithful subjects." Jahánsháh dismissed them, and laid himself down with his three Mamlukes around him. On the following morning came the four ape-ministers to attend the council of their new king, and invited him to review his troops, who were already drawn up for the purpose. They brought forward enormous dogs, bridled with chains of steel, and which were used by them in the place of horses. Jahánsháh and his Mamlukes mounted them, and rode to the sea-side, where they had left their boat; but the boat had disappeared. Jahánsháh questioned the apes upon this; but they answered, that they knew nothing of it, and since he was now their king, it must be all one to him whether the boat were there or not, for he would not surely wish to leave his faithful subjects.—

“Patience!” said he, turning to his Mamlukes, and they rode on till they came to a very lofty mountain, which was covered with Goules (a sort of wood-demons). “Who are these?” said Jahánsháh. “These are our mortal foes,” said they, “and we have led you hither in order to fight them.” Jahánsháh was astonished at the appearance of these strange figures. The limbs of camels, horses and bulls, were united in a horrible manner in them.

Hardly had they perceived the apes, when they descended from the mountain, and began to cast small but very sharp stones at them. The battle soon became general, and Jahánsháh commanded his Mamlukes to use their bows. This had the best effect; part of the Goules fell under the shower of arrows, and the rest fled in great disorder. Jahánsháh pursued them, but was stopped at once by the sight of a large table, on which was an inscription. As he had always been eager to read inscriptions, it was impossible for him to pass this without so doing, and he read as follows: —

“O thou whom fate, when it cast thee upon

this isle made king of the apes, know there are but two ways by which thou canst escape. The road to the east leads for three months through deserts, full of monsters and demons, and conducts at last to the ocean. The one towards the west requires four months' time, and runs through a valley, called the valley of ants. Take this road, but beware of the ants! Thou wilt after that come to a burning mountain, and then to a river, on the banks of which thou wilt find a town inhabited by Jews alone. This has been written for thy instruction, by Solomon the son of David." This inscription caused a great emotion in the prince; he called his Mamlukes, shewed them what he had discovered, and then returned, surrounded by his apes, and entered the castle in triumph. He took great care to let nothing transpire, but in due time appointed a great hunting-party, and having first lulled the watchfulness of the apes by a festival of ten days' duration, took advantage of a clear star-light night, and set out with his three Mamlukes on the road to the valley of ants. On the following morning, when the apes awoke and missed their king, two squad-

rons mounted on their large dogs were dispatched in pursuit of him. One took the road to the east, the other to the west, to the valley of ants. These last, after a short time, overtook the prince and his companions, who, although they put themselves in a posture of defence, must soon have been overcome, had not an army of ants, as large as dogs, suddenly risen out of the earth. These immediately attacked the apes, cutting them open with their tusks, while they on their side defended themselves bravely, and tore the ants to pieces, and the effusion of blood on both sides was dreadful. The three Mamlukes defended themselves against both parties, sometimes with their arrows, at others with their sabres, but yielded at last to the number of their enemies; and Jahán-sháh now alone retreated, fighting as well as he could, till he reached a river, over which he swam, saving himself thus from both apes and ants, neither of which could follow him. When on the other side he began to weep for the loss of his three brave followers; he then dried his clothes, and at length fell asleep. On awaking he continued his journey, and travelled

several days and nights with no other sustenance than the herbs and roots which he gathered as he went along. At last he came to the burning mountain, and thence to the rapid river, and the town of the Jews. The river had the miraculous property of flowing all the week, but being dry upon the sabbath. Jahánsháh waited therefore till the next sabbath, and then passed over dry-shod to the other side, where the town of the Jews lay. In this town he saw not in the street a single creature, but approaching a house, opened the door and went in; here were a number of people sitting in a circle, of whom no one spoke a word. "I am" said he to them, "a stranger: tell me then how I must act in this town." "Eat, drink, but speak not," said they. Jahánsháh sat down, ate, drank and slept till it was broad day. The master of the house came to wish him good morning, and asked him briefly, "Who? Whence? Whither?" He replied almost as shortly, giving only his name, that of the isle whence he came, and that of his native country. "The last name," said the Jews, "we have never heard before, and

you must therefore wait till the arrival of the next caravan." "And when comes the caravan?"—"Once a year." This information caused Jahánsháh fresh uneasiness, and he could not refrain from tears. "Weep not, young man," said the Jews; "remain with us till the caravan comes." He resigned himself to his fate, and remained in the town accordingly, but failed not every day to go out into the surrounding country to see if there were any appearance of the caravan. One day, when he was as usual going out to walk in the environs of the town, he heard a public crier say: "Who will earn a thousand dinárs, and the most beautiful slave in the world? He has only to work one single day from morning to night to gain this." Jahánsháh felt strongly inclined to accept this offer. It only remained for him to learn what the work might be which was required of him. He approached the crier, and said, "I will make the trial." The crier replied that he must follow him to the house of the person who wanted the work done, and then conducted Jahánsháh to a large house, where he found

an aged Jew sitting in a large chair of ebony. "Here," said the crier, "I bring you a young man who will undertake the work which I have for three months cried in vain; and I am glad that I at last have found one to fulfil your wishes." The Jew caused dinner to be brought up immediately; after which, he ordered a bag with a thousand dinárs, and a female slave, a perfect model of beauty, to be brought in. "This" said he, "is the price which I have agreed to pay for my work. The work itself you shall do to-morrow." After saying this he betook himself to his bed-chamber, Jahánsháh doing the same; and in the company of the fair slave, with whom he passed the night very pleasantly, finding no cause to greet the morning dawn with his tears, as he had lately been wont to do.

In the morning he was led to the bath by the slaves, and then clad in a silk robe, and conducted to their master. This day passed in pleasure, and the night like the preceding, and thus it continued for three days. On the fourth Jahánsháh said to the Jew: "I have now had pleasure enough, let me then be sent upon

your work ; I am ready to do what I have undertaken without knowing what it may be." The Jew caused two mules to be brought, one of which he mounted himself, and ordered Jahánsháh to get upon the other. They then rode from morning till about mid-day, when they found-themselves at the foot of a lofty mountain ; here they alighted, and the Jew, giving Jahánsháh a large knife, desired him to slay his mule. Jahánsháh did so, and then pulled off the skin as the Jew directed. "Now," said the Jew, "I wish you to wrap yourself in the mule's skin, I will then sew it together, and a bird will come and carry you to the summit of this mountain, where you must collect jewels for me."

Although Jahánsháh felt some dislike to this, yet since he had promised, he determined to do as the Jew wished. He accordingly wrapped himself in the skin of the mule, which the other sewed close about him, and the bird immediately came, lifted him up, and bore him to the very top of the mountain, where it began to tear the skin with its beak, thinking it the body of a dead mule. Jahánsháh now

forced the skin aside, and thrusting out his head, the frightened bird flew off; he looked around but no one was to be seen. "There is no strength, nor power but from God," exclaimed he, and then began to collect the precious stones, which he found strewed in great quantities on the mountain top. Having gathered as many as he could, he descended, though slowly, and with imminent danger, to the spot where he saw the Jew waiting for him below. He delivered up all the jewels, and the Jew then mounted his mule, and putting it to a violent gallop, withdrew. The unfortunate Jahánsháh now shed more tears than he had all his life before, and in truth he had great cause to do so, abandoned as he thus was, without knowing which road to take. He returned towards the mountain, and for two months together he wandered amid the defiles and passes of it, subsisting on such herbs and roots as he could find. At length he reached the end of the mountain, and saw where the pass of the rocks expanded itself into a delightful valley, where the birds, the brooks, the flowers and the fruit, all proclaimed aloud

the beneficence of the Creator. He entered this valley, and drew near to an immense pavilion, the top of which seemed to reach to the very clouds. At the entrance sat an aged man, with a shining countenance, holding in one hand a mace of rubies. Jahánsháh saluted him, and the old man, desiring him to be seated, inquired who he was, and whither he was going. These questions renewed his sorrows; but, after taking some refreshment to recruit his strength, he related his whole history minutely. The old man during this narration frequently manifested his surprise, and when Jahánsháh asked who he himself was, and to whom this pavilion belonged, he answered thus: "This pavilion once was owned by king Solomon, who, as you must have heard, was monarch alike of men, genii, beasts and birds. Here was his great aviary, and I was viceroy over the birds, and ruled them all. Solomon for that purpose instructed me in their language and reasoning, and by his will was I made their viceroy. This discourse would have moved a heart less susceptible than that of Jahánsháh, who burst into tears, and

asked by what means he could get home?—
“My son,” said the old man, “if you go from hence alone you will certainly lose yourself. for you are near the mountain of Káf; but if you will have patience for a few days, I will engage that you shall get home again. The birds meet together in this spot once a year, partly to recal the remembrance of the pleasant days they passed here in the time of Solomon, and partly out of respect to me, their old vice-king. The next time they come I will recommend you to them, and send you home in their care. In the mean time, amuse yourself in this pavilion.” Jahánsháh followed his advice, and passed his time in sumptuous living and in examining the tapestry of the pavilion, which was all of feathers. The day came at last on which the birds were to revisit their old abode, and their former master Nasr, for so was the old man named. He now gave to Jahánsháh the keys of all the closets, with permission to open all except one small one, which he forbade his looking into, threatening him with great mis-

fortunes in case of disobedience. The birds now began to come in great flocks to salute Nasr, and Jahánsháh employed himself in the mean time in opening the different cabinets. He paused a long while at the door of that which he had been by the old man forbidden to enter, but curiosity at length conquered and he opened the door, which was secured by a lock of gold, and stepped in. Here he found a large piece of water, near which was a small pavilion of gold and silver, ornamented with all sorts of precious stones. In the centre of the pavilion was a fountain, surrounded by various kinds of beasts, sculptured in gold, all spouting forth water, which as it fell gave forth such artful sounds, that every one was heard in its natural tone. At once were heard roaring, mewing, howling, hissing, neighing, barking, and bellowing, all which, mingled with the dashing water, produced a strange and confused din. By the fountain side stood a throne made of one entire ruby, and overcanopied by a tent of scarlet satin. This was where Solomon usually sat and gave audience to the birds. The ground of the pavilion was divided into beautiful par-

terres of flowers, exhaling the most delicious fragrance. Beds of roses, jasmines, and narcissuses were delightfully intermingled. Above hung the most exquisite fruits, inviting the hand to gather them ; the zephyr sported among the branches, and the paths between the flower-beds were covered with emeralds and diamonds instead of gravel. Jahánsháh was ravished at the sight of so many prodigies, and after he had for a long time feasted his eyes upon them, seated himself on the throne of ruby beneath the scarlet satin tent, where soft sleep closed his eyelids. He slept upon the throne for some time, and on awaking saw three doves beside the piece of water. They began to strip themselves, but when they had cast aside their feathers, they proved to be three maidens of exquisite beauty! They bathed, and then began to sport and play with each other in the garden. Jahánsháh, who already began to be in love, ventured to address them, and on the youngest saying their visit thither was for amusement only, expressed his hope of her compassion.

“ Entertain no such ideas,” replied she, “ on such subjects speak not to us.” This

harsh and unfavourable answer pressed tears from his eyes, and he exclaimed in verse :

“ I found in a garden among the verdure, a maiden with flowing hair.

“ I asked her name. ‘ I am,’ she replied, ‘ the maiden who casts the hearts of her lovers amid glowing brands.’

“ I turned complaining towards her. ‘ You address yourself,’ said she, ‘ to the rugged rock.’

“ ‘ Ah !’ returned I, ‘ though your heart be rock, yet will I not despair to slake my burning thirst, for Heaven causeth water to spring from the rock itself.’ ”

The maidens laughed at these verses, and were much amused by the subject. They ate some fruit, reclined on the edge of the water, and fell asleep. On the following morning, they again put on their vests of feathers, and vanished from the eyes of the disconsolate Jahánsháh.

The old man was in the mean time seeking him, in order to recommend him to the care of those birds, whom he wished to appoint as his escort. On not readily finding him, he

guessed immediately that the prince had disobeyed his commands, and opened the forbidden door. He hastened thither, and found him stretched like one dead upon the throne. Nasr took water in his hand from the basin, and sprinkled it upon his face to recall him to himself again. Jahánsháh revived and looked around him; he saw himself alone with the Shaikh, and the fire of his love breathed forth in the following verses :—

“ A beauty of heavenly form has stolen my heart. Her vermilion lips excite envy in the ruby, and her black hair veils the dazzling whiteness of her neck. Her eye-brows dart arrows, which strike and wound afar. O surpassing beauty ! O lovely form, eclipsing those of India itself !” “ Ah my son,” said the old man, “ did I not forbid you to open this door ? Did I not forewarn you that misfortune would attend you if you did ? but you have not attended to me. Now then, say what has happened since you came hither : I shall then see whether there be any remedy for your misfortune.” Jahánsháh then related his adventure with the maidens. “ They are,” said the

old man, "Peris, who come hither once a year to amuse themselves, and then return home immediately." "And where is their home," asked Jahánsháh. "That I know not," replied Shaikh Nasr, "but let us not now talk about that, but about your departure. Prepare at once for your journey, I am about to introduce you to the birds, who will accompany you." "Ah, heaven!" exclaimed the prince in great emotion, "it is utterly impossible for me to return home without seeing again these three maidens. I must at least see her again who has thus excited my love; I must behold her countenance again, even though it be but once a year. Would to heaven!" cried he, "that the love of man were not thus easily inflamed: that we were not thus susceptible. Were my heart not thus consumed by the fire of love, the tears would not thus bedew my cheeks. My heart day and night practises patience, and my love day and night is thrown in the flames."

Jahánsháh then cast himself at the old man's feet, wetted them with his tears, and besought him to have compassion on him.

“ My son,” replied he, “ I swear to thee that I know nothing of these maidens, neither whence they come, nor whither they go ; but if indeed thy fate now depends upon it, I know no better advice to give you, than to recommend you to wait till next year, when they will undoubtedly return again ; then hide yourself under one of the trees in this garden, and when they have plunged into the basin to bathe, lose not a moment, but seize their clothes. When they perceive this, they will not fail to give you many fair words, and to importune you to give them their vests again ; if you are prevailed upon, farewell maidens ! never will you see them more. Refuse them inflexibly till I come from my interview with the birds, and then I will endeavour to manage the affair, so as to send you home with the one you love.”

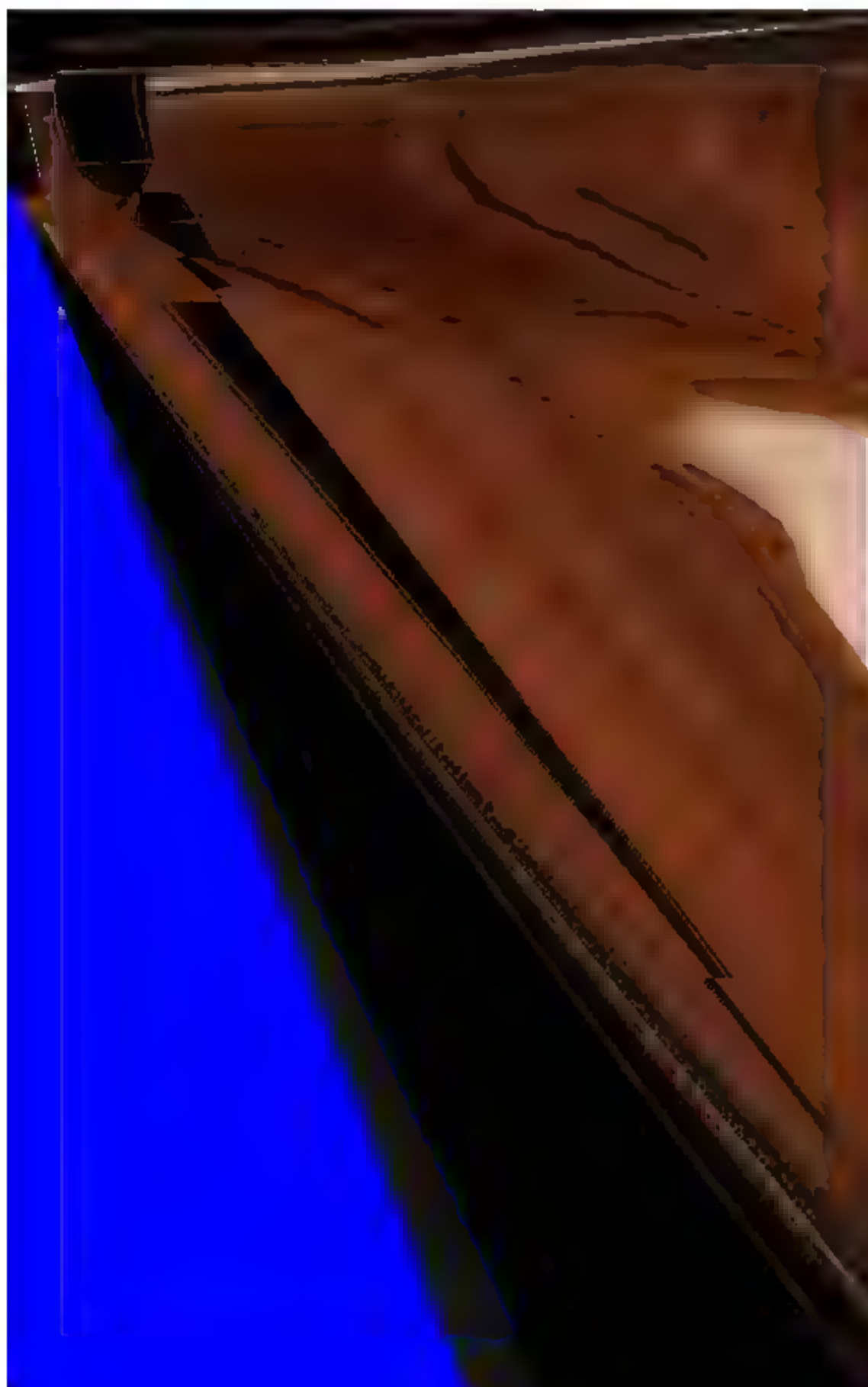
These words were balsam to the heart of Jahánsháh. The time again approached for the meeting of the birds, and Shaikh Nasr went to meet them, failing not to impress his advice once more upon Jahánsháh, who betook himself to the pavilion in the garden, and

passed there several days in all the tortures of expectation, giving himself up wholly to the violence of his passion.

At length he heard a great noise of the flapping of wings. It was three doves, as large as eagles : they settled on the brink of the basin ; then cast aside their vests of feathers, and entering the water, began to sport with each other among the waves : “ My sister,” said one, “ What ! if there should be any one in the pavilion now that can see us ! ” “ What a strange fancy,” replied one of the others, “ is it not the pavilion of Solomon, which no one among either genii or men has dwelt in since his time ? ” At these words they laughed, joked with each other, and played various frolics in the water, from amid which they shone forth, like three moons reflected on the waves. Jahánsháh, who watched every motion, and particularly marked where each had laid her vest, now darted out like lightning, and seized that of the youngest, with whom he was so deeply in love. He then addressed them : “ Fair ones, it would afford me great delight to converse awhile with

you.”—“With pleasure,” said the maiden, who was called ‘Shems’ (the sun); but give me first my vest again. You will not refuse me that favour, light of my eyes! Joy of my heart, give it hither, that I may clothe myself, and then come to converse with you.”—“No, my princess! that cannot be done, till Shaikh Nasr comes.”—“Well then,” said she, “if you persist in refusing me my vest, at least remove a little, that my sisters may leave the water and dress themselves, and give me something with which I may cover myself also.”—“I obey you,” said Jahánsháh, and returning to the pavilion, sat down upon the throne. The two maidens clothed themselves, and gave to their sister Shems a few feathers to cover herself a little. They then proceeded to the pavilion, where they sat by the side of Jahánsháh, who almost swooned with delight at the sweetness and fondness which the mistress of his heart displayed in her behaviour to him.

“Ah, poor youth!” said she, “could I have foreseen that I should inspire in you such love for me, I would not have laid aside my



gave his amen. Several days passed in banquets, and in festive enjoyment ; and Shems herself was the first to propose to return to Kábul, that their marriage might be duly celebrated there. Jahánsháh requested the advice of the Shaikh, and his opinion whether Shems should have her vest returned. He recommended that it should be given to her again, and the vest of feathers was restored accordingly. "Now," said Shems to Jahánsháh, "you must mount upon my back and hold me fast : we have a long journey to make through the sky." The Shaikh gave him a plan of the road to Kábul ; and Shems, taking leave of her sisters, charged them to exculpate her with her parents, and then darted through the air, like a flash of lightning, with her lover Jahánsháh upon her back. After flying thus for the space of a day, Shems observed a vale shaded by verdant groves, and watered by innumerable rivulets. "Shall we pass the night here?" said she to Jahánsháh. "As is agreeable to you," returned he. Shems directed her flight downward ; the prince alighted, kissed her forehead, and sat down



self remaining where they were, and passing the night under the clear canopy of Heaven. The Mamlukes hastened to carry this joyful news to king Tígnos, who was so ravished at their information, that he ordered his vizier to bestow a vest of honour, worth a thousand dinárs, upon each of them. “ And is my son in health?” said he to them. “ He is,” replied they, “ and apparently in happiness also, having a beauty with him, whom he seems to have brought from Paradise.” King Tígnos, enraptured at all he heard, caused the cymbals to sound, and made the return of his beloved son known to the whole city. He then went out at the head of all his guards, and attended by all the great lords of the kingdom, to meet him. The king and the prince shed tears of joy, when they embraced each other again, for the first time, after so long a separation. The royal music played the most lively airs, and the prince made, as it were, a triumphal entry into the town. A tent of red satin was erected for Shems, in which she received in all due form the visit of the king and the prince. The king requested his son to relate



country, to build the palace which Shems had asked of him ; and as the happiness of the prince depended upon the vest of feathers, they enclosed it in a golden box, which was laid beneath the foundation stone. Jahánsháh fearing that Shems might make use of it to leave him, had concealed it carefully from the moment of her last putting it off. The place in which it was now hidden was intended to remain a secret to her, yet she had not been long in the palace before she discovered that it was somewhere there concealed. During the day she dissembled, but arose in the night, and went straight to the column, beneath which the golden chest was buried. She dug it up, put on her vest again, ascended the roof of the palace, and clapped her hands aloud to awaken the prince. “ What is this ? ” said he, rubbing his eyes. “ Nothing, my friend,” replied she. “ Delight of my eyes ! treasure of my soul ! I love thee, with all my heart. I have followed thee to thy native land, to see thy father and thy mother. If thy love to me be equally great, then seek thou me in the Castle of Jewels ! ”

Saying this, she flew away ; and Jahánsháh fell senseless on the ground. King Tígmós was immediately informed of what had happened. He lamented the fate of his son, and hastening to him, sprinkled rose-water on his face, saying, " Courage my dear son ! we will cause all inquiry to be made, and shall no doubt soon find some merchant or traveller who can give us an account of the Castle of Jewels, where we will then go in search of the princess Shems."

A general meeting of all the merchants, travellers and foreigners in the city was immediately called ; but not one of them knew aught of the Castle of Jewels. Emissaries were then sent in all directions, to gather information ; for two whole months did they go through the neighbouring towns, islands, and kingdoms, without discovering the smallest trace, or getting the slightest information of it. The king, deeply grieved at this ill success, repaired to his son, to inform him that all inquiries had been fruitless. He found him surrounded by a great number of skilful musicians, who had been employed to dissipate his painful melancholy. The

king exerted all the power of reason with him, but every effort to subdue his passion was in vain.

Just at this time there was a powerful king reigning in India, who was a worshipper of the sun, and was named Kasíd. He had a thousand men under his command, each of whom led a thousand others.

This king Kasíd was the enemy of Tígmós, and judged that now, while the parental concern of the king of Kabúl made him neglect for a moment the affairs of the state, there was a favourable opportunity for gratifying his ancient hatred. He called his counsellors together. "Have you forgotten," said he, "that my father and my brother fell beneath the sword of Tígmós? Who is there among you, who has not yet to take revenge on him for some relative slain, or property spoiled? His anxiety for his son makes him at this moment neglect the defence of his kingdom: his frontiers are unguarded, his troops dispersed in various quarters; let us seize then this favourable opportunity for taking our revenge." "Yes, let us take advantage of the moment,"

exclaimed all, with one voice, and left the council to mount their horses. In less than a week, a numerous army was on the borders of Kabúl. King Tígnos was highly exasperated, when he heard that his cruel enemy menaced his dominions, and was already approaching. He levied a great army, with all possible speed, and encamped in the valley of flowers, in the neighbourhood of Kabúl. He then wrote to king Kasíd the following letter:—

“ You have acted basely, and unlike a king, in coming thus to plunder my kingdom and slay my subjects. Return, or you will find it a serious undertaking.”

He sent this by one of his officers, who proceeded directly to a large tent of crimson satin, erected upon a rising ground, and observable at a great distance. He judged rightly, that this was the tent of king Kasíd. He found him surrounded by his generals, ministers and whole court. The answer he received was brief: “ Know, king Tígnos,” wrote Kasíd, “ that I will utterly destroy your towns, slay your people, and lay waste your country: thus

the law of honour, that is the law of revenge, commands." This reply exceedingly irritated king Tîmos. He ordered his vizier, Ainsar, to collect all the cavalry, and attempt to surprise the enemy. Kasîd had on his side given the same order to Gatrefan, his vizier, and the two divisions under the two viziers met in the darkness of the night. The contest was severe, the slaughter prodigious, and the morning dawn shone upon the defeat of Gatrefan. Ainsar returned to the camp of his master with kettle-drums beating and trumpets sounding. Kasîd was almost frantic at the event of this first affair, and in person put his whole army in order of battle: Tîmos did the same. On either side there were ten lines, each of ten thousand men; the earth shook beneath the stamping of their horses' feet, and the sky trembled with their neighings, with the clang of the cymbals and the sound of the trumpets, with the clash of arms, and the war-cries of the soldiers. The battle was fearful, the victory undecided, and the loss on each side about equal. The two kings re-



JAHANSHAH.

tired, put their armies again passed the night on the field of open air.

On the following morning Ka the whole line of his troops, an "Is there no one among my so fight in closed lists, and display the combat of man to man." gigantic stature, who rode upon leaped from its back, kissed the feet of the king, and said: "I am majesty seeks." When Tigmoe challenge, he also cried aloud his army: "Now my warriors you will make this giant c measure the earth?" "I an horseman, who alighted and thr the ground to kiss the feet of th ing re-mounted his horse, he seek the gigantic Barkik. "W cried the latter, "who dare to me and brave the strength "I am," replied the champion o "Gadankar the brave, renowne in war." "It is true," rejoine

once heard thee spoken of, but now look to thyself, Mr. Gadankar." At these words Gadankar lifted the steel mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and Barkík drew a huge scimitar. After many blows and cuts given, received and parried, Barkík sunk under the strokes of Gadankar. But the triumph of Gadankar lasted not long. A horseman of the army of king Kasíd approached him at full gallop: "I will reward thee for slaying my cousin," cried he, letting fly an arrow, which pierced through the right thigh of Gadankar, who, in spite of his wound, hastened off the field. The battle then became general. The trumpets sounded, the horses neighed, the lances shivered, the dust that arose changed day into night, the blood flowed, and the battle lasted three whole days, victory remaining even then undecided. Kasíd now fortunately recollected a certain king Kanún, who was his cousin by the mother's side. He wrote to him, soliciting his aid, and Kanún set out on his march immediately. King Tgmos, who was sitting in the front of his tent, looking at no point in particular, observed a small cloud rising on the verge of the

horizon, which soon proved to be the dust arising from the march of a large body of troops, and through which could be seen the glittering of swords, and waving of seven large flags. It was king Kamún, who had arrived at the camp of his kinsman Kasíd.

But we will now leave these armies, drawn up against each other, in order to see what was passing with Jahánsháh.

Not having been able to procure any information whatever of the Castle of Jewels, he determined at length to go in quest of it himself, and with this design returned to the city of the Jews, from thence betaking himself to the mountain, where he found the large bird which had before carried him to the summit in the mule-skin. "Kind bird," said he to him, "do me the favour to carry me to the place where thy father and mother live." "Willingly," replied the bird; "I understand your meaning, and consent." He allowed Jahánsháh to mount on his back, and for seven days and nights together flew on with him, setting him down at last on the top of a mountain where Jahánsháh could with diffi-

culty look about him, so dazzled was he by the glitter that surrounded him.

This splendour came from a castle of rubies, with a thousand towers of rock-crystal, found at the bottom of the dark sea. The palaces within it were, some of emerald, some of sapphire, some of amethyst, some of topaz, or other precious stones; and thence was it called the Castle of Jewels. It belonged to king Shehlan, the father of the three princesses in doves' feathers. Shems had related her adventures to her father; and he, as well as his wife, had severely condemned the conduct of their daughter, in abandoning her affectionate husband, who would certainly die for love of her; they even advised her to return to him. "Ah," said she, "if he love me as he should, it will not be long ere we shall see him here, since I proposed to him the meeting again at our castle." From that moment king Shehlan had appointed a guard upon the mountain, in order, if the traveller came thither, to bring him to the castle. One of the genii, named Hún, was charged with this commission. He welcomed the prince, gave him the delightful

tidings that he would find his wife again, and hastened to announce his arrival at the castle. The king of the genii had great pleasure in hearing this. He commanded his whole court to mount their horses, and rode forth at their head to meet his son-in-law, whom he embraced tenderly. He caused him to be clothed in a superb dress of honour, placed on his head a crown made of one entire diamond, and permitted him to ride by his side. They alighted at the entrance of the palace, where they were received by the queen, the mother of Shems. "Let your eyes rejoice, and your heart expand, my beloved son," said she to him, "you are now at the summit of your wishes."

Prince Jahánsháh, dazzled with the jewels, the lustre of which eclipsed the brightness of the sun, could hardly open his eyes. He wept for joy. A crowd of youthful beauties met him at the gate of the harem, and accompanied him within. Here all was pleasure with him, while his father, king Tígmós, was much disturbed when he saw the reinforcement which had entered the camp of Kasíd, who now, by the superior number of his troops, seemed

about to overwhelm him. But let it go as it will with him, we must not forget Jahán-sháh in the harem, where he again found his beloved bride, the princess Shems. He had already passed some weeks there, when he be-thought him of his father, and was anxious to have intelligence of him. He then, for the first time, learned that he was at war with his implacable foe, Kasíd. "Bring me my horse," cried he, "I must hasten to aid my father." He ordered a thousand troopers to mount, and put himself at their head. After they had been upon their march for some days, his love for Shems, however, suddenly surmounted his love for his father ; while, on the other side, being ashamed to lead back his troops, he abandoned them during the night, in order to retrace the road to the Castle of Jewels. When the soldiers awoke in the morning, and found him not, they supposed he had hastened on before them, and came in great speed to king Tígnos. Despair seized the soul of the king, when he heard that his son had disappeared ; and he cast his crown upon the earth in sorrow and distress. "Have patience, sire !" said his mi-

nisters, "patience is the key of content."
"Well," returned he, "patience then; we will shut ourselves up in our capital, for it is impossible to make head against the enemy any longer in the field." He accordingly, with the remainder of his army, took refuge in Kabúl, of which Kasíd immediately began the siege. Every month he regularly attempted to storm the city for seven days and seven nights; the siege itself lasted seven whole years, during which, eighty-four assaults were made, without reckoning the sallies of the besieged.

Jahánsháh had, on his part, missed his way, and could not again find the road to the Castle of Jewels. He passed through many countries in this fruitless search; but seeing, at last, the impossibility of getting any information of it, he determined to seek once more the town of the Jews. He was at this time on the borders of the east, where he was advised to travel with the caravan. "It goes," said they, "from hence to India, from thence to Khorásán; then to Irák, from thence to the town of the Jews; you have a journey of fifteen months

to make." He set out with it ; and, during the whole journey, tried in vain to procure some intelligence of the Castle of Jewels. No one could give him any. He arrived, at length, at the Jews' town, standing on the river which was dry every sabbath. Here he was at home again. He heard the same crier offer a thousand dinárs and a beautiful slave, to any one who would work one whole day for his master. Nothing could have suited Jahánsháh better. He was led to the mountain as he was before, and thence set out for the pavilion of Solomon and Shaikh Nasr, the viceroy of the birds, whom he determined to consult in his present embarrassment. He travelled, as he had done the first time, for several months together, over deserts and barren mountains, where he saw nothing but the grass of the fields and birds, and where he did nothing but weep. He found the old man again at the entrance of the pavilion, recounted to him his sad adventures, and implored him to tell where the Castle of Jewels lay. " I know nothing of it," said Nasr, " I swear to you by my master Solomon, the son of David ; but wait till the birds come

to pay me their annual visit, they may perhaps know something of it." This a little encouraged the disconsolate prince ; and he calmly awaited the coming of the birds. In due time they came as usual, division after division, to pay their respects to their vice-king. He requested some information from them of the Castle of Jewels ; but they also swore by Solomon they had never heard of it. " At this rate my poor youth, I know nothing better than you can do," said the Shaikh, " than to permit yourself to be carried back to Kabúl ; and he charged forthwith a huge bird to carry him thither, giving him at the same time a plan of the road. They had already gone a great part of the way thither, when the bird wishing to look at the plan, to see how to direct his flight, it fell from his beak into the sea. Not knowing any longer which way to take, he descended on the nearest land, which chanced to be the residence of the vice-king of the quadrupeds. The bird here got every necessary direction ; but now that Jahánsháh had alighted upon earth, he had no desire to fly again. " Leave me to die here," said he, " I feel no inclination

to return to my native land." Sháh Bedui, the vice-king of the quadrupeds, whom he ruled in the name of Solomon, requested to hear the adventures of the prince, and was much surprised at the narrative. "I swear to you," said he at last, "that I have never heard of the Castle of Jewels, but we must not on that account give up the hope of getting knowledge of it. Here are tables containing a grammar and dictionary of the language of the quadrupeds, study it, that you may the better interrogate them when they come to pay their annual court to me." The beasts, as they were wont to do, came to pay their respects to the Sháh, but neither could they give any information of the Castle of Jewels. Jahánsháh was quite inconsolable, but Sháh Bedui desired him to dry up his tears, and told him that his elder brother, who was a very powerful king of the genii, and had even ventured once to rebel against Solomon, would probably be able to give him a better account. He gave him then a letter of introduction, mounted him on a huge beast, and sent him to his brother, king Shimir. This monarch also heard the history

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also requested to hear the whole history of Jahánsháh, and when it was ended, said: "This is wonderful, my child! most wonderful! Never in my life before have I heard of this Castle of Jewels, though I was living in the days of Noah, and ruled, till the time of Solomon, over beasts, birds and genii; but wait till their general assembly here on their annual visit to me, and then by diligent inquiry we may perhaps learn something of this castle. The day came, and the hermit and Jahánsháh overwhelmed the meeting with questions, but yet no one knew any thing of the Castle of Jewels. Jahánsháh wept still more bitterly, and abandoned himself to despair. One day, while sitting by the hermit's side, behold a bird came, black and of immense size, which cast itself at the feet of the recluse. The first question they put to this bird was, whether he knew the Castle of Jewels. "I was born upon the crystal mountain, behind the mountain of Káf," said the bird. "I and my little brothers were just out of our eggs, and our father and mother had daily to seek food for us, when they were once absent seven whole days, and

we were nearly starved to death. On the eighth day they returned, and on our asking the reason of their long absence, they related that a mared, a species of demon, had intercepted them on the way home, and led them to the Castle of Jewels, where they had had an audience of king Shehlan, and done homage to him. This is all that I can say about it : but were my parents alive, they would undoubtedly be able to tell more." Jahánsháh shed a torrent of tears. " Ah, my father !" said he to the hermit, " I beg of you to command the bird to carry me to the place of his birth, on the crystal mountain, behind the hills of Káf." " Bird," said the hermit, " do as this young man desires." The bird willingly consented, and Jahánsháh, mounting on his back, passed several days in journeying in that way through the air, till they came at length to the crystal mountain. From thence they continued their flight onwards, and actually arrived at last at the Castle of Jewels itself. King Shehlan, who was immediately informed of the arrival of the prince, expressed his pleasure at it, and made him sit beside him on his throne. Water was

brought to bathe his hands and feet. Supper was then served up, and the mother of Shems, and soon after Shems herself, came to salute Jehánsháh, who was once more at the height of his desires. Shems was the first who saluted her lord and husband, and afterwards her sisters did the same. Then the queen said, "Pardon my inconsiderate daughter, who has made you undergo so much for her. You are now in harbour, forget the storms, or remember them only to describe them to us." Jahánsháh was silent through excessive emotion. They sprinkled rose-water and musked essences upon his face to recover him, and when, on opening his eyes again, he beheld the princess Shems, he gave thanks to Heaven. "See," said he to her, "how life again flows through my veins. I feel no more the flames that inwardly consumed me." They then pressed him to tell how he had found his way back to the castle, and what remarkable things he had seen on the journey which his love for Shems had induced him thus to make. All heard with astonishment the relation of his wonderful adventures, and the queen thank-

ing him in the name of the
said: " We are now content
live together here as inseparable
We will then cause you to
your own country, together with
The most splendid preparations
made to celebrate once more
Shems. The various festivities
ments occupied two entire years.
sháh then reminded his bride
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Having taken leave of their
sháh and Shems seated them
throne. Two hundred Mamlukes
youthful beauties stood upon
them; and four genii, taking
shoulders, soared with it aloft.

they bore it between heaven and earth, making every day a journey of thirty months, till they set it down within the walls of the besieged city of king Tígnos. That monarch was just then in extreme distress and trouble, seeing no other prospect before him but that of dying sword in hand, or becoming the slave of his most cruel enemy, king Kasíd. The whole court was in tears, and Tígnos, reduced by grief, looked but the shadow of a man. "Observe my father," said Jahánsháh, "it is affliction to see him. Let the genii bearers of our throne assist him, and affairs will take a different aspect," Shems hesitated not a moment to give this command; ordering one of the genii, named Kartash, to bring thither king Kasíd prisoner. Kartash seized the king accordingly, making one of his companions hold him in the air, while he himself ravaged the hostile camp under a thousand different shapes, now taking the semblance of an elephant, now of a lion, now of a tiger. King Tígnos was standing on a terrace of his palace, to view the spectacle, of which the most astonishing part was to see king Kasíd hanging

between heaven and earth. After the whole army was dispersed or slain, Kartash delivered up king Kasíd to Tígmós, who gave orders for him to be cast into a gloomy prison. On all sides now resounded airs of triumph and songs of victory. The mother of Jahánsháh fainted with pleasure at seeing her son again, and perhaps would never have revived, but for the profusion of sweet-scented waters, which were sprinkled on her face. King Tígmós caused the gates of the town to be opened, and sent messengers to all quarters to announce his glorious victory. He distributed splendid gifts, and received the congratulations of the court. Then, wishing to be nothing behind king Shehlan, he solemnized again the nuptials of Jahánsháh: the town was illuminated, and Shems received as a present a hundred female slaves of the greatest beauty, and a state bed of incomparable splendour. In order that every one might be happy at this festival, Shems solicited king Tígmós to release all the prisoners, even Kasíd himself, whom there was no more room to fear, as, by the assistance of the genii, the means of bringing him

to reason were always at hand, should be dare again to become hostile. They took him out of prison accordingly, and mounted him on a lame horse. "The princess Shems," said king Tígmós, "has interceded for your life. Go then, and rule your states." So Kasíd rode home on his miserable horse, while Tígmós, his son, and the bride swam in delight.

"This prince am I, as I said at the commencement of my story. A year thus passed in festivities, at the court of my father. At the expiration of that time, we returned on the shoulders of our genii, throne-bearers to the Castle of Jewels. One day when upon our usual annual journey, our bearers descended here, and Shems went out to walk a little on the grass, she was stung in the foot by an asp, and died on the spot. Her female slaves filled heaven and earth with their lamentations: the tomb you see here was erected over her, and they would fain have conducted me home, but I caused the second to be made for myself, and await but the moment when I also shall end into the grave." Ending thus his

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adventures, he began
than before, and brook

" My home is a home
my beloved, hast forso

" The sun rises not
the moon giveth no l

" O thou whom
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dear to my heart,
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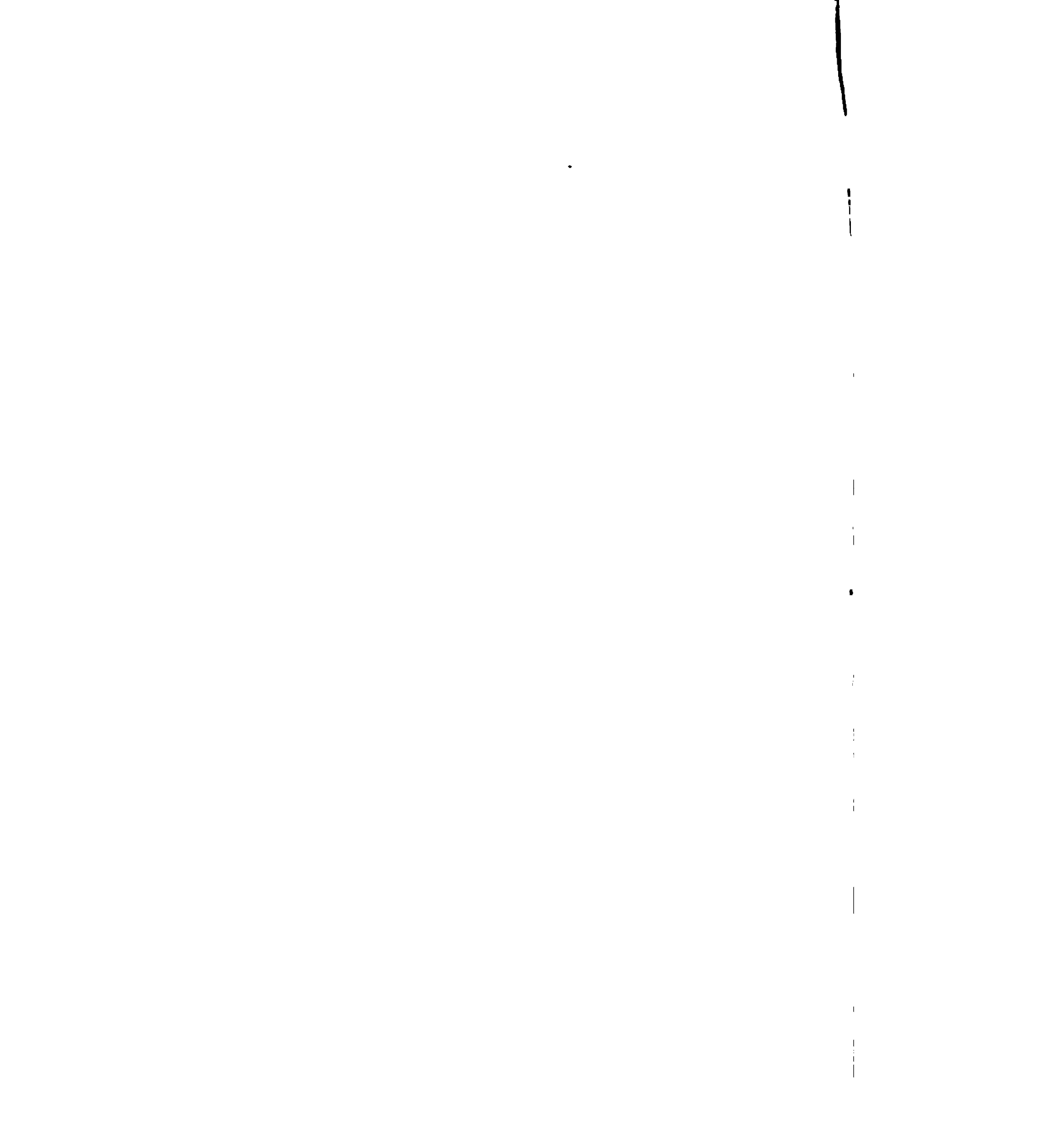
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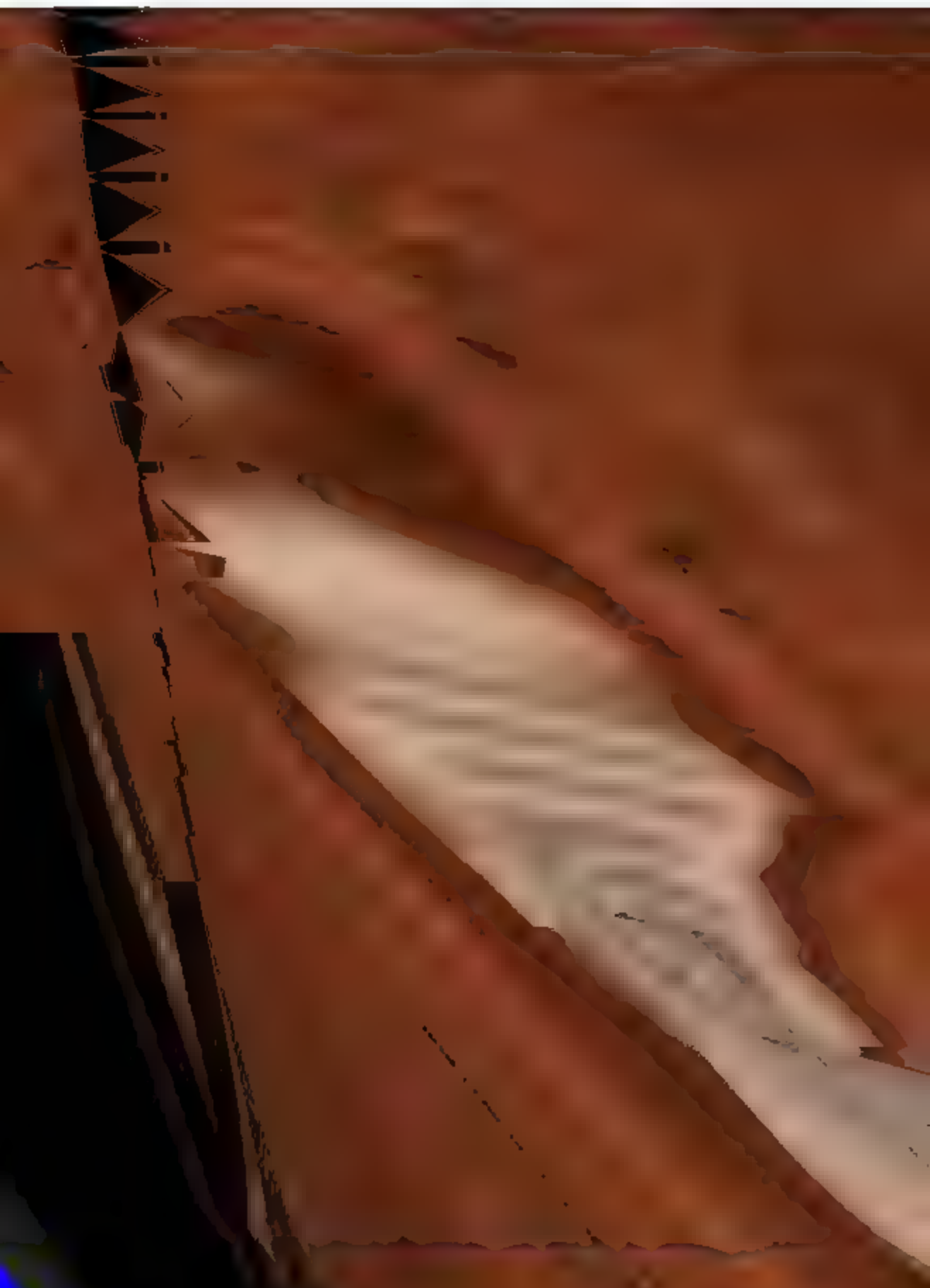
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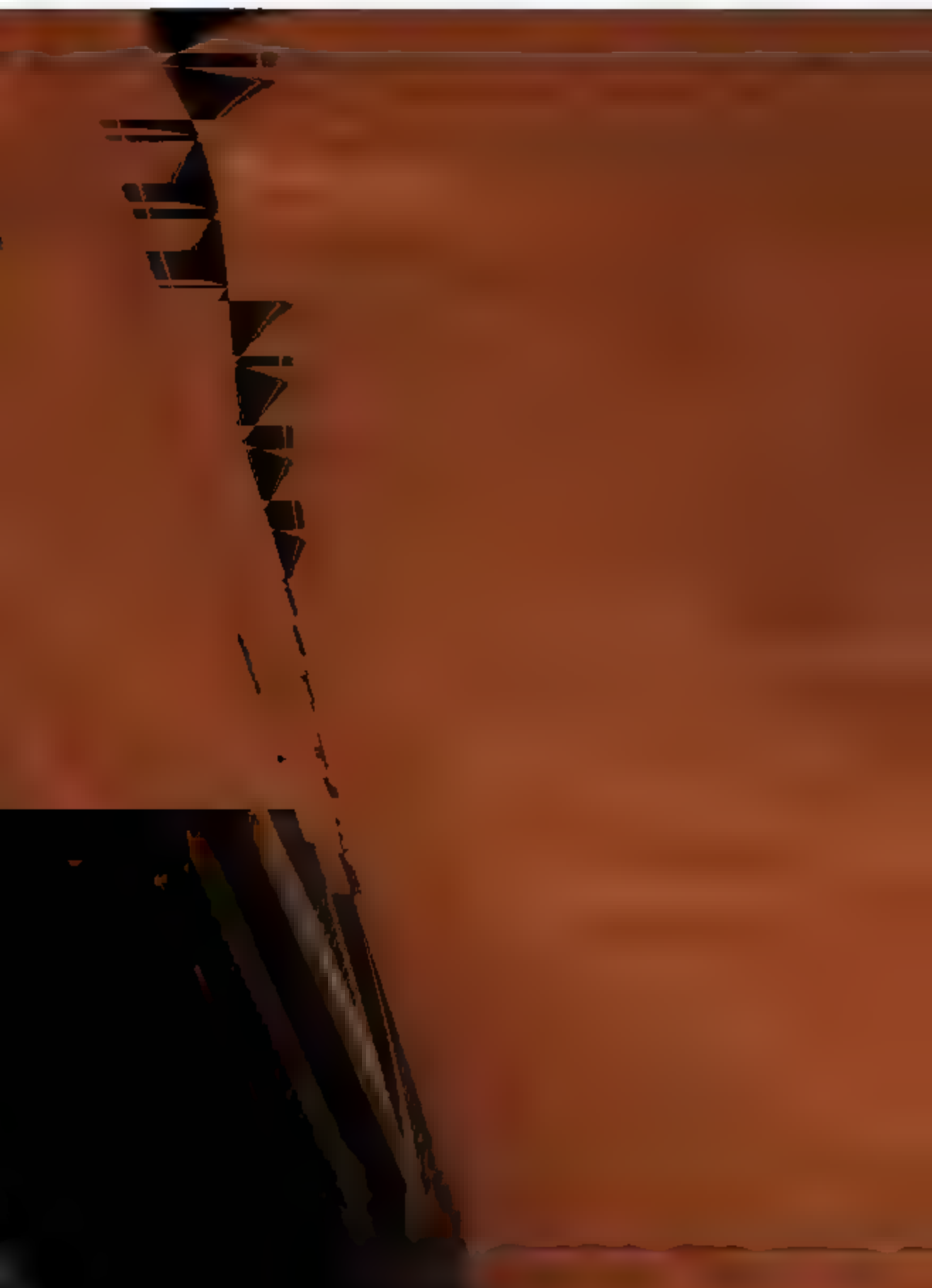
THERE dwelt once in Cairo a man who mended saddles. His name was Maruf, and that of his wife Fatima ; she had also the name of the Termagant, which she indeed merited in the fullest sense of the word. Every day she gave her poor husband some fresh torment and vexation. Maruf, on the contrary, was a worthy man, fearing God, and of unblemished honesty. He was poor, for all his gains were not sufficient to satisfy the wants of his wife. One morning she said to him, " Maruf, you must bring me this evening some cakes made of honey." " Can I but get the money," answered he, " I will not fail to

"I will do as you say on such conditions," replied Maruf. "I will earn. I will have my honour and my freedom and if thou comest home with me I will give thee before hand that it will be as thou sayest." "God is merciful," said the master, and going out with him he left the shop. After performing his religious duties, he opened his shop, and he hoped that he might be able to get the honey-money to escape the torment which his wife was inflicting upon him. He passed the day as usual in his shop, but no one brought him any money so that he had no money to buy anything. In the evening he took his way towards home. As he passed dejectedly by the shop of the pastry-cook, the master asked him what was the matter. "Ah!" said Maruf, "my unfortunate wife will be the death of me. She has ordered me to bring her some honey-money and I have not money enough to enable me to get her bread." "Do not turn away that grief for that," returned the pastry-cook, "tell me how many you want." "Five are enough for me," answered Maruf. "I am at your service," proceeded the pastry-cook,

She struck out one of his teeth, tore up his beard by the roots ; and when he faintly endeavoured to defend himself, attacked him with a rage which knew no bounds, held him fast by what was left of his beard, and shrieked for help. The neighbours hastened thither, and when they had learned the cause of the fray, highly blamed the conduct of this termagant. " We all eat cakes made with sugar," said they. " What great crime then has thy poor husband committed ?" At length they succeeded in making something like peace between them. When the neighbours were gone, Fatima swore that she would eat no cakes made with sugar. " Well, if that be the case I may eat these," said Maruf to himself. " Well," cried his wife, " thou takest good care of thyself." " To-morrow," said he, " if it please God, I will bring thee a cake made with honey," and he accompanied this promise with the kindest words. In this manner, he at length succeeded in pacifying her, and passed the night in peace. The following day he arose early to go to his shop. In a few hours two officers came, to summon him before the



The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to raise the
 necessary funds to meet its obligations.
 This is due to a number of factors,
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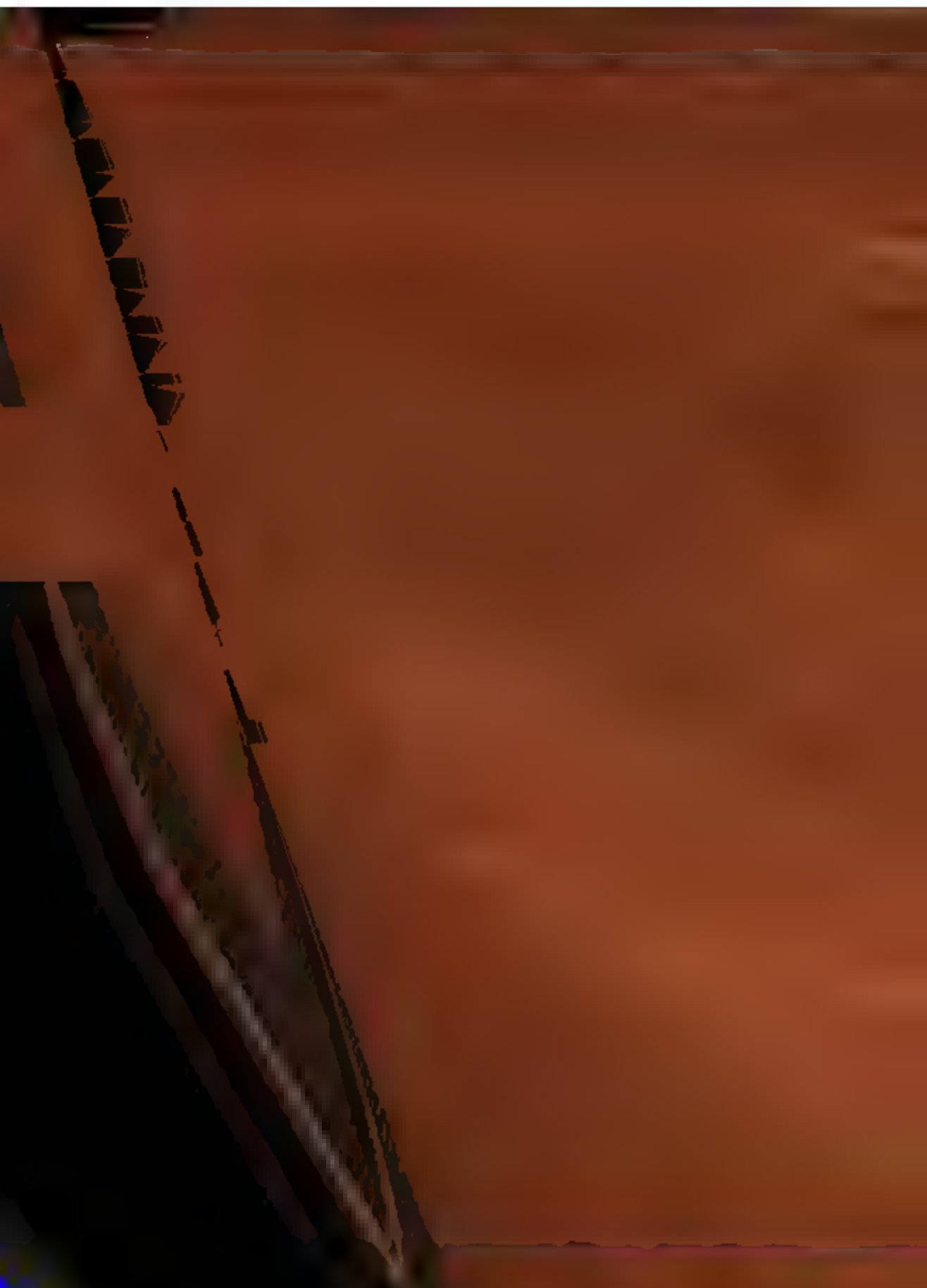
to disturb my rest? During the two centuries that I have dwelt here, I have seen no one who has complained before thee. What is the cause of thy sorrow? perhaps I can relieve thee, for thou hast awakened my compassion.”

“Who art thou then?” demanded Maruf.

“I am the inhabitant of this place,” answered the spectre. Maruf then related the tricks that his wife played him, and concluded by declaring, that he had no other wish than to fly to some place where she could never find him. “Thy wish is granted thee,” said the genius, and taking him on his back, he raised himself in the air, and continued his flight all night. When the morning dawned, he set him down on the summit of a mountain.

“Seest thou that city beneath thee,” said the genius to him, “thou needest only go thither, to elude all the inquiries and persecutions of thy wife.” Maruf knew not well what he should do, but after waiting till the sun rose, descended the hill to go into the city. As he approached, he was astonished at the magnificence of its palaces, the sight of which delighted him indeed, but diminished not the





“*Don't say a word more of this story; the credence of it has got from the merchant; what he has said shall be a shower of gold. Now he has said he has been transported from his house and how the people of the city have believed themselves. It will be if it is true”* said the merchant. “*To convince them of the truth of the thing as I tell it. If you tell them a word less or more for either, they will avoid you as a liar, and you will never gain confidence more: we must manage it in another way. Take one thousand pieces of gold, early to-morrow morning mount your mule, and go to the market, where you will see me sitting in the midst of the wholesale dealers. As soon as I perceive you, I will rise, approach you, kiss your hand, and receive you in the most respectful manner; this will not fail to make you of consequence. I will then propose to them to grant you a shop, and I will take care to fill it with goods. I will then introduce you to the first merchants in the city, and you cannot fail of making your fortune in a short time, having now got rid of*

shrew of a wife." Maruf could not find it enough to acknowledge his gratitude to his friend. The following day he received from the merchant a richly caparisoned mule, and a purse containing one thousand pieces of gold. The scene in the market was acted throughout as they had already concerted. "Is he a respectable merchant?" said the bystanders. "What?" said Ali, "do you ask if he is a respectable merchant? he is one of the first merchants in the world. He has correspondents in Egypt, in Syria, in India, and as far as China, with whom he trades in partnership. He has more magazines than the fire can consume; in comparison with him, I am only a little shop-keeper; you will see what a man he is when you know more of him." After these assurances, which were made in the most confident tone, the merchants formed an exalted idea of Maruf. They invited him by turns to dinner, and the Syndic considered it an honour to teach him the current price, and the various qualities of the manufactures of the country. "You have, without doubt, scarlet cloth?" said one of the

merchants to the new trader. "In abundance," answered Maruf. "Yellow cloth?"—"A great quantity," and to all for which they inquired, he answered to reply, "In abundance." "We on our part could furnish you with more than one hundred weight of silk stuffs," said the merchants to him.

During this conversation a beggar approached the tent under which they were dining, and went round the table to beg alms; some gave him a trifle, but the greater part of the company gave him nothing. When he came to Maruf, he took out a handful of gold and gave it to him. "This man must be immensely rich," said the merchants to one another, to have it in his power to throw away gold thus. The account of the generosity of the foreign merchant soon spread among the other beggars in the city, and Maruf gave each of them a handful, till he had made an end of his thousand pieces of gold. Then clapping his hands, he said, "If I had known there were so many poor in this city, I would have brought with me a sackful. I have no more money with me, and yet I cannot bear to let a poor man



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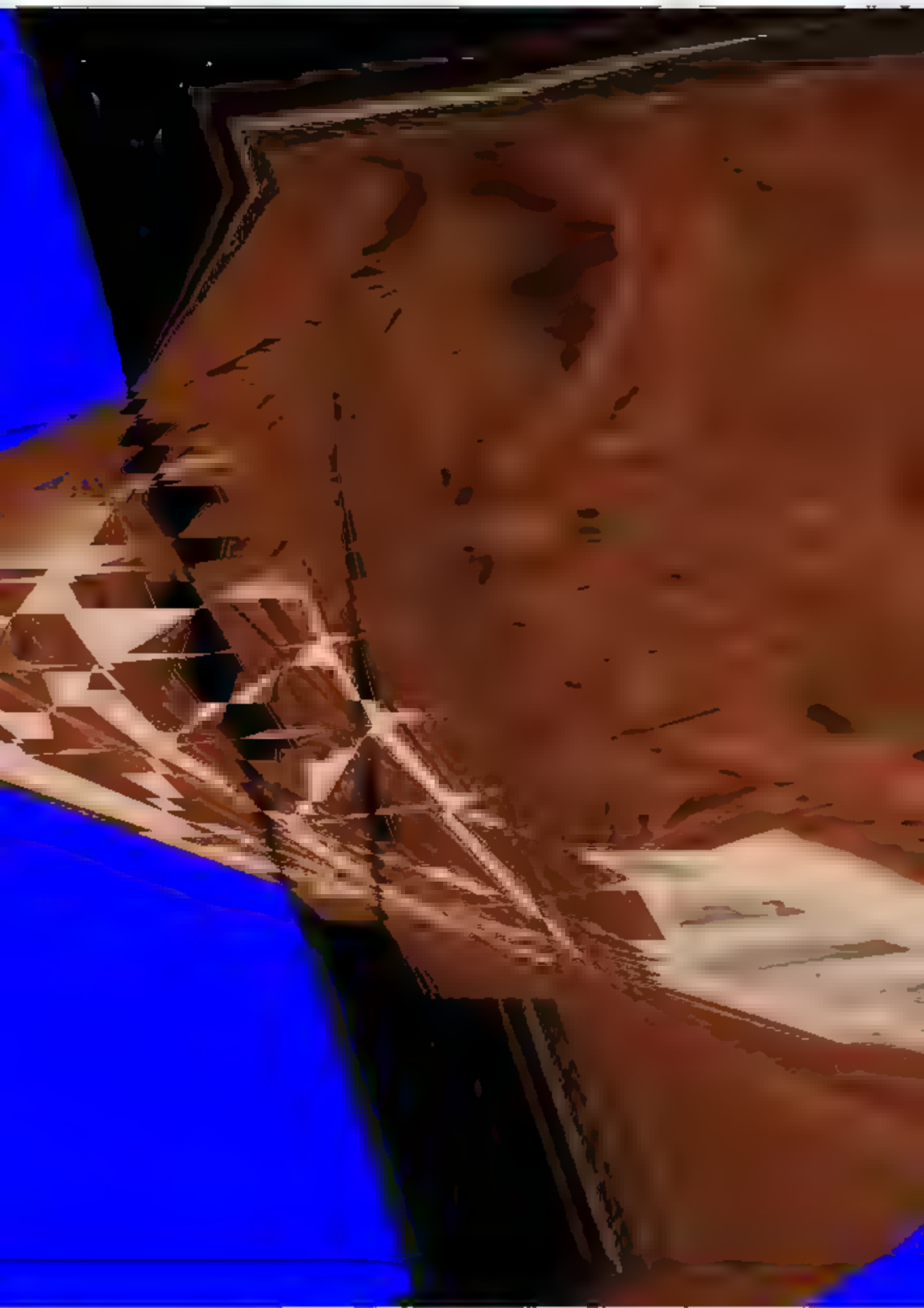
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go away from me without giving him something." "Why not?" said the Syndic to him, "let them depart with thy blessing." "That is what I cannot find in my heart to permit," answered Maruf, "and it pains me much that I have not another purse with me." "There is one containing one thousand dinárs," said the Syndic. Maruf took and divided it as he had the first, at the door of the mosque, whither the company had retired to perform their devotions.

The merchants were astonished at his generosity, whilst Maruf proceeded with his distribution, so that when the day declined, he had borrowed and distributed five thousand dinárs. His talk was constantly of stuffs and merchandize; and to every question which was put to him, he replied that he had the desired article in abundance, and they would be astonished at the riches of his caravan.

Having in this manner gained great credit, on the following days he made all possible profit thereof, by obtaining upwards of sixty thousand dinárs as a loan. In the mean time the caravan, the arrival of which he had so often

announced, came not, and the merchants, now becoming anxious on account of the capital they had lent, proceeded to Ali, the merchant, who had so highly praised the stranger. It had never been Ali's intention to favour the tricks of a sharper; he wished only to procure his friend a sufficient credit. He resembled a man fallen from the clouds on hearing in what a mad way Maruf had borrowed and squandered so much money. In the mean time, he advised the merchants to have patience, assuring them that the caravan would shortly arrive. He went then to his friend, and being alone with him, loaded him with reproaches on the shameful manner in which he had abused his friendship and the credit he had procured him. Maruf answered jokingly that the great caravan would soon arrive. Upon this Ali left him, went to the merchants, and told them, that it was not his fault if they had lent the stranger money without first asking his advice; he had in no wise made himself answerable for this great trader, and there remained the expedient open to them of accusing him before the king. The merchants did not wait to be told this a



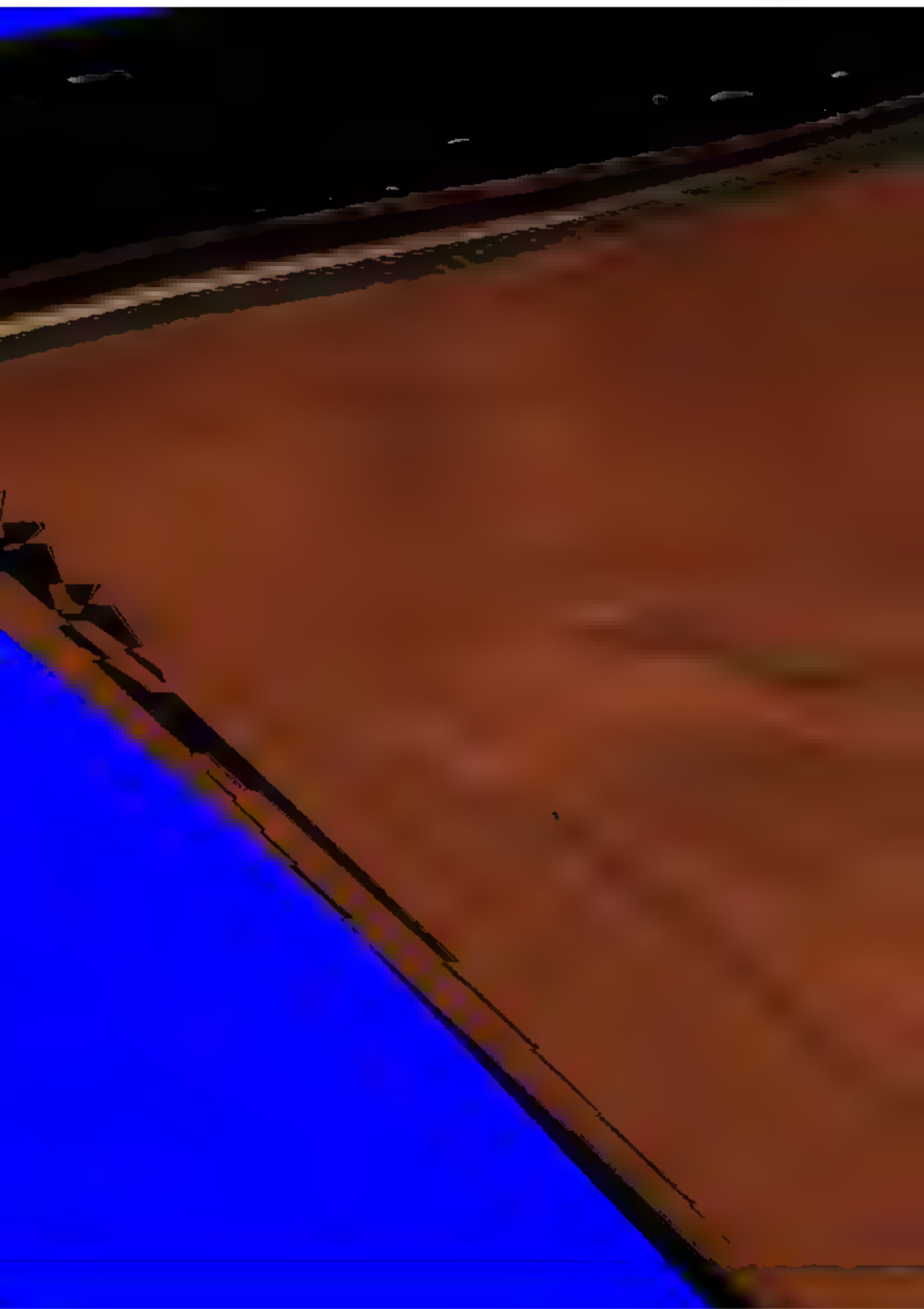
and promises, to all which questions Maruf answered as before, that is, with "the great caravan." Upon this the king shewed him a pearl of vast size, which he had purchased for one thousand dinárs. Maruf had scarcely taken it in his hands, when laughing, he broke it in pieces. "What are you doing there," said the king, "to destroy a pearl worth one thousand dinárs?" "One thousand dinárs!" cried Maruf, with a loud laugh, "it is not worth a dirhem; it is a piece of glass cunningly compounded. Do not I understand what are good pearls? Have I not whole sacks of pearls of this size in my caravan?"

The avarice of the king was kindled still more by this discourse. "This would be a good match for my daughter," said he. "I fear," returned the vizier, "that he is an impostor, and will deceive you and your daughter also." "You are a traitor," answered the king; "you seek not my advantage, but would persuade me against this marriage, only because I have refused you my daughter's hand. Cease to calumniate this stranger. Did you not see how experienced he is in pearls? Only imagine



in to conclude the nuptials, the sooner the better. In the mean time he might take what he required of the royal treasure. He then sent for the chief Maruf, the marriage-contract was given up, the city was illuminated, and feasting and dancing were every where to be seen.—Maruf himself sat upon a throne in order that the dancers, jugglers and musicians might exercise their skill before him; he ordered gold to be brought him from the treasury, and scattered handfuls of it about.

The treasurer could not preserve his temper, being obliged to drag thither so many purses; and the ruler was ready to die with vexation. The grief and rejoicing lasted forty nights, and the forty-first was the wedding-night; the attendants of the bride added an unheard-of splendour to the scene, and each one was anxious to make her the richest presents. A numerous train attended the bride to the bridegroom's apartment, and when they had all withdrawn, Maruf clapped his hands, and said: "There is no might or power except in the great God." "What does that mean?" asked the princess. "Because," replied Maruf,

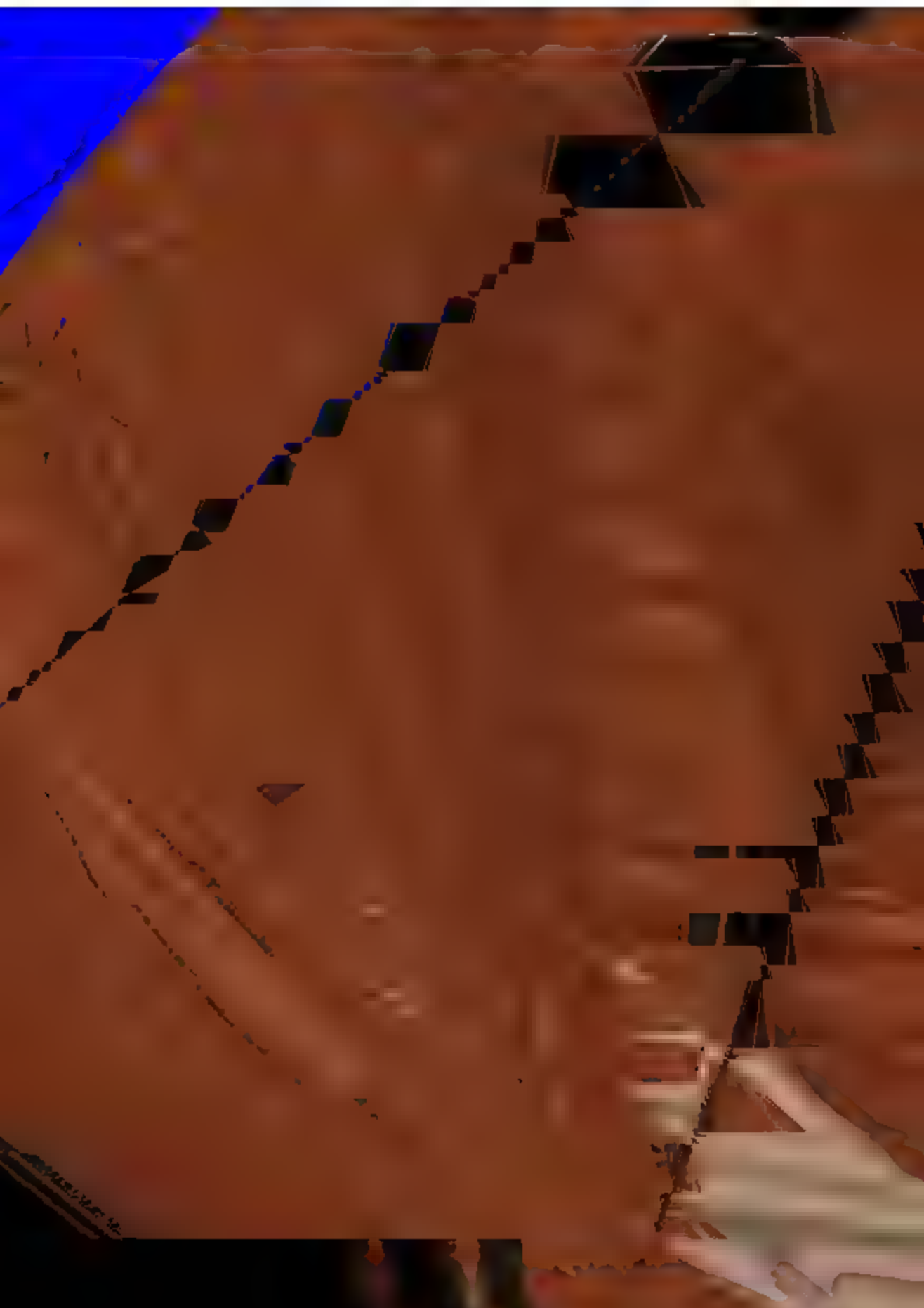


king was alone with the viziers, to explain to him the situation of his finances.

“ This great caravan is a long time coming,” said the king; the vizier laughed, and reverted to his old assertion, “ that he was merely an adventurer and a deceiver.”—“ But vizier,” said the king, “ how shall we set about getting clearly at the truth of it ?” “ It is only his wife that can give us any explanation of it,” said the vizier: “ see, sire, whether your daughter will not be able to get the secret from him, behind the curtains of the marriage-bed; you must teach her how to behave, in order to draw the mystery from him.” “ That is a judicious thought,” replied the king, “ and if he prove a deceiver, by my honour he shall pay dearly for it.” The king now sent for his daughter, and spoke to her concerning it, but yet in a confused and uncertain way, the vizier being still present. The vizier, however, spoke up, and communicated to the princess their suspicion, caused by the behaviour of her husband.—“ You are right,” said she, “ he is a boaster, and is continually



the truth, my princess?" "Speak on," said she.—"Well then, you must know, that I am neither a merchant nor possessor of a caravan." And here he related to her his whole history. "Really," said she, laughing aloud, "you are an arrant knave, thy story is an amusing one. So then, the vizier was right in his doubts concerning you; my father, indeed, begins now to suspect so; but I am too well aware of my own interest to deliver you up to his anger. What would they say, were it known from your own mouth, that I have been deceived by you? A princess is ill thought of, when beguiled by the first adventurer. They would have you put to death, and me they would compel to contract a second marriage, which would perhaps be still worse. Begone, therefore, from hence; take with you fifty thousand pieces of gold, which I am yet possessed of, mount a horse, and go to some distant country, from whence a regular correspondence may be kept up between us; I will take care to convey to you all that you may require; and when my father dies, I will not fail immediately to dispatch a courier to



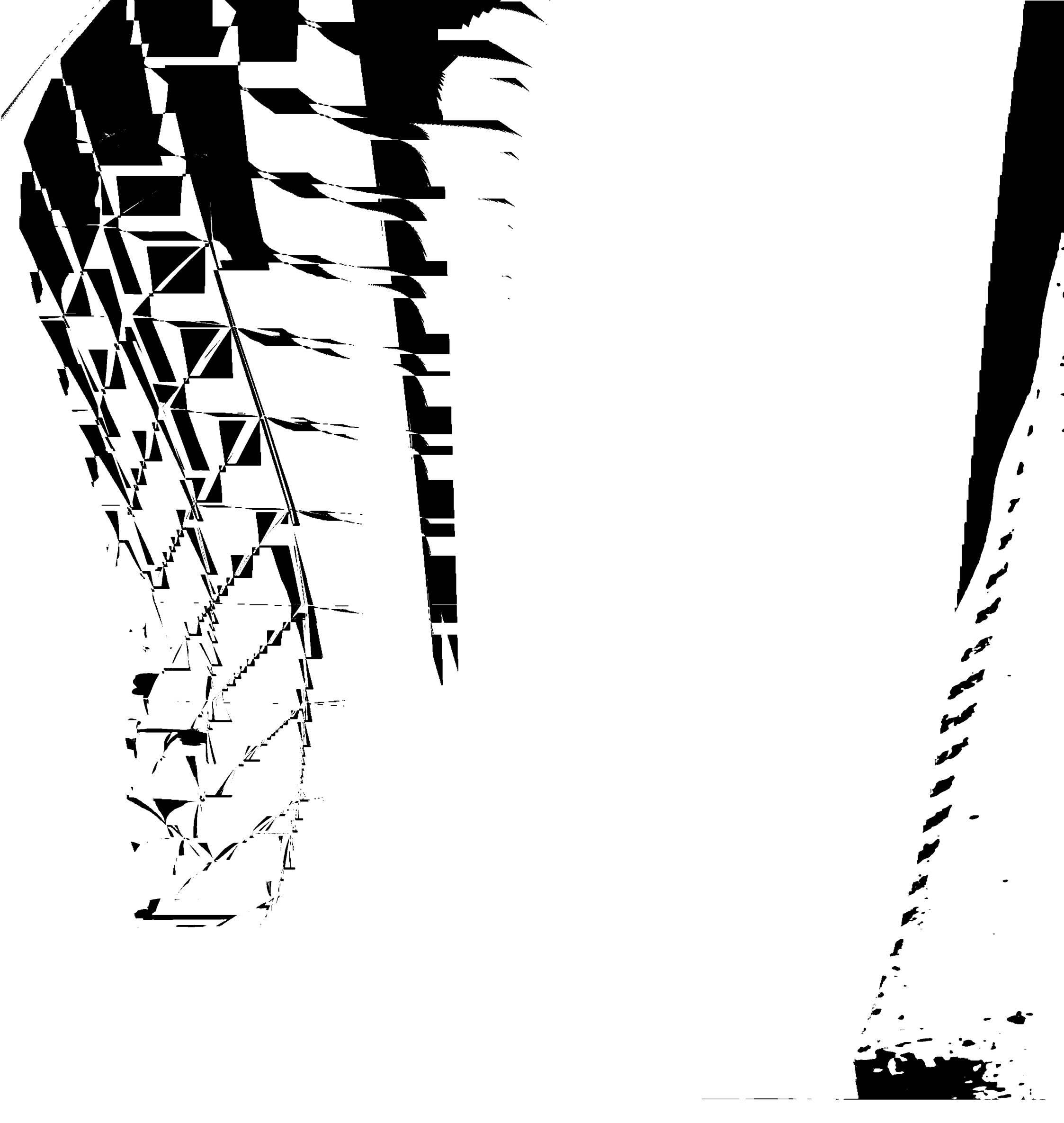
of Arabs, who had obstructed their way, and had caused their non-appearance ; but, finally, that the Mamlukes had engaged in battle with the Arabs, in order to force their way through ; and that, by so doing, they had lost fifty Mamlukes and two hundred loads of merchandise." " Well, and what further ?" " Two hundred loads !" said my husband, when he read it, " that is scarcely nine hundred thousand dinárs, it is not worth speaking of ; they need only make haste to bring hither what remains." My husband then went out with a smiling countenance, and opening the window, I beheld the ten Mamlukes who had brought the letters ; they were beautiful as the moon, and each of them had on a robe which was worth at least two thousand dinárs ; but I know, very well, all your suspicion arises from the vizier, who thus would lessen my husband in your esteem." The king fell once more into a dreadful rage with his vizier, who was now quite silenced. Meanwhile Maruf travelled over mountains and valleys, tormented with grief at his separation from the princess ; and from time to time giving vent to his feelings in ex-

tempore verse. He rode on quietly till near mid-day, when he came to a little village, where he observed, in a field, a countryman with a yoke of oxen : tormented with hunger, he approached him. " You are one of the Mam-lukes of the king," said the peasant. " You are welcome."—" Can you procure me something to eat ?" said Maruf. " The village is small," replied the countryman, " but I will get you what is to be had there."—" Leave not your work," replied Maruf ; but the peasant left his plough, and hastened into the village to procure something for him.—" This poor man," said Maruf to himself, " is losing part of his time for work, merely to serve me. I will endeavour, in the mean time, to plough for him." He had scarcely ploughed a few paces, when the ploughshare struck against something, and stooping to see what it was, he found a gold ring fastened to a slab of marble. He removed the earth, raised the slab of marble, and discovered a flight of stairs leading to a subterraneous vault, as large as a bath, filled entirely with gold, silver, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and abundance of other precious stones, which.

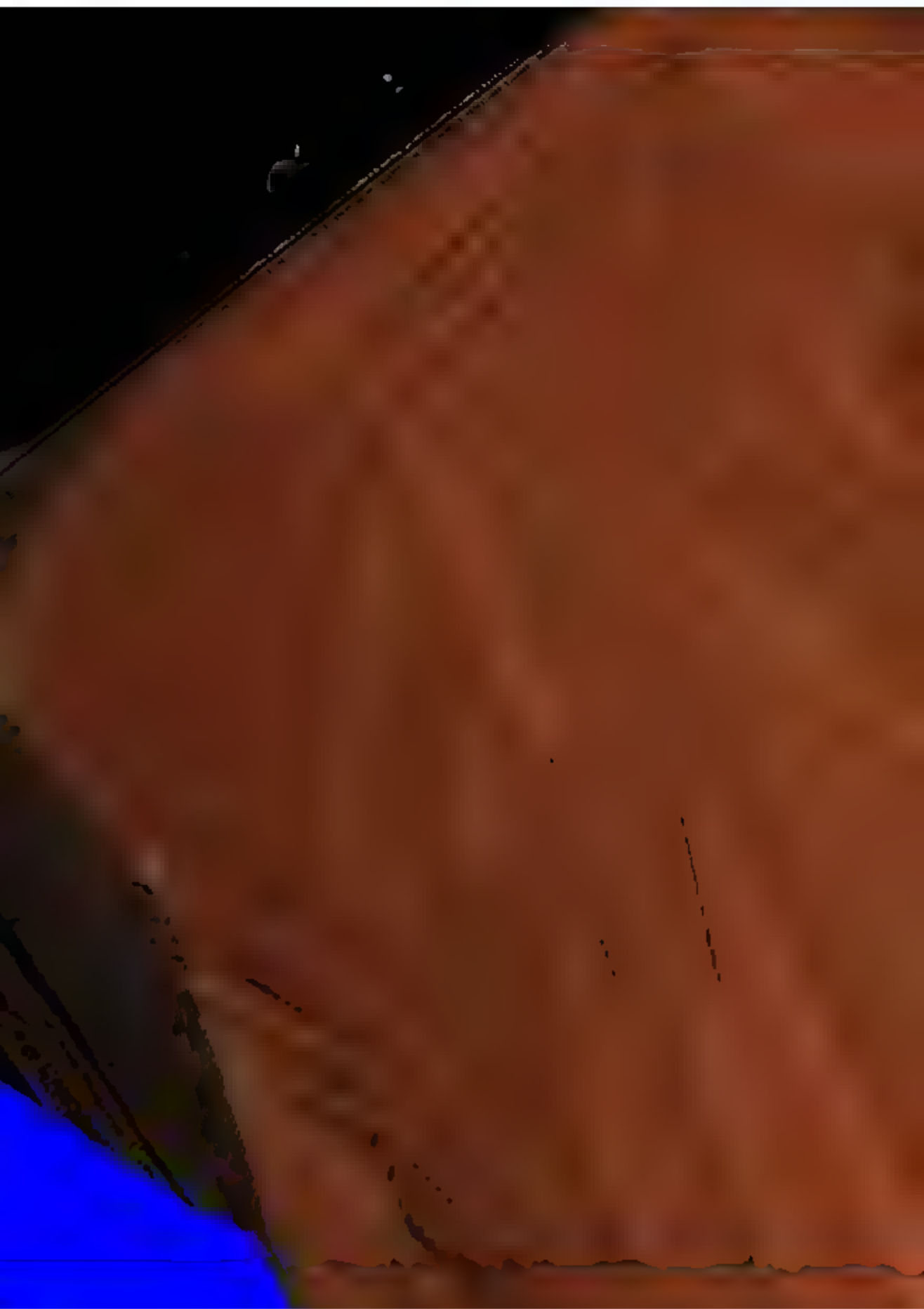
for value, were unequalled. He passed through a number of rooms which were all filled in the same manner, and came at last to an apartment in which there was a little golden box, standing in a crystal coffer. Curious to know what it contained, he opened it, and found in it a gold ring, on which most minute mystical and talismanic characters were engraved. He rubbed the ring a little, and immediately heard a voice: "What is your pleasure? what is your pleasure?" and immediately a strange figure appeared before him. "What are your commands?" said it, "only command. What country shall I cause to flourish? or what shall I lay waste? what army will you put to flight? or what king will you slay? what mountain will you have removed? or what sea dried up? I am at your service, with the permission of God, the commander of spirits, the Creator of day and night." "What being are you?" said Maruf. "I am," replied the spectre, "a genius, slave of that ring and of the mighty names engraven on it. I am in the service of the possessor of it, and I execute his commands; nothing is to me impossible. I am



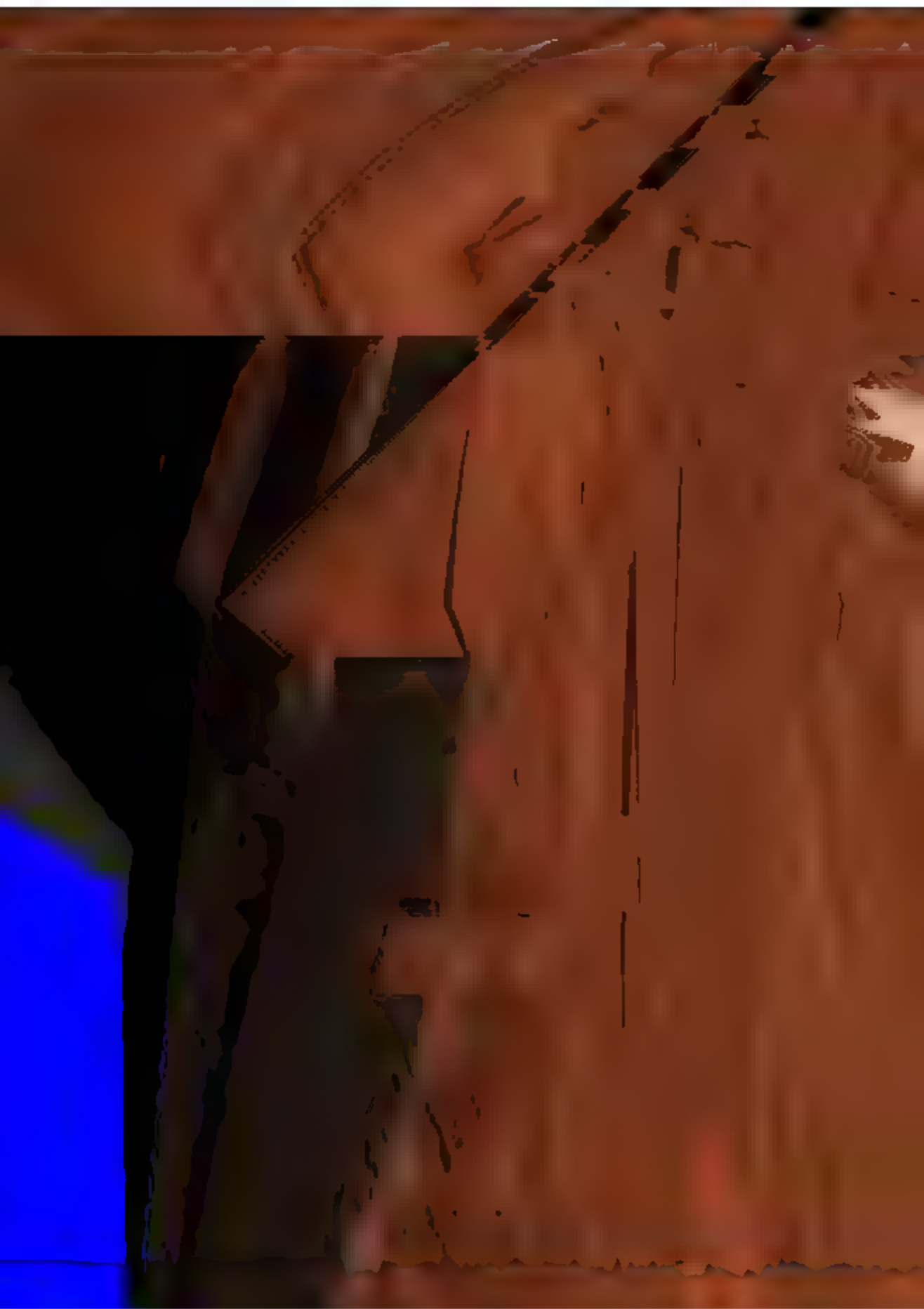
made thee the slave of this ring?"—"This place," replied the genius, "is the treasury of Sheddad, the son of Aad, who built the renowned city of Iram Zatulimad. In his life time I was his confidential slave, and here you see his ring; you were destined to find his treasure." "Can you convey these hidden treasures to the surface of the earth?" said Maruf. "Nothing is easier than that," returned the genius. "Well, then, do so." Immediately the earth clave asunder, and there appeared two handsome young men, who carried large baskets filled with gold. They went and returned again repeatedly; filled and emptied their baskets, till at last they said, "There is nothing more under ground."—"Who are these two comely youths?" said Maruf to Abusaadet. "They are my two sons," answered the genius, "for it is only they whom I could employ in this work, for which the other genii are not so well suited. We have now executed your commands, what farther do you desire?"—"Can you procure me chests and mules, and have these treasures packed up for me?"—"Nothing is easier than



sant returned, bringing with him from the village some lentil porridge, black bread, and barley. When he observed the tent and the Mamlukes standing in front of it, he thought the sultan had alighted there: "Good God!" said he to himself, "why did I not kill my two fowls to entertain the sultan?" Maruf perceived him, and caused him to be conducted into the tent by the Mamlukes. "What have you brought me?" said he. "Your supper, and some food for your horse also," answered the peasant; "but, pardon me," continued he; "could I but have imagined that the sultan would be pleased to sit down here only for a moment, I would not have failed to have my two fowls roasted for him."—"I am not the sultan," replied Maruf, "but one of his kinsmen; I withdrew from the court because he and I disagreed, and he has dispatched these Mamlukes after me to beg a reconciliation: you have provided me with refreshment, without knowing me, and I am consequently not the less obliged to you, though it is but lentil porridge. I will partake of it." He then commanded the cloth



Maruf, "that you will, in human form as a messenger, convey a letter to the king." The genius took the letter, and brought it to the king at the very moment he was saying to the vizier: "Vizier, I am greatly perplexed on account of my son-in-law. I much fear he has fallen into the hands of the Bedouins, who attacked his caravan; would that I did but know where he is gone!" "May God enlighten you!" said the vizier; "by the life of your head, this man has made his escape for fear of being discovered, for if there ever was an adventurer or impostor, he is one." At this moment the genius, in the form of a messenger, entered, and kissed the ground.— "Whence come you?" said the king. "From your son-in-law, sire; he is advancing with the great caravan, and has sent me before with this letter, which announces to you his speedy arrival."—"Cursed be thy beard, vizier!" said the king; "traitor, art thou now convinced of the grandeur of my son-in-law?" The vizier prostrated himself on the earth, without speaking a word. The king caused the



made his entry into the city, and all the merchants came, and prostrated themselves before him on the earth; while Ali, approaching nearer than the others, whispered in his ear: "Welcome, sharper! captain of sly deceivers!" Maruf laughed. When he had entered the palace, he seated himself upon the throne, and gave directions that the gold should all be carried to the treasury of his father-in-law; but the jewels and rich stuffs brought to him. The chests were opened in his presence, and he distributed strings of pearls and costly stuffs among the courtiers and females of the harem. He then gave presents to the members of the divan, the people of the town, the soldiers, and to every one in distress. The king could not prevent his thus giving away the seven hundred bales of stuffs, and all the loads of emeralds, pearls, and rubies. These jewels he gave away by handfuls, and without counting. "Enough, enough, my son!" cried the king, "you will keep nothing for yourself." "Ah!" replied he, "what is all this to me, I have a superfluity of them." No one felt inclined to doubt it, since he had so far kept his word.

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size. "This is a dress," said she, "which I will keep for great festivals." "No," said Maruf, "you may wear it every day, for I have more of this kind in abundance." Here Maruf once more withdrew to his cabinet, bidding the slaves of the ring bring him one hundred dresses which he divided amongst the princess's principal women. The king knew not what to think of it; he asked his vizier again whether he could possibly explain all this. "It is clear," said the vizier, "that he is no merchant, for what merchant could obtain treasures surpassing those of kings? His power, his riches, sire, may, as it appears, prove very dangerous to you; should I give my most humble advice, it were this: that your majesty would take a good opportunity to seize his person." "But how?" inquired the king, "Invite him to a banquet," continued the vizier, "and overpower him with wine, and then you can do with him what you will." "You are right, vizier," said the king, "I will consider of this." When the king, the day following, repaired to the divan, all the grooms the stable appeared, bringing news that the

seven hundred mules and the three hundred horses of the great caravan had disappeared, together with the Mamlukes, who came with them. The king, in whose mind it had never entered that the mules or Mamlukes were any thing but what they appeared to be, fell into a violent rage. "What dogs are these!" exclaimed he, "one thousand beasts and five hundred Mamlukes gone without your knowledge! go and take the news to your master, who is still in the harem." Maruf came out in his night-dress. "What is the matter?" said he, "that I am disturbed thus early?" The grooms related to him what had happened. "Go and get something to eat," answered Maruf, "what does it signify whether they are gone or not? I have others." "Do you understand that?" said the king to his vizier. "Well, he is certainly a very extraordinary man; a thousand beasts and five hundred Mamlukes he considers as nothing." They discoursed upon this subject together for some time, and then the king invited his son-in-law to a party of pleasure in the garden. Maruf accepted the invitation, and went rather early

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 and of my master." He then de-
 and left Maruf in the midst of a hor-
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into the pavilion, where they remained till dinner time. The king took care that Maruf's glass should be filled often, intending to intoxicate him ; and no sooner was he completely stupified, then the king said to him : " The more I consider your riches, my son, the more perplexed am I ; when I reflect from whence you can procure such rare jewels. I have never yet seen a merchant to compare with you ; you have an imperial retinue. You may, however, safely trust me with the secret of your birth and rank, in order that I may shew you due honour. Besides, your history must be singular, and in it must occur most extraordinary adventures." Maruf, who took much pleasure in talking, and was besides quite intoxicated, did not require many entreaties : he recited his history to the king from beginning to end. " I beg of you," said the king, " to let me see the ring, possessing this wonderful property." And as Maruf had now lost all power of reflection, he gave it, without knowing what he did, to the vizier, who rubbed it, and the genius appeared. " What are your commands ? I am ready to obey them." " I desire," said

the vizier, "that you will carry away this wretch, to wander in some desert, where he may perish with hunger and thirst. The genius immediately seized his old master, and rose in the air. When Maruf saw himself between heaven and earth, he recovered his senses. "Where will this journey end, O Abusaadet?" said he. "I am in search of a frightful desert," replied the genius, "in which to set you down as a punishment for your folly, in letting the power which made me subject to you depart from your own hands. If it depended upon me, I would let you fall from hence to the earth, which would dash you into a thousand pieces; but I fear God and the power of the ring too much to disobey the command of my master." He then descended and left Maruf in the midst of a horrible desert.

In the mean time the king and the vizier were talking of what had passed. "Did I not always tell you, sire, that he was an adventurer, a sharper and deceiver?" "You are right, vizier," replied the king; "you are a true and sincere subject: give me the ring." "What!

give you the ring?" exclaimed the vizier, "Do you think me a fool? It is now your turn to obey, and by the power of the ring I am your master. You shall see it directly." He called the genius. "Throw this dog," said he to him, "into the same place where you left the other." The king, who was speechless with astonishment at this treason of his vizier's, began to supplicate the genius, asking what he had done, and how he had deserved this punishment. "I do not concern myself about that," answered the genius. "I execute the orders of my master." So he set him down in the same place with Maruf, who wept aloud when the king arrived. They united their lamentations, and were in the greatest despair, having nothing to eat or drink. The vizier, on his part, as soon as he had come from the garden, convoked the divan. Here he represented that the interest of the state and the tranquillity of the kingdom had called for the removal of the king and his son-in-law: and then declared himself sultan by the aid of God and the power of the ring. "If you do not obey me, I will have you carried away as the foolish king has

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and received the usurper with a cheerful countenance. She dissembled so far even as to indulge him with some slight caresses, hoping to find an opportunity of seizing the ring. The usurper would have proceeded to greater liberties, when she started from him, crying out that she saw a man. "Where?" said he, looking round. "There, there," replied the princess. "in your ring." "Oh, that is only the genius," said the vizier. "That matters not." She persisted, however, in rejecting his embraces, begging that he would first lay the ring aside. He took it from his finger, slipped it beneath the pillow, and again approached her, who in a moment gave him so violent a kick in the stomach, that he fell at full length on the floor. She cried aloud for help, and her slaves rushed in. She commanded them to seize the usurper, taking possession of the ring herself, and rubbing it: "Cast that traitor into prison, and bring here again my father and my husband." The genius in an instant put the vizier in confinement, and carried the pleasing intelligence of the happy change in their affairs to the king.

and Maruf. The prince
expressible joy ;
then retired to rest.
The king announced to him
re-ascend the throne.
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would have disgraced
law itself, by marriage.
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ing, the king and his son-in-law entered. The assembly, delighted to see them again, requested the king to relate what had passed, which he condescended to do. The usurper was brought forward, loaded with the execrations of the whole army ; he was then hanged, and his corpse burned. Maruf received the office of vizier, which he held for the space of five years, to the general satisfaction. At the expiration of that time the king died, and was succeeded by his son, a child six years old. He, however, died the same year, and the princess took possession of the throne, still keeping the ring, which she preserved with particular care. She was soon taken dangerously ill, and having called her husband to her bedside, and recommended her child to him, gave him back the ring, and two days afterwards expired. Maruf now reigned peaceably in her stead ; but one evening, after his servants had withdrawn, and he was about to retire to bed, an old woman, to whom he paid no particular attention, entered to prepare it for him. In the middle of the night he awoke suddenly, and found some one lying



and set me down in this saloon, where I put your bed in order, without making myself known to you, and I am thus once more at your side, as your true and lawful wife." Maruf then related his history to her, from the moment of his leaving Cairo to the day of his becoming king, announcing too that he had a son seven years of age." "All this," said Fatima, "was so decreed in Heaven; but forgive the past, and allow me to remain here. should it only be to live upon alms."

Maruf was affected by this submissive tone. His wife appeared quite changed. "Well then in God's name continue here," said he; "but if you cause me the smallest uneasiness, it will cost you your life. Imagine not that you can summon me before a court of justice, and drag me from judge to judge. I am now sultan: men fear me, but I fear none. I have, besides, a potent genius at my command, who does all that I wish. If you are willing, you shall return to Cairo, where a palace of marble shall be built, and splendidly furnished for you. You shall have twenty slaves to attend upon you, choice living, and splendid dresses, Are

inclined to do so, or would you rather
remain here?" Fatima kissed his hand, and
said, he must have the kindness to decide upon
that himself. Touched by her humility and
contrition, therefore, he declared her queen;
but while he shewed her every possible honour
during the day, he neglected her at night,
for he had beautiful slaves, and Fatima was
old.

By degrees, indeed, he contracted an aversion to the sight of her; and notwithstanding that he treated her kindly, it was impossible for him to affect to love her. It is, as the poet observes, with the heart as with a glass: when once broken, it is not to be joined again.

When Fatima observed this conduct of her husband's, she was tormented by jealousy: and the devil suggested to her the idea of getting possession of the ring, murdering her husband, and seizing on the government herself. With this intention then she went one night from her own pavilion to that where the king Maruf, her husband, slept. Being afraid of losing the ring, as the vizier had done, he never wore it

on his finger at night, but laid it under his pillow ; and when he went to the bath, always carefully locked the door of his cabinet, so that it was quite impossible to purloin it.

On the night in which Fatima intended to execute her plan, the young prince, the son of Maruf by his former wife, was in the gallery through which the old shrew passed. Dark as it was, he could yet see her enter his father's room in a hurried manner. He felt assured that she had no good intention, and immediately crept softly behind her.

The young prince usually carried a little scymitar ; he was girded with it, indeed, day and night, and his father and the courtiers often rallied him about it. " Could you strike off a head with it ? " the king would say. " Wait, sir," the prince would answer, " till I meet with one which deserves to stand the trial."

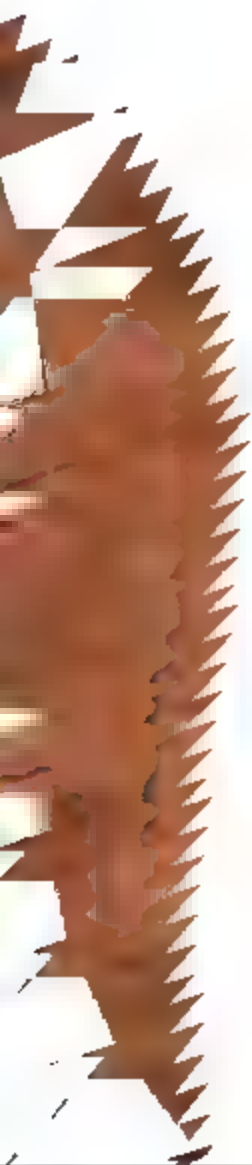
He now followed his step-mother into the apartment of his father, who was fast asleep. She sought for the ring, and having found it, was about to withdraw, when the young prince struck off her head at one blow.

Maruf started from his sleep, and saw by the





bird which was sitting on the roof of the palace, and which immediately perched upon his hand. He then reproached his father for disturbing the sacredness of his solitude, and left the palace for the purpose of going to Bas-sorah, where he followed the business of a day-labourer, receiving but one silver dirhem each day, just to procure him the necessaries of life. Abú Hámik relates as follows:—A wall of my house wanted repair, and I went to the masons' mart for the purpose of seeking labourers; my attention was immediately drawn to a young man of great beauty. "Do you want work, my friend?" said I to him. "Yes," he replied; "but on condition that I receive daily only one dirhem, and that on hearing the calls to prayer, I may withdraw to perform my devotions in the mosque." I conducted him to my house, and soon found that I had engaged a youthful saint. In the evening I would have given him two dirhems; but he threw one of them to me again, saying, he had agreed for one only. On the following day I began to observe him at his work; and my astonishment was great indeed, when I saw the stones



does the owner of this ruby?" said he to me. "He is dead, sire," replied I. "Ah!" continued Hárún, "then have I lost my son." One of the ladies of the palace was then sent for; she came, but on perceiving me, was about to retire, when the caliph said, "You may enter without hesitation." She prostrated herself before him, and he gave her the ruby. "Ah! commander of the faithful," exclaimed she, "where is my son?"—"Relate to her the melancholy story," said Hárún to me. I repeated the narration, and the lady gave a lamentable shriek. "And wast thou, commander of the faithful, your son?" said I. "He was," returned Hárún: "it was he whose holy and retired life gave my ministers so much disquietude. He at last left the palace, taking nothing with him but that ruby, which I gave him for the purpose of his making himself known in case of need."

"Ha!" cried the porters, "what business are these?—wait till the king has said, and he will then give thee what thou askest of him."—"Tell your master," said the stranger, "to come out immediately, for I have an affair to settle with him, which must not be delayed."—"Wretch!" replied the porters, "who art thou that can dare to announce himself in this way?"—"Announce me to the king, and that will be enough," answered the stranger. The king forbade them to admit him; and the stranger knocked even yet louder than before. The slaves rushed out with clubs in their hands to fall upon him. "Stay," cried he to them, in a dreadful voice, "I am the Angel of Death!" Then were their hearts like ice; and they stood motionless with horror. "Take whom thou wilt instead of me," said the king. "That is not my errand," replied the angel. "To thee am I come; to snatch thee from amidst these thou hast heaped together. These be those riches," said the king, "these have prevented my serving God! These they would be profitable unto me,

THE ANGEL OF DEATH AND THE KING

"I now know that I am compelled to go with empty hands, there remains to me nothing but the vain desire." At this the Angel miraculously gave speech to the courtiers of the king, and they said: "Why should we curse thee? curse rather thine own Creator, who created us like thyself, of earth, and gave us into thy hands, to assist the poor, to build mosques, bridges, caravanserais, hospitals, and so obtain thy reward in this world and the next. But thou hast gathered us together, thou hast looted us, and thou hast made use of us to gratify thy own desires, and art now ungrateful to us, and leavest us with regret, and utterest calumnious accusations against us, as thine enemies would do. Have we injured thee?"

The king was about to reply, but the Angel of Death allowed him not time. He snatched away his soul, ere he could utter a word.

THE END.

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